

Mr. Gardiner has been

THE DIVELL

IS
AN ASSE.

A COMEDIE

ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1616.

BY HIS MAJESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author BEN: JOHNSON.

HOR. de ART. POET.

Fuēta voluptatis Causa, sint proxima veris.



J. Spera

Imprinted at London, 1641.

A CORNELL
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THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

SATAN.
PVG.

INIQUITY.

FITZ-DOTTREL.

Mistresse FRANCES.

MEERE-CRAFT.

EVERILL.

WITTIPOL.

MANLY.

INGINE.

TRAINES.

GVILT-HEAD.

PLVTARCHUS.

Sir POVLE EITHER-SIDE.

Lady EITHER-SIDE.

Lady TAILE-BUSH.

PIT-FALL.

AMBLER.

SLEDGE.

SHACKLES.

The great diuell.

The lesse diuell.

The vice.

A Squire of Norfolk.

His wife.

The Projector.

His Champion.

A young Gallant.

His friend.

A Broaker.

The Projectors man.

A Gold-smith.

His sonne.

A Lawyer, and Iustice.

His wife.

The Lady Projectresse.

Her Woman.

Her Gentleman usher.

A Smith, the Constable.

Keeper of Newgate.

SERIEANTS.

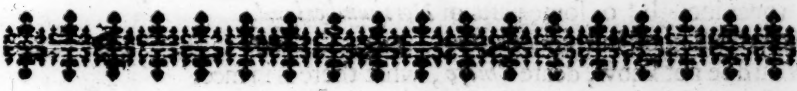
The Sceane, LONDON.



The Prologue.



THE DIVELL is an ASSE. That is, to day,
The name of what you are met for, a new Play
Yet Grandee's, would you were not come to grace
Our matter, with allowing us no place.
Though you presume SATAN a subtile thing,
And may have heard he's worne in a thumb-ring;
Doe not on these presumptions, force us act,
In compasse of a cheese-trencher. This tract
Will ne're admit our vice, because of yours.
Anone, who, worse then you, the fault endures
That your selves make? when you will thrust and spurne,
And knocke us o'the elbows and bid, turne;
As if, when we had spoke, we must be gone,
Or, till we speake, must all runne in, to one;
Like the young adders, at the old ones mouth?
Would we could stand due North; or had no South,
If that offend: or were Muscovy glasse,
That you might looke our Scenes through as they passe.
We know not how to affect you. If you'll come
To see new Plaies, pray you afford us roome,
And shew this, but the same far you have done
Your deare delight the Divell of Edmunton.
Or, if, for want of roome, it must mis-carry,
'Twill be but iustice, that your censure tarry,
Till you give some. And when six times you ha'seen't,
If this Play doe not like, the Divell is in't.



THE DIVELL IS AN ASSE.

Act. 1. Scene. 1.

Divell. Pug. Iniquity.

H Oh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, &c.
To earth: and why to earth, thou foolish Spirit?
What wold'st thou do on earth? *Pug.* For that, great
As time shall work, I do but aske my mon'th. (*Chiefel*)
Which every petty *pai' nee Divell* has,
Within that terme, the Court of *Hell* will heare
Something may gaine a longer grant, perhaps.

Sat. For what? the laming a poore Cow, or two?
Entring a Sow, to make her cast her farrow?
Or crossing of a Market-womans Mare,
'Twixt this and *Torham*? these were wont to bee
Your maine atchievements, *Pug*, you have some plot, now,
Vpon a tonning of Ale, to stale the yest,
Or keepe the churme so, that the butter come not;
Spight o'the houswives cord, or her hot spit?
Or some good Ribibe, about *Kentish Towne*,
Or *Hegsden*, you would hang now, for a witch,
Because shee will not let you play round *Robbin*:
And you'll goe sowre the Cittisens Creame 'gainst Sunday?
That she may be accus'd fort, and condemn'd
By a *Middlesex* Jury, to the satisfaction
Of their offended friends, the *Londoners* wives
Whose teeth were set on edge with it? Foolish fiend,
Stay i' your place, know your owne strengths, and put not
Beyond the spheare of your activity.
You are too dull a Divell to be trusted!
Forth into those parts, *Pug*, upon any affaire
That may concerne our name, on earth. It is not
Every ones worke. The state of *Hell* must care
Whome it imployes, in point of reputation,
Heere about *London*. You would make, I thinke

B

An

An Agent, to be sent, for *Lancashire*,
 Proper inough; or some parts of *Northumberland*,
 So yo' had good instructions, *Pug. Pug. O Chiefe!*
 You doe not know, deare *Chiefe*, what there is in mee.
 Prove me but for a fortnight, for a weeke,
 And lend me but a *Vice*, to carry with me,
 To practice there-with any play-fellow,
 And, you will see, there will come more upon't,
 Then you'll imagine, pretious *Chiefe. Sat. What Vice?*
 What kinde wouldst th' have it of? *Pug. Why, any Fraud;*
 Or *Covetousnesse*; or Lady *Vanity*;
 Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.

Ini. What is he, calls upon me, and would seem to lack a *Vice?*
 Ere his words be halfe spoken, I am with him in a trice;
 Here, there, and every where, as the Cat is with the mice:
Truc vetus iniquitas. Lack'st thou Cards, friend, or Dice?
 I will teach thee cheat, Child, to cog, lye, and swagger,
 And ever and anon, to be drawing forth thy dagger:
 To sweare by Gogs-nownes, like a lusty *Juventus*,
 In a cloake to thy heele, and a hat like a pent-houise.
 Thy breeches of three fingers, and thy doublet all belly,
 With a Wench that shall feed thee, with cock-stones and gelly.

Pug. Is it not excellent, *Chiefe?* how nimble he is!

Ini. Child of hell, this is nothing! I will fetch thee a leape
 From the top of *Pauls-steeple*, to the Standard in *Cheape*:
 And lead thee a dance, through the streets without faile,
 Like a needle of *Spaine*, with a thred at my taile.
 We will survay the *Suburbs*, and make forth our fallyes,
 Downe *Petticoate-lane*, and up the *Smock-allies*,
 To *Shoreditch*, *Whitechappell*, and so to Saint *Kathernes*.
 To drinke with the *Dutch* there, and take forth their patternes:
 From thence, we will put in at *Custom-house* key there,
 And see, how the Factors, and Prentizes play there,
 False with their Masters; and gueld many a full packe,
 To spend it in pies, at the *Dagger*, and the *Wool sacke*.

Pug. Brave, brave, *Iniquity!* will not this doe, *Chiefe?*

Ini. Nay, boy, I will bring thee to the Bawds, and the Roysters,
 At *Belins-gate*, feasting with claret-wine, and oysters,
 From thence shoot the *Bridge*, childe, to the Cranes i'the *Vintry*,
 And see, there the gimblets, how they make their entry!
 Or, if thou hadst rather, to the *Strand* downe to fall,
 'Gainst the Lawyers come dabled from *Westminster-hall*
 And marke how they cling, with their clients together,
 Like Ivie to Oake; so Velvet to Leather:
 Ha, boy, I would shew thee. *Pug. Rare, rare! Div. Peace, dotard,*
 And thou more ignorant thing, that so admir'st.
 Art thou the spirit thou seem'st? so poore? to choose
 This, for a *Vice*, t'advance the cause of *Hell*,
 Now: as Vice stands this present yeare? Remember,
 What number it is. *Six hundred and sixteen.*

Had it but beene *five hundred*, though some *sixty*
 Above; that's *fifty* yeeres agoe, and *six*.
 (When every great man had his *Vice* stand by him,
 In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger)
 I could consent, that, then this your grave choice
 Might have done that, with his Lord *Chiefe*, the which
 Most of his chamber can doe now. But *Pug*,
 As the times are, who is it, will receive you ?
 What company will you goe to ? or whom mix with ?
 Where canst thou carry him ? except to Tavernes ?
 To mount up on a joynt-stoole, with a *lewes*-trumpe,
 To put downe *Cokeley*, and that must be to Citizens ?
 He ne're will be admitted, there, where *Vennor* comes.
 He may perchance, in taile of a Sheriffes dinner,
 Skip with a rime o'the Table, from *New-nothing*,
 And take his *Almaine*-leape into a custard,
 Shall make my Lad *Majresse*, and her sisters,
 Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders. But,
 This is not that will doe, they are other things
 That are receiv'd now upon earth, for Vices ;
 Stranger, and newer : and chang'd every houre.
 They ride 'hem like their horses off their legges,
 And here they come to *Hell*, whole legions of 'hem,
 Every weeke tyr'd. Wee, still strive to breed,
 And reare 'hem up new ones ; but they doe not stand,
 When they come there : they turne 'hem on our hands.
 And it is fear'd they have a stud o'their owne
 Will put downe ours. Both our breed, and trade
 Will suddenly decay, if we prevent not.
 Unlesse it be a *Vice* of quality,
 Or fashion, now, they take none from us. Car-men
 Are got into the yellow starch, and Chimney-sweepers
 To their tobacco, and strong-waters, *Hann*,
Meath, and *Obarni*. Wee must therefore aime
 At extraordinary subtile ones, now,
 When we do send to keepe us up in credit.
 Not old *Iniquities*. Get you e'ne back, Sir,
 To making of your rope of sand againe.
 You are not for the manners, nor the times :
 They have their *Vices*, there, most like to *Virtues* ;
 You cannot know 'hem, apart, by any difference :
 They weare the same clothes, eate the same meate,
 Sleepe i'the selfe-same beds, ride i'those coaches.
 Or very like, foure horses in a coach,
 As the best men and women. Tissue gownes,
 Garters and roses, fourescore pound a paire,
 Embrothered stockins, cut-worke smocks, and shirts,
 More certaine marks of lechery, now, and pride,
 Then ere they were of true nobility !
 But *Pug*, since you doe burne with such desire

To doe the Common-wealth of Hell some service;
 I am content, assuming of a body,
 You goe to earth, and visit men, a day.
 But you must take a body ready made, *Pug*,
 I can create you none, nor shall you forme
 Your selfe an aery one, but become subject
 To all impression of the flesh, you take,
 So farre as humane frailty. So, this morning,
 There is a handsome Cutpurse hang'd at *Tiborne*,
 Whose spirit departed, you may enter his body:
 For clothes imploy your credit, with the Hangman,
 Or let our tribe of Brokers furnish you.
 And, looke, how farre your subtilty can worke
 Through those organs, with that body, spie
 Amongst mankind, (you cannot there want vices,
 And therefore the lesse need to carry them wth you)
 But as you make your soone at nights relation,
 And we shall find, it merits from the State,
 You shall have both trust from us, and imploiment.
Pug. Most gracious *Chiefe*! *Div*. Onely, thus more I bind you,
 To serve the first man that you meete; and him
 I'll shew you, now: Observe him. You'is he,
 You shall see, first after your clothing. Follow him:
 But once engag'd, there you must stay and fix;
 Not shift, untill the midnights cocke doe crow.
Pug. Any conditions to be gone. *Div*. Away, then.

*He shewes
 Fitz-dot-
 trel to him,
 comming
 forth.*

Act. I. Scene. II.

Fitz-dottrell.

I, they doe, now, name *Bretnor*, as before;
 They talk'd of *Gresham*, and of Doctor *Fore-man*,
Franklin, and *Fiske*, and *Savory* (he was in too)
 But ther's not one of these, that ever could
 Yet shew a man the *Divell*, in true sort.
 They have their christalls, I doe know, and rings,
 And virgin parchment, and their dead-mens sculls
 Their ravens wings, their lights, and *pentacles*,
 With *characters*; I ha' seene all these. But—
 Would I might see the *Divell*. I would give
 A hundred o' these picture,, to see him
 Once out of picture. May I prove a cuckold,
 (And that's the one maine mortall thing I feare)
 If I beginne not, now, to thinke, the Painters
 Have only made him. Slight, he would be seene,
 One time or other else. He would not let
 An ancient gentleman, of a good house,
 As most are now in *England*, the *Fitz-dottrel's*,

Runne

Runne wild, and call upon him thus in vaine,
 As I ha' done this twelue mone'th. If he be not,
 At all, why, are there Conjurers? If they be not,
 Why, are there lawes against 'hem? The best artists
 Of Cambridge, Oxford, Middlesex, and London,
 Essex, and Kent, I have had in pay to raise him;
 These fifty weekes, and yet h'appeares not. 'Sdeath,
 I shall suspect, they, can make circle onely,
 Shortly, and know but his hard names. They doe say,
 H'will meet a man (of himselfe) that has a mind to him.
 If he would so, I have a minde and a halfe for him:
 He should not be long absent. Pray thee, come
 I long for thee. An' I were with child by him,
 And my wife, too; I could not more. Come, yet,
 Good *Beelezebub*. Were he a kind divell,
 And had humanity in him, he would come, but
 To save ones longing. I should use him well,
 I sweare, and with respect (would he would try me)
 Not, as the Conjurers doe, when they ha' rais'd him.
 Get him in bonds, and send him post, on errands.
 A thousand miles, it is preposterous, that:
 And I beleeve, is the true cause he comes not.
 And he has reason. Who would be engag'd,
 That might live freely, as he may doe? I sweare,
 They are wrong all. The burn't child dreads the fire.
 They doe not know to entertaine the *Divell*.
 I would so welcome him, obferue his diet,
 Get him his chamber hung with *arras*, two of 'hem,
 I' my owne house; lend him my wives wrought pillowes:
 And as I am an honest man, I thinke,
 If he had a minde to her, too; I should grant him,
 To make our friend-ship perfect. So I would not
 To every man. If he but heare me, now?
 And should come to me in a brave yong shape,
 And take me at my word? ha! Who is this?

*He expres-
 ses a longing
 to see the
 Divell.*

ACT. I. Scene. III.

Pug. Fitz-dottrell.

Sir, your good pardon, that I thus presume
 Upon your privacy. I am borne a Gentleman,
 A younger brother; but in some disgrace,
 Now, with my friends: and want some little meanes,
 To keepe me upright, while things be reconcil'd.
 Please you, to let my service be of use to you, Sir.

Fitz. Service? fore hell, my heart was at my mouth;
 Till I had view'd his shooes well: for, those roses
 Were bigge enough to hide a cloven foot.

*Hee looks
 and surveys
 his feet; over
 and over.*

No,

No, friend, my number's full. I have one servant,
Who is my all, indeed; and, from the broome
Unto the brush: for, just so farre, I trust him.
He is my Ward-robe man, my Cater, Cooke,
Butler, and Steward; lookes unto my horse:
And helpes to watch my wife. H'has all the places,
That I can thinke on, from the garret downward,
E'en to the manger, and the curry-combe.

Pug. Sir, I shall put your worship to no charge,
More then my meate, and that but very little,
I'll serve you for your love. *Fit.* Ha? without wages?
I'll harken o'that eare, were I at leasure.

But now, I'm busie. 'Pr'ythe, friend forbear me,
And thou hadst beene a *Divell*, I should say
Somewhat more to thee. Thou dost hinder, now,
My meditations. *Pug.* Sir, I am a *Divell*.

Fit. How! *Pug.* A true *Divell*, Sir. *Fit.* Nay, now, you ly:
Under your favour, friend, for, I'll not quarrell.
I look'd o' your feet, afore, you cannot coozen me,
Your shoo's not cloven, Sir, you are whole hoof'd.

*He views
his feet a-
gaine.*

Pug. Sir that's a popular error deceives many:
But I am that, I tell you. *Fit.* What's your name?

Pug. My name is *Divell*, Sir. *Fit.* Say'st thou true. *Pug.* Indeed, Sir.

Fit. 'Slid! there's some *men* i'this! what countryman?

Pug. Of *Darby-shire*, Sir, about the *Peake*. *Fit.* That Hole
Belong'd to your Ancestors? *Pug.* Yes, *Divells* arse, Sir.

Fit. I'll entertaine him for the name sake. Ha?
And turne away my tother man? and saue
Foure pound a yeere by that? there's luck and thrift too!
The very *Divell* may come hereafter, as well.
Friend, I receive you: but (withall) I acquaint you,
Aforehand, if yo' offend mee, I must beat you.
It is a kind of exercise, I use.

And cannot be without. *Pug.* Yes, if I doe not
Offend, you can, sure. *Fit.* Faith, *Divell*, very hardly:
I'll call you by your surname, 'cause I love it.

A&I. Scene. IIII.

Ingine. Wittipol. Manly. Fitzdottrell. Pug.

Yonder he walkes, Sir, I'll goe list him for you.

Wit. To him, good *Ingine*, raise him up by degrees,
Gently, and hold him there too, you can doe it.
Shew your selfe now, a *mathematicall* broker.

Ing. I'll warrant you for halfe a piece. *Wit.* 'Tis done, Sir.

Man. Is't possible there should be such a man?

Wit. You shall be your owne witnesse, I'll not labour
To tempt you past your faith. *Man.* And is his wife

So very handsome, say you? *Wit.* I ha' not seene her,
Since I came home from travell: and they say,
Shee is not alter'd. Then before I went,
I saw her once; but so, as she hath stucke
Still i' my view, no object hath remov'd her.

Man. 'Tis a faire guest, Friend, beauty: and once lodg'd
Deepe in the eyes, she hardly leaves the Inne.

How do's he keepe her? *Wit.* Very brave. However,
Himselfe be fordide, he is sensuall that way.
In every dressing, he do's study her.

Man. And furnish forth himselfe so from the *Brokers*?

Wit. Yes, that's a hyr'd suite, he now has on,
To see the *Divell* is an *Ass*, to day, in
(This *Ingine* gets three or foure pound a weeke by him)

He dares not misse a new *Play*, or a *Feast*,
What rate soever clothes be at; and thinkes
Himselfe still new in other mens old. *Man.* But stay,

Do's he love meat so? *Wit.* Faith he do's not hate it.

But that's not it. His belly and his palate
Would be compounded with for reason. Mary,

A wit he has, of that strange credit with him,

'Gainst all mankinde; as it doth make him doe

Just what it list: it ravishes him forth,

Whither it please, to any assembly or place,

And would conclude him ruin'd, should he scape

One publike meeting, out of the beliefe

He has of his owne great, and Catholike strengths,

In arguing, and discourse. It takes, I see:

H'has got the cloake upon him. *Fit.* A faire garment,

By my faith, *Ingine!* *Ing.* It was never made, Sir,

For threescore pound, I assure you: 'Twill yeeld thirty.

The plush, Sir, cost three pound, ten shillings a yard!

And then the lace, and velvet. *Fit.* I shall, *Ingine,*

Be look'd at, prettily, in it! Art thou sure

The *Play* is play'd to day? *Ing.* O here's the bill, Sir.

I, had forgot to gi't you. *Fit.* Ha? the *Divell!*

I will not loose you, Sirah! But, *Ingine,* thinke you,

The Gallant is so furious in his folly?

So mad upon the matter, that he'll part

With's cloake upo'those termes? *Ing.* Trust not your *Ingine,*

Breake me to pieces else, as you would doe

A rotten *Crane*, or an old rusty *Iacke*,

That has not one true wheele in him. Doe but talke with him.

Fit. I shall doe that, to satisfie you, *Ingine,*

And my selfe too. With your leave, Gentlemen.

Which of you is it, is so meere Idolater

To my wives beauty, and so very prodigall

Unto my patience, that, for the short parlee?

Of one swift houres quarter, with my wife,

He will depart with (let me see) this cloake here

The price of folly? Sir, are you the man?

*Ingine bath
won Fitz-
cottrel, so
say on the
cloake,*

*He gives
him the
Play-bill,*

*He turns
to Wit-
pol.*

Wit.

Wit. I am that vent'rer, Sir. *Fit.* Good time! your name
Is *Witty-pol*? *Wit.* The same, Sir. *Fit.* And 'tis told me,
Yo' have travell'd lately? *Wit.* That I have, Sir. *Fit.* Truly,
Your travells have alter'd your complexion;
But sure your wit stood still. *Wit.* It may well be, Sir.
All heads ha' not like growth. *Fit.* The good mans gravity,
That left you land, your father, never taught you
These pleasant matches? *Wit.* No, nor can his mirth,
With whom I make 'hem, put me off. *Fit.* You are
Resolv'd then? *Wit.* Yes, Sir. *Fit.* Beauty is the *Saint*,
You'll sacrifice your selfe, into the shirt too?

Wit. So I may still cloth, and keepe warme your wisdom:?

Fit. You lade me Sir! *Wit.* I know what you will beare, Sir,

Fit. Well, to the point. 'Tis only, Sir, you say,
To speake unto my wife? *Wit.* Only, to speake to her.

Fit. And in my presence? *Wit.* In your very presence.

Fit. And in my hearing? *Wit.* In your hearing: so,
You interrupt us not. *Fit.* For the short space

You doe demand, the fourth part of an houre,

I think I shall, with some convenient study,

And this good helpe to boot, bring my selfe to't.

*Hee strugs
himselfe up
in the cloak.*

Wit. I aske no more. *Fit.* Please you, walk to'ard my house,

Speake what you list; that times yours: My right

I have departed with. But, not beyond,

A minute, or a second, looke for. Length,

And drawing out, ma' advance much, to these matches.

And I except all kissing. Kisses are

Silent petitions still with willing *Lovers*.

Wit. *Lovers*? How falls that o' your phantisie? *Fit.* Sir.

I doe know somewhat, I forbid all lip-worke.

Wit. I am not eager at forbidden dainties.

Who covers unfit thinks, denies him selfe.

Fit. You say well, Sir, 'Twas prettily said, that same,

He do's, indeed. I'll have no touches, therefore,

Nor takings by the armes, nor tender circles

Cast 'bout the wast, but all be done at distance.

Love is brought up with those soft *migniard* handlings;

His pulse lies in his palme: and I defend

All melting joynts, and fingers, (that's my bargain)

I doe defend 'hem any thing like action.

But talke, Sir, what you will. Use all the *Tropes*

And *Schemes*, that Prince *Quintilian* can afford you:

And much good do your *Rhetoriques* heart. You are welcome, Sir.

Ingine, God b'w'you. *Wit.* Sir, I must condition

To have this Gentleman by, a witnesse. *Fit.* Well,

I am content so he be silent. *Man.* Yes, Sir.

Fit. Come *Divell*, I'll make you roome, streight. But I'll shew you

First, to your Mistresse, who's no common one,

You must conceive, that brings gaine to see her.

I hope thou'st brought me good lucke. *Ing.* I shall do't, Sir.

Act. I. Scene. V.

Wittipol. Manly.

INgine, you hope o' your halfe piece? 'Tis there, Sir.
Be gone. Friend *Manly*, who's within here? fixed?

Man. I am directly in a fit of wonder
What'll be the issue of this conference!

Wit. For that, ne'r vex your selfe, till the event.
How like yo' him? *Man.* I would faine see more of him.

Wit. What thinke you of this? *Man.* I am past degrees of thinking.
Old *Africk*, and the new *America*,

With all their fruite of Monsters cannot shew
So just a prodigie. *Wit.* Could you have beleev'd,
Without your sight, a minde so fardide inward,
Should be so specious, and laid forth abroad,
To all the shew, that ever shop, or ware was?

Man. I beleeve any thing now, though I confesse
His *Vices* are the most extremities

I ever knew in nature. But, why loves he
The *Divell* so? *Wit.* O Sir! for hidden treasure;
He hopes to finde: and has propos'd himselfe
So infinite a Masse as to recover,
He cares not what he parts with, of the present,
To his men of Art, who are the race, may coine him.

Promise gold-mountaines, and the covetous
Are still most prodigall. *Man.* But ha' you faith,
That he will hold his bargaine? *Wit.* O deare, Sir!
He will not off on't. Feare him not. I know him.
One basenefse still accompanies another.

See! he is heere already, and his wife too.

Man. A wondrous handsome creature, as I live!

Wittipol
knicks his
friend o' the
brest.

Act. I. Scene. VI.

Fitz-dottrell. Mistresse Fitz-dottrell. Wittipol. Manly.

Come wife, this is the Gentleman. Nay, blush not.

Mrs. Fit. Why what doe you meane Sir? ha' you your reason?
I do not know, that I have lent it forth (*Fit. Wife,*

To any one at least without a pawne, wife:
Or that I have eate or drunke the thing, of late,
That should corrupt it. Wherefore gentle wife,
Obey, it is thy vertue: hold no acts

Of disputation. *Mrs. Fit.* Are you not enough
The talke, of feasts, and meetings, but you'll still
Make argument for fresh? *Fit.* Why, carefull wedlocke,

If I have a longing to have one tale more
Goe of me, what is that to thee, deare heart?
Why shouldst thou envie my delight? or crosse it?
By being solicitous, when it not concernes thee?

Mis. Fit. Yes I have share in this. The scorne will fall
As bitterly on me, where both are laught at.

Fit. Laught at, sweet bird? is that the scruple? Come, come,

*A Niaisie
is a young
Hawke, and
crying out of
the nest.*

Thou art a *Niaisie*. Which of your great houses,
(I will not meane at home, here, but abroad)
Your families in *France*, wife, send not forth
Something, within the seven yeere, may be laught at?
I doe not say seven moneths, nor seven weekes,
Nor seven daies, nor houres: but seven yeere wife.
I give 'hem time. Once within seven yeere,
I thinke they may doe something may be laught at.
In *France*, I keepe me there, still. Wherfore, wife,
Let them that list, laugh still, rather then weepe
For mee; Heere is a cloake cost fifty pound, wife,
Which I can sell for thirty, when I ha' scene
All *London* in't, and *London* has scene me.
To day, I goe to the *Black-friers Play-house*,
Sit i'the view, salute all my acquaintance,
Rise up betweene the *Acts*, let fall my cloake,
Publish a handsome man, and a rich suite
(As thats a speciall end, why we goe thither,
All that pretend, to stand for't o'the *Stage*)

The Ladies aske who's that? (For, they do come
To see us, *Love*, as we doe to see them)

Now, I shall lose all this, for the false feare
Of being laught at? Yes, wuffe. Let 'hem laugh, wife,
Let me have such another cloake to morrow.

And let 'hem laugh againe, wife, and againe,
And then grow fat with laughing and then fatter,
All my young Gallants, let 'hem bring their friends too:
Shall I forbid 'hem? No let heaven forbid 'hem:

Or wit, if't have any charge on 'hem. Come, thy care, wife,
Is all I'll borrow of thee. Set your watch, Sir,

Thou, only art to heare, not speake a word, *Dove*,

To ought he saies. That I do gi'you in precept,

No lesse then counsell, on your wive-hood, wife,

Not though he flatter you, or make court, or *Love*,

(As you must loke for these) or say, he raile;

What ere his arts bee, wife, I will have thee

Delude 'hem with a trick, thy obstinate silence;
I know advantages; and I love to hit

*He disposes
his wife to
his place,
and sets his
watch.*

These pragmaticke young men, at their owne weapons.

Is your watch ready? Here my faile beares, for you:

Tack toward him, sweet *Pinnace*, wher's your watch?

Wit. I'll set it, Sir, with yours. *Mis. Fit.* I must obey.

Man. Her modesty seemes to suffer with her beauty,

And

And so, as if his folly were away,
It were worth pitty. *Fit.* Now, th'art right, beginne, Sir.
But first, let me repeat the contract, briefly.
I am, Sir, to enjoy this cloake, I stand in,
Freely, and as your gift; upon condition
You may as freely, speake here to my spouse,
Your quarter of an houre alwaies keeping
The measur'd distance of your yard, or more,
From my said Spouse: and in my sight and hearing.
This is your covenant? *Wit.* Yes, but you'll allow
For this time spent, now? *Fit.* Set 'hem so much backe.

*He repeats
his contract
again.*

Wit. I thinke, I shall not need it. *Fit.* Well, begin, Sir;
There is your bound, Sir. Not beyond that rush.

Wit. If you interrupt me, Sir, I shall disclose you.

*Wittipol
beginnes!*

The time I have purchast, Lady, is but short;
And, therefore, if I employ it thriftily,
I hope I stand the neerer to my pardon.
I am not here, to tell you, you are faire,
Or lovely, or how well you dresse you, Lady,
I'll save my selfe that eloquence of your glasse,
Which can speake these things better to you then I,
And 'tis a knowledge, wherein fooles may be
As wise as a *Court Parliament*. Nor come I,
With any prejudice, or doubt, that you
Should, to the notice of your owne worth, neede
Least revelation. Shee's a simple woman,
Know's not her good: (who ever knowes her ill)
And at all caracts. That you are the wife,
To so much blasted flesh, as scarce hath foule,
In stead of salt, to keepe it sweet; I thinke,
Will aske no witnesses, to prove. The cold
Sheetes that you lie in, with the watching candle,
That sees, how dull to any thaw of beauty,
Pieces, and quarters, halfe, and whole nights, sometimes,
The Divell-given *Elfine* Squire, your husband,
Doth leave you, quitting heere his proper circle,
For a much-worse i'the walks of *Lincolnes Inne*,
Under the Elmes, t'expect the feind in vane, there
Will confesse for you. *Fit.* I did looke for this geere.

Wit. And what a daughter of darkenesse, he do's make you,
Lock'd up from all society, or object;
Your eye not let to looke upon a face,
Under a Conjurers (or some mould for one,
Hollow, and leane like his) but, by great meanes,
As I now make; your owne too sensible sufferings,
Without the extraordinary aydes,
Of spells, or spirits, may assure you, Lady.
For my part, I protest 'gainst all such practice,
I work by no false arts, medicines, or charmes
To be said forward and backward. *Fit.* No, I except:

*He offers to
discloake
him.*

Wit. Sir, I shall ease you. *Fit.* Mum. *Wit.* Nor have I ends, Lady,
Upon you, more then this: to tell you how *Love*
Beauties good Angell, he that waits upon her
At all occasions, and no lesse then *Fortune*,
Helps th'adventurous, in me makes that proffer,
Which never faire one was so fond, to lose;
Who could but reach a hand out to her freedome.
On the first sight I lov'd you: since which time,
Though I have travell'd, I have beene in travell
More for this second blessing of your eies
Which now I have purchas'd, then for all aimes else.
Thinke of it, Lady, be your mind as active,
As is your beauty: view your object well.
Examine both my fashion, and my yeeres
Things, that are like, are soone familiar:
And Nature joyes, still in equality.
Let not the signe o'the husband fright you, Lady.
But ere your spring be gone, injoy it. Flowers,
Though faire, are oft but of one morning. Think,
All beauty doth not last untill the *Autumne*.
You grow old, while I tell you this. And such,
As cannot use the present, are not wise,
If Love and Fortune will take care of us,
Why should our will be wanting? This is all.
Wha doe you answer, Lady? *Fit.* Now, the sport comes.

*Shee stands
mute.*

Let him still waite, waite, waite: while the watch goes,
And the time runs. Wife! *Wit.* How! not any word?
Nay, then, I taste a tricke in't. Worthy Lady,
I cannot be so false to mine owne thoughts
Of your presumed goodnesse, to conceive
This as your rudenesse, which I see's impos'd.
Yet, since your cautelous *Taylor*, here stands by you,
And yo'are deni'd the liberty o'the house,
Let me take warrant, Lady, from your silence,
(Which ever is interpreted consent)
To make your answer for you: which shall be
To as good purpose, as I can imagine,
And what I thinke you'd speak. *Fit.* No, no, no, no.

*He sets Mr.
Manly his
friend in her
place.*

Wit. I shall resume, Sir. *Man.* Sir, what doe you meane?
Wit. One interruption more, Sir, and you goe
Into your hose and doublet, nothing saves you.
And therefore harken. This is for your wife.

*And speaks
for her.*

Man. You must play faire, Sir. *Wit.* Stand for me, good friend.
Troth, Sir, tis more then true, that you have uttered
Of my unequall, and so sordide match heere,
With all the circumstances of my bondage.
I have a husband, and a two-legg'd one,
But such a moon-ling, as no wit of man
Or roses can redeeme from being an Ass. *Fit.*
H'is growne too much, the story of mens mouthes

To scape his lading : should I mak't my study,
 And lay all waies, yea, call mankind to helpe,
 To take his burden off, why, this one act
 Of his, to let his wife out to be courted,
 And, at a price, proclaimes his asinine nature
 So lowd, as I am weary of my title to him.
 But Sir, you seeme a Gentleman of vertue,
 No lesse then blood ; and one that every way
 Lookes as hee were of too good quality,
 To intrap a credulous woman, or betray her
 Since you have paid thus deare, Sir, for a visitt,
 And made such venter, on your wit, and charge
 Meerely to see me, or at most to speake to me,
 I were too stupid ; or (what's worse) ingrate
 Not to returne your venter. Thinke, but how,
 I may with safety doe it ; I shall trust
 My love and honour to you, and presume,
 You'll ever husband both, against this husband ;
 Who, if we chance to change his liberall eares,
 To other ensignes, and with labour make
 A new beast of him, as he shall deserve,
 Cannot complaine, he is unkindly death with.
 This day he is to goe to a new play, Sir,
 From whence no feare, no, nor authority,
 Scarfely the Kings command, Sir, will restraine him,
 Now you have fitted him with a Stage-garment,
 For the meere names sake, were there nothing else,
 And many more such journeies, he will make.
 Which, if they now, or, any time heereafter,
 Offer us opportunity, you heare, Sir,
 Who'll be as glad, and forward to imbrace,
 Meete, and enjoy it chearefully as you.
 I humbly thanke you, Lady. *Fit.* Keepe your ground Sir.
Wit. Will you be lightned ? *Fit.* Mum. *Wit.* And but I am,
 By the sad contract, thus to take my leave of you
 At this so envious distance, I had taught
 Our lips ere this, to seale the happy mixture
 Made of our soules. But we must both, now, yeeld
 To the necessity. Doe not thinke yet, Lady,
 But I can kisse, and touch, and laugh, and whisper,
 And doe those crowning court-ships too, for which
 Day, and the publike have allow'd no name
 But, now, my bargaine binds me. 'Twere rude injury,
 T'importune more, or urge a noble nature,
 To what of it's owne bounty it is prone to :
 Else, I should speake——But, Lady, I love so well,
 As I will hope, you'll do so to. I have done, Sir.
Fit. Well, then, I ha'won ? *Wit.* Sir, And I may win, too.
Fit. O yes ! no doubt on't. I'll take carefull order,
 That shee shall hang forth ensignes at the window,

To

To tell you when I am absent. Or I'll keepe
 Three or foure foote-men, ready still of purpose,
 To runne and fetch you at her longings, Sir.
 I'll goe bespeake me straight a guilt caroch,
 For her and you to take the aire in: yes,
 Into *Hide-parke*, and thence into *Black-Friers*,
 Visit the painters, where you may see pictures,
 And note the properest limbs, and how to make 'hem.
 Or what doe you say unto a middling Gossip?
 To bring you aye together, at her lodging:
 Under pretext of teaching o' my wife
 Some rare receipt of drawing *almond milke*? ha?
 It shall bee a part of my care. Good Sir, God b'w'you.
 I ha' kept the contract, and the cloak is mine owne.

Wit. Why, much good do't you Sir; it may fall out,
 That you ha' bought it deare, though I ha' not sould it.

Fit. A pretty riddle! Fare you well, good Sir.
 Wife, your face this way, looke on me: and thinke
 Yo' have had a wicked dreame, wife, and forget it.

Man. This is the strangest motion I ere saw.

Fit. Now, wife, fits this faire cloake the worse upon me,
 For my great sufferings, or your little patience? ha?
 They laugh, you thinke? *Mu. Fit.* Why Sir, and you might see't.
 What thought, they have of you, may be soone collected
 By the young Gentlman's speech. *Fit.* Young Gentleman?
 Death! you are in love with him, are you? could he not
 Be nam'd the Gentleman, without the young?
 Up to your Cabbin againe. *Mu. Fit.* My cage, yo' were best
 To call it? *Fit.* Yes, sing there. You'd faine be making
Blanck Manger with it at your mothers! I know you.
 Goe get you up. How now! what say you, *Divell*?

He turnes
 his wife a-
 bout.

ACT. I. Scene. VII.

Pug. Fitz-dottrell. Ingine.

HEere is one *Ingine*, Sir, desires to speake with you.
Fit. I thought he brought some newes, of a broker! well,
 Let him come in, good *Divell*: fetch him else
 O, my fine *Ingine*! what's th'affaire? more cheats?

Ing. No Sir, the Wit, the Braine, the great *Projector*,
 I told you of, is newly cometo towne.

Fit. Where, *Ingine*? *Ing.* I ha' brought him (H'is without)
 Ere he pull'd off his boots, Sir, but so follow'd,
 For businesse: *Fit.* But what is a *Projector*?
 I would conceive. *Ing.* Why, one Sir, that projects
 Waies to enrich men, or to make 'hem great,
 But suites, by marriages, by undertaking:
 According as he sees they humour it.

Fit.

Fit. Can he not conjure at all? *Ing.* I thinke he can, Sir.
(To tell you true) but, you doe know, of late,
The State hath tane such note of 'hem, and compell'd 'hem,
To enter such great bonds, they dare not practice.

Fit. 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't, the while!

Ing. O, Sir! you'll grow the richer for the rest.

Fit. I hope I shall: but *Ingine*, you do talke
Somewhat too much, o' my courses. My Cloake-customer
Could tell me strange particulars. *Ing.* By my meanes?

Fit. How should he have 'hem else? *Ing.* You doe not know, Sir,
What he has: and by what arts! A monied man, Sir,
And is as great with your *Almanack-Men*, as you are!

Fit. That Gallant? *Ing.* You make the other waite too long, here:
And he is extreme punctuall. *Fit.* Is he a gallant?

Ing. Sir you shall see: He's in his riding suit,
As he comes now from Court. But heere him speake:
Minister matter to him, and then tell me.



Act. II. Scene. I.

Meer-craft. Fitz-dottrell. Ingine. Traines. Pug.

SIr, money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge;
Fit to runne out on errands: Let her goe.
Via pecunia! when she's runne and gone,
And fled and dead; then will I fetch her, againe,
With *Aqua-vita*, out of an old Hog's-head!

While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beere,
I'll never want her! Coine her out of cobwebs,
Dust, but I'll have her! Raife wooll upon egge-shells,
Sir, and make grasse grow out o' marro-bones.
To make her come. (Commend me to your Mistresse,
Say, let the thousand pound but be had ready,
And it is done) I would but see the creature
(Of flesh, and blood) the man, the *Prince*, indeed,
That could imploy so many millions
As I would helpe him to. *Fit.* How, talks he? millions?

Mer. (I'll give you an account of this to morrow.)
Yes, I will take no lesse, and doe it too;
If they were *Myriades*: and without the *Divell*,
By direct meanes; it shall be good in law. *Ing.* Sir.

Mer. Tell Mr. *Wood-cock*, I'll not faile to meet him
Upon th' *Exchange* at night. Pray him to have
The writings there, and wee'll dispatch it: Sir,
You are a Gentleman of a good presence,
A handsome man (I have considered you)

To a waiter.

To another.

As

As a fit stocke to graft honours upon:
 I have a Project to make you a Duke, now.
 That you must be one, within so many moneths,
 And I set down, out of true reason of state,
 You sha' not avoid it. But you must harken, then.
Ing. Harken? why Sir, doe you doubt his cares? Alas!
 You doe not know Master *Fitz-dotrel*.

Fit. He do's not know me indeed. I thank you, *Ingine*,
 For rectifying him. *Mer.* Good! Why, *Ingine*, then
 I'll tell you. (I see you ha' credit, here,
 And, that you can keepe counsell, I'll not question.)
 He shall but be an undertaker with me,
 In a most feasible bus'nesse. It shall cost him
 Nothing. *Ing.* Good, Sir. *Mer.* Except he please, but's count'nance;
 (That I will have) t'appeare in't, to great men,
 For which I'll make him one. He shall not draw
 A string of's purse. I'll drive his pattent for him.
 We'll take in Citizens, Commoners, and Aldermen,
 To beare the charge, and blow 'hem off againe,
 Like so many dead flies, when 'tis carried.
 The thing is for recovery of drown'd Land,
 Whereof the Crown's to have a moiety,
 If it be owner; Else, the Crowne and Owners
 To share that moiety: and the recoverers
 T'enjoy the tother moiety, for their charge.

Ing. Throughout *England*? *Mer.* Yes, which will arise
 To eightene millions, seven the first-yeere:
 I have computed all, and made my survay
 Unto an acre, I'll beginne at the Pan,
 Not, at the skirts: as some ha' done, and lost,
 All that they wrought, their timber-worke, their trench,
 Their bankes all borne away, or else fill'd up
 By the next winter. Tut, they never went
 The way. I'll have it all. *Ing.* A Gallant tract
 Of land it is! *Mer.* 'Twill yeeld a pound an acre.
 We must let cheape, ever, at first. But Sir,
 This looks too large for you, I see. Come hither,
 We'll have a lesse. Here's a plaine fellow, you see him,
 Has his black bag of papers, there, in Buckram,
 Wi' not be fould for th' Earldome of *Pancridge*: Draw,
 Gi' me out one, by chance. Project; foure dogs skins?
 Twelve thousand pound! the very worst, at first.

Fit. Pray you let's see't Sir. *Mer.* 'Tis a toy, a trifle!

Fit. Trifle! 12. thousand pound for dogg-skins? *Mer.* Yes,
 But, by way of dressing, you must know, Sir,
 And med'cining the leather, to a height
 Of improv'd ware, like your *Borackio*
 Of *Spaine*, Sir. I can fetch nine thousand for't

Ing. Of the Kings glover? *Mer.* Yes, how heard you that?

Ing. Sir, I doe know you can. *Mer.* Within this houre

And

And reserve halfe my secret. Pluck another;
See if thou hast a happier hand: I thought so.
The very next worse to it! Bottle-ale.

He pluckes
out the 2.
Bottle-ale.

Yet, this is two and twenty thousand! Pr'y thee
Pull out another, two or three. *Fit.* Good, stay, friend,
By bottle-ale, two and twenty thousand pound?

Mer. Yes, Sir, it's cast to penny-hal'penny-farthing,
O'the back-side, there you may see it, read,
I will not bate a *Harrington* o'the summe.
I'll winne it i' my water, and my malt,
My furnaces, and hanging o' my coppers,
The tonning, and subtilty o' my yest;
And, then the earth of my bottles, which I dig,
Turne up, and steepe, and worke, and neale, my selfe,
To a degree of *Proclane*. You will wonder,
At my proportions, what I will put up
In seven yceres! for so long time, I aske
For my invention. I will save in corks,
In my mere stop'ling, 'bove three thousand pound,
Within that terme: by googing of 'hem out
Just to the size of my bottles, and not slicing.
There's infinite losse i' that. What hast thou there?

O'making wine of raisins: this is in hand, now,

Ing. Is not that strange, Sir, to make wine of raisins?

Hee drawes
out another.
Raisines.

Mer. Yes, and as true wine, as th' wines of *France*,
Or *Spaine*, or *Italy*, Looke of what grape
My raisin is, that wine I'll render perfect,
As of the *muscatell* grape, I'll render *muscatell*;
Of *Canary*, his; the *Claret*, his;
So of all kinds: and bate you of the prices,
Of wine, throughout the kingdome, halfe in halfe.

Ing. But, how, Sir, if you raise the other commodity,
Raisins? *Mer.* Why, then I'll make it out of black-berries:
And it shall doe the same. 'Tis but more art,
And the charge lesse. Take out another. *Fit.* No, good Sir.
Save you the trouble, I'll not looke, nor heare
Of any, but your first, there, the *Drown'd-land*:
If't will doe, as you say. *Mer.* Sir, there's not place,
To gi' you demonstration of these things.
They are a little to subtile. But, I could shew you
Such a necessity in't, as you must be
But what you please: against the receiv'd heresie,
That *England* beares no Dukes. Keepe you the land, Sir,
The greatnesse of th' estate shall throw't upon you.
If you like better turning it to money,
What may not you, Sir, purchase with that wealth?
Say, you should part with two o' your millions,
To be the thing you would, who would not do't?
As I protest, I will, out of my dividend,
Lay, for some pretty principality,

In *Italy*, from the Church: Now, you perhaps,
Fancy the smoake of *England*, rather? But—
Ha' you no private roome, Sir, to draw to,
T'enlarge our selves more upon. *Fit.* O yes, *Divell!*

Mer. These, Sir, are bus'nesses, aske to be carried
With caution, and in cloud. *Fit.* I apprehend,
They doe so, Sir, *Divell*, which way is your Mistresse?

Pug. Above, Sir, in her chamber. *Fit.* O that's well.
Then this way good, Sir. *Mer.* I shall follow you; *Traines*,

Gi' me the bag, and goe you presently,
Commend my service to my Lady *Tail-bush*.

Tell her I am come from Court this morning; say,
I have got our bus'nesse mov'd, and well: Intreat her,
That she give you the foure-score Angels, and see'hem
Dispos'd of to my Councel, Sir *Poul Either-side*.

Sometime, to day, I'll waite upon her, *Ladiship*,
With the relation. *Ing.* Sir, of what dispatch,
He is! Do you mark? *Mer.* *Ingine*, when did you see
My cousin *Ever-ill*? keepes he still your quarter?

I the *Bermudas*? *Ing.* Yes, Sir, he was writing
This morning, very hard. *Mer.* Be not you knowne to him,
That I am come to Towne: I have effected

A businesse for him, but I would have it take him,
Before he thinks for't. *Ing.* It is past? *Mer.* Not yet.

'Tis well o'the way. *Ing.* O Sir! your worship takes

Infinite paines. *Mer.* I love Friends, to be active:

A sluggish nature puts off man, and kinde.

Ing. And such a blessing followes it. *Mer.* I thanke
My fate. Pray you let's be private, Sir? *Fit.* In, here.

Mer. Where none may interrupt us. *Fit.* You heare, *Divell*,

Lock the street-doores fast, and let no one in
(Except they be this Gentlemans followers)

To trouble me. Doe you marke? Yo' have hard and seene

Something, to day; and, by it, you may gather

Your Mistresse is a fruite, that's worth the stealing

And therefore worth the watching. Be you sure, now,

Yo' have all your eies about you; and let in

No lace-woman; nor bawd, that brings French-masques,

And cut-works. See you? Nor old croanes, with wafers,

To convey letters. Nor no youths, disguis'd

Like country-wives, with creame, and marrow-puddings.

Much knavery may be vented in a pudding,

Much bawdy intelligence: They are shrewd ciphers.

Nor turne the key to any neighbours need;

Be't but to kindle fire, or begg a little,

Put it out, rather: all out, to an ashe,

That they may see no smoke. Or water, spill it:

Knock o'the empty tubs, that by the sound,

They may be forbid entry. Say, we are robb'd,

If any come to borrow a spoone, or so.

I wi' not have good fortune, or gods blessing
Let in, while I am busie. *Pug.* I'll take care, Sir,
They sha' not trouble you, if they would. *Fit.* Well doe so.

Act. II. Scene. II.

Pug. Mistresse *Fitz-dourell.*

I Have no singular service of this, now ?
Nor no superlative Master ? I shall wish
To be in hell againe, at leasure ? Bring,
A *Vice* from thence ? That had bin such a subtilty,
As to bring broad-clothes ~~hither~~ : or transport
Fresh Oranges into *Spaine*. I finde it, now ;
My *Chiefe* was i' the right. Can any fiend
Boast of a better *Vice*, then heere by nature,
And art, th'are owners of ? Hell ne'r owne me,
But I am taken ! the fine tract of it
Pulls me along ! To heare men such professors
Growne in our subtlest *Sciences* ! My first *Ass*, now,
Shall be, to make this Master of mine cuckold :
The primitive worke of darkenesse, I will practise !
I will deserve so well of my faire Mistresse,
By my discoveries, first ; my counsell after ;
And keeping counsell, after that : as who,
So ever, is one, I'll be another, sure,
I'll ha' my share. Most delicate damn'd flesh !
She will be ! O ! that I could stay time, now,
Midnight will come too fast upon me, I feare,
To cut my pleasure — *Mis. Fit.* Looke at the back-doore,
One knocks, see who it is. *Pug.* Dainty she *Divell* !

*She sends
Divell out*

Mis. Fit. I cannot get this venter of the cloake,
Out of my fancie ; nor the Gentleman's way,
He tooke, which though 'twere strange, yet 'twas handsome,
And had a grace withall, beyond the newnesse.
Sure he will thinke me that dull stupid creature,
He said, and may conclude it, if I finde not
Some thought to thanke th' attempt. He did presume,
By all the carriage of it, on my braine,
For answer ; and will sweare 'tis very barren,
If it can yeeld him no returne. Who is it ?

*Divell re-
turnes.*

Pug. Mistresse, it is, but first, let me assure
The excellence, of Mistresses, I am,
Although my Masters man, My Mistresse slave,
The servant of her secrets, and sweet turnes,
And know, what fitly will condee to either.

Mis. Fit. What's this ? I pray you come to your selfe and thinke
What your part is : to make an answer. Tell,
Who is it at the doore ? *Pug.* The Gentleman, Mistresse,

Who was at the cloake-charge to speake with you,
This morning, who expects onely to take
Some small command'ments from you, what you please,
Worthy your forme, he saies, and gentlest manners.

Mis. Fit. O ! you'll anon prove his hir'd man, I feare,
What has he giv'n you, for this message ? Sir,
Bid him put off his hopes of straw, and leave
To spread his nets, in view, thus. Though they take
Master *Fitz-dottrel*, I am no such foule,
Nor faire one, tell him, will be had with stalking.
And wish him to for-beare his acting to me,
At the Gentlemans chamber-window in *Lincolnes-Inne* there,
That opens to my gallery : else, I sweare
T'acquaint my husband with his folly, and leave him
To the just rage of his offended jealousie.
Or if your Masters sence be not so quicke
To right me, tell him, I shall finde a friend
That will repaire me. Say, I will be quiet
In mine owne house ? Pray you, in those words give it him.

Pug. This is some foole turn'd ! *Mis. Fit.* If he be the Master,
He goes out. Now, of that state and wit, which I allow him ;
Sure, he will understand me : I durst not
Be more direct. For this officious fellow,
My husbands new groome, is a spie upon me,
I finde already. Yet, if he but tell him
This in my words, he cannot but conceive
Himselfe both apprehended, and requited.
I would not have him thinke he met a *statue* :
Or spoke to one, not there, though I were silent.
How now ? ha'you told him ? *Pug.* Yes. *Mis. Fit.* And what saies he ?
Pug. Saies he ? That which my selfe would say to you, if I durst.
That you are proude, sweet Mistresse ! and with-all,
A little ignorant, to entertaine
The good that's proffer'd ; and (by your beauties leave)
Not all so wise, as some true politique wife
Would be : who having match'd with such a *Nunson*
(I speake it with my Masters peace) whose face
Hath left t'accuse him, now, for't doth confesse him,
What you can make him ; will yet (out of scruple,
And a spic'd conscience) defraud the poore Gentleman,
At least delay him in the thing he longs for,
And makes it his whole study, how to compasse,
Onely a title. Could but he write *Cuckold*,
He had his ends. For, looke you — *Mis. Fit.* This can be
None but my husbands wit. *Pug.* My pretious Mistresse.
Mis. Fit. It creaks his *Ingine* : The groome never durst
Be, else, so saucy — *Pug.* If it were not clearly,
His worshipfull ambition ; and the top of it ;
The very forked top too : why should he
Keepe you, thus mur'd up in a back-roome, Mistresse,

Allow you ne'r a case ment to the streete,
 Feare of engendring by the eyes, with gallants,
 Forbid you paper, pen and inke, like Kats-bane.
 Search your halfe pint of *muscatell*, lest a letter
 Be suncke i'the pot: and hold your new-laid egge
 Against the fire. least any charme be writ there:
 Will you make benefit of truth, deare Mistresse,
 If I doe tell it you: I do't not often:
 I am set over you, imploy'd, indeed,
 To watch your steps, your looks, your very breathings,
 And to report them to him. Now, if you
 Will be a true, right, delicate sweet Mistresse,
 Why, we will make a *Cokes* of this *Wise Master*,
 We will, my Mistresse, an absolute fine *Cokes*,
 And mock, to aire, all the deepe diligences
 Of such a solemne, and effectuall Assle,
 An Assle to so good purpose, as we'll use him.
 I will contrive it so, that you shall goe
 To *Plaies*, to *Masques*, to *Meetings*, and to *Feasts*.
 For, why is all this Rigging, and fine Tackle; Mistresse,
 If you neate handsome vessells, of good saile,
 Put not forth ever, and anon, with your nets
 Abroad into the world. It is your fishing.
 There you shall chuse your friends; your servants, Lady,
 Your squires of honour; I'll convey your letters,
 Fetch answers, doe you all the offices,
 That can belong to your bloud, and beauty. And,
 For the variety, at my times, although
 I am not in due *symmetric*, the man
 Of that proportion; or in rule
 Of *physicke*, of the just complexion;
 Or of that truth of *Piccardell*, in clothes,
 To boast a soveraignty o're Ladies: yet
 I know, to doe my turnes, sweet Mistresse. Come, kisse—
Mis. Fit. How now! *Pug.* Deare delicate Mistresse, I am your slave,
 Your little *worme*, that loves you: your fine *Monkie*;
 Your *Dogge*, your *Iack*, your *Pug*, that longs to be
 Stil'd, o' your pleasures. *Mis. Fit.* Heare you all this? Sir, Pray you,
 Come from your standing, doe, a little, spare
 Your selfe, Sir, from your watch, t'applaud your *Squire*,
 That so well followes your instructions!

*She thinks
her husband
watches.*

ACT. II. Scene. III.

Fitz dottrell. Mis. Fitz-dottrell. Pug.

HOW now, sweet heart? what's the matter? *Mis. Fit.* Good!
 You are a stranger to the plot! you set not
 Your saucy *Divell*, here, to tempt your wife,

With

With all the insolent uncivill language,
Or action, he could vent? *Fit.* Did you so, *Divell*?

Mis. Fit. Not you? you were not planted i' your hole to heare him,
Upo' the stayres? or here, behinde the hangings?

I doe not know your qualities? he durst doe it,
And you not give directions? *Fit.* You shall see, wife,

Whether he durst, or no: and what it was
I did direct. *Pug.* Sweet Mistresse, are you mad?

Fit. You most meere Rogue! you open manifest Villaine!
You Fiend apparant you! you declar'd Hel-hound!

Pug. Good Sir. *Fit.* Good Knave, good Rascall, and good Traitor.
Now, I doe finde you parcel-*Divell*, indeed,

Upo' the point of trust? I' your first charge?

The very day o' your probation?

To tempt your Mistresse? You doe see, good wedlocke,

How I directed him, *Mis. Fit.* Why, where Sir, were you?

Fit. Nay, there is one blow more, for exercise:

I told you, I should doe it. *Pug.* Would you had done, Sir.

Fit. O wife, the rarest man! yet there's another

To put you in mind o' the last. Such a brave man, wife!

Within, he has his projects, and do's vent 'hem,

The gallantest! where you *sentiginome*? ha?

Would you be acting of the *Incubus*?

Did her silkes rustling move you? *Pug.* Gentle Sir.

Fit. Out of my sight. If thy name were not *Divell*,

Thou should'st not stay a minute with me. In,

Goe, yet stay: yet goe too. I am resolv'd,

What I will doe: and you shall know't afore-hand.

Soone as the Gentleman is gone, doe you heare?

I'll helpe your lisping. Wife, such a man, wife!

He has such plots! He will make me a *Duke*!

No lesse, by heaven! six Mares, to your coach, wife!

That's your proportion! And your coach-man bald!

Because he shall be bare, inough, Doe not you laugh,

We are looking for a place, and all, i' the map

What to be of. Have faith, be not an Infidell.

You know I am not easie to be gull'd.

I sweare, when I have my *millions*, else, I'll make

Another *Dutchesse*; if you ha' not faith,

Mis. Fit. You'll ha' too much, I feare, in these false spirits,

Fit. Spirits? O, no such thing! wife! wit, meere wit!

This man defies the *Divell*, and all his works!

He dos't by *Ingine*, and devises, he!

He has his winged ploughes, that goe with sailes,

Will plough you forty acres, at once! and mills,

Will spout you water, ten miles off! All *Crowland*

Is ours, wife; and the fens, from us, in *Norfolke*,

To the utmost bound of *Lincoln-shire*! we have view'd it,

And measur'd it within all; by the scale!

The richest tract of land, Love, i' the kingdome!

Her hus-
band goes
out, and en-
ters present-
ly with a
cudgell upon
him.

After a
pause.
He strikes
him againe;
and againe.

Divell goes
out.

There

There will be made seventene, or eightene *millions*;
Or more, as't may be handled ! wherefore, thinke,
Sweet heart, if th' hast a fancy to one place,
More then another, to be *Dutchesse* of;
Now, name it : I will ha't, what ere it cost,
(If't will be had for mony) either here,
Or'n *France*, or *Italy*. *Mis, Fit.* You ha' strange phantasies !

ACT. II. Scene. IV.

Meer-craft. Fitz-dottrell. Ingine.

WHere are you, Sir ? *Fit.* I see thou hast no *talent*
This way, wife. Up to thy gallery ; doe, *Chuck*,
Leave us to talke of it, who understand it.

Mer. I thinke we ha' found a place to fit you, now, Sir.

Gloster. Fit. O, no, I'll none ! *Mer.* Why, Sir ? *Fit.* Tis fatall.

Mer. That you say right in. *Spenser*, I thinke, the younger,
Had his last honour thence. But, he was but *Earle*.

Fit. I know not that, Sir. But *Thomas of Woodstocke*,

I'm sure, was *Duke*, and he was made away,

At *Calice* ; as *Duke Humphrey* was at *Bury* :

And *Richard* the third, you know what end he came too.

Mer. By m'faith you are cunning i'the *Chronicle*, Sir.

Fit. No, I confesse I ha't from the *Play-bookes*,

And think they're more *authentique*. *Ing.* That's sure, Sir.

Mer. What say you (to this then) *Fit.* No a noble house.

Pretends to that. I will doe no man wrong.

Mer. Then take one proposition more, and here it

As past exception. *Fit.* What's that ? *Mer.* To be

Duke of those lands, you shall recover : take

Your title, thence, Sir, *Duke* of the *Drown'd-lands* ;

Or *Drown'd-land*. *Fit.* Ha ? that last has a good found !

I like it well. The *Duke* of *Dround'-land* ? *Ing.* Yes ;

It goes like *Green-land*, Sir, if you marke it. *Mer.* I,

And drawing thus your honour from the worke,

You make the reputation of that, greater ;

And stay't the longer i' your name. *Fit.* 'Tis true.

Drown'd-lands will live in *Drown'd-land* ! *Mer.* Yes, when you

Ha' no foote left ; as that must bee, Sir, one day.

And, though it tarry in your heyres, some *forty*,

Fifty descents, the longer liver, at last, yet,

Must thrust 'hem out on't : if no quirk in law,

Or odde *Vice* o'ther owne not do't first.

We see those changes, daily : the faire lands,

That were the *Clyents*, are the *Lawyers*, now :

And those rich Mannors, there, of good man *Tailors*,

Had once more wood upon 'hem then the yard,

By which th'were measur'd out for the last purchase.

*He whispers
him of a
place.*

Hee spies
Divell.

Nature hath these vicissitudes. Shee makes
No man a state of perpetuity, Sir.

Fitz. Yo'are i'the right. Let's in then, and conclude.
I my fight, againe? I'll talke with you, anon.

Act. II. Scene. V.

Pug.

Sure he will geld me, if I stay: or worse,
Pluck out my tongue, one o'the two. This Foole,
There is no trusting of him: and to quit him,
Were a contempt against my *Chiefe*, past pardon.
It was a shrewd disheartning this at first!
Who would ha'thought a woman so well harness'd,
Or rather well-caparison'd, indeed,
That weares such petticoates, and lace to her smocks,
Broad seaming laces (as I see 'hem hang there)
And garters which are lost, if shee can shew 'hem,
Could ha'done this? *Hell!* why is shee so brave?
It cannot be to please *Duke Dottrel*, sure,
Nor the dull pictures, in her gallery,
Nor her owne deare reflection, in her glasse;
Yet that may be: I have knowne many of 'hem,
Beginne their pleasure, but none end it, there:
(That I consider, as I goe along with it)
They may, for want of better company,
Or that they thinke the better, spend an houre;
Two, three, or foure, discoursing with their shaddow:
But sure they have a farther speculation.
No woman drest with so much care, and study,
Doth dresse her selfe in vaine. I'll vex this *probleme*,
A little more, before I leave it, sure.

Act. II. Scene. VI.

Wittipol. Manly. Mistresse Fitz-dottrell. Pug.

This was a fortune,, happy about thought,
That this should prove thy chamber; which I fear'd
Would be my greatest trouble! this must be
The very window, and that the roome. *Man.* It is.
I now remember, I have often seen there
A woman but I never mark'd her much.

Wis. Where was your soule, friend? *Man.* Faith, but now, and then,
Awake unto those objects. *Wis.* You pretend so.
Let me not live, if I am not in love
Mor: with her wit, for this direction, now,

Then

Then with her forme, though I ha' prais'd that prettily,
Since I saw her, and you, to day. Read those.
They'll goe unto the aire you love so well.
Try 'hem unto the note, may be the musique
Will call her sooner; light, shee's here! Sing quickly.

He gives
him a paper,
wherein is
the copy of
a Song.

Mis. Fit. Either he understood him not: or else,
The fellow was not faithfull in delivery,
Of what I bad. And, I am justly pay'd,
That might have made my profit of his service,
But, by mis-taking, have drawne on his envy,
And done the worse defeate upon my selfe.

How! Musique? then he may be there: and is sure.

Manly sings,
Pug enters
perceives it.

Pug. O! Is it so? Is there the enter-view?
Have I drawne to you, at last, my cunning *Lady*?
The *Divell* is an *Ass*! fool'd off! and beaten!
Nay, made an instrument! and could not sent it!
Well, since yo' have showne the malice of a woman,
No lesse then her true wit, and learning, *Mistresse*,
I'll try, if little *Pug* have the malignity
To recompence it, and so save his danger.
'Tis not the paine, but the discredite of it,
The *Divell* should not keepe a body in life.

Wis. Away, fall backe, shee comes. *Mis.* I'll leave you, Sir,
The Master of my chamber. I have business.

Wis. *Mis.*! *Mis. Fit.* You make me paine, Sir. *Wis.* The are faire colours,
Lady, and naturall! I did receive
Some commands from you, lately, gentle *Lady*,
But so perplex'd, and wrap'd in the delivery,
As I may feare t'have mis-interpreted:
But must make sute still, to be neere your grace.

This Scene
is acted at
two windo's,
as out of two
contiguous
buildings.

Mis. Fit. Who is there with you, Sir? *Wis.* None, but my selfe.
It falls out, *Lady*, to be a deare friends lodging,
Wherein there's some conspiracy of fortune
With your poore servants blest affections.

Mis. Fit. Who was it sung? *Wi.* He, *Lady*, but he's gone,
Upon my intreaty of him, seeing you
Approach the window. Neither need you doubt him,
If he were here. He is too much a gentleman.

Mis. Fit. Sir if you judge me by this simple action
And by the outward habite, and complexion
Of easinesse, it hath, to your designe;
You may with Justice, say, I am a woman:
And a strange woman. But when you shall please,
To bring but that concurrence of my fortune,
To memory, which to day your selfe did urge:
It may beget some favor like excuse,
Though none like reason. *Wis.* No, my tune-full *Mistresse*?
Then, surely, *Love* hath none, nor *Beauty* any;
Nor *Nature* violenced, in both these:
With all whose gentle tongues you speake, at once.

I thought I had inough remov'd, already,
 That scruple from your brest, and left yo'all reason;
 When, through my mornings perspective I shewd you
 A man so above excuse, as he is the cause,
 Why any thing is to be done upon him:
 And nothing call'd an injury, mis-plac'd.
 I rather now had hope, to shew you how *Love*
 By his accesles, growes more naturall:
 And, what was done, this morning, with such force
 Was but devis'd to serve the present, then.

*Hee growes
 more fami-
 liar in his
 Court-ship.*

*Plaies with
 her paps, kif-
 seth her
 hands, &c.*

That since love hath the honour to approach
 These sister-swelling brests; and touch this soft,
 And rosie hand; he hath the skill to draw
 Their *Nectar* forth, with kissing; and could make
 More wanton salts, from this brave promontory,
 Downe to this valley, then the nimble *Roe*;
 Could play the hopping *Sparrow*, 'bout these nets;
 And sporting *Squirell* in these crisped groves;
 Bury himsele in every *Silke-wormes* kell,
 Is here unravel'd; runne into the snare,
 Which every haire is, is cast into a curle,
 To catch a *Cupid* flying: Bath himsele
 In milke, and roses, here, and dry him, there;
 Warme his cold hands, to play with this smooth, round,
 And well torn'd chin, as with the *Billiard* ball;
 Rowle on these lips, the banks of love, and there
 At once both plant, and gather kisses. *Lady*,
 Shall I, with what I have made to day here, call
 All sense to wonder, and all faith to signe
 The misteries revealed in your forme?
 And will *Love* pardon me the blasphemy
 I utter'd, when I said, a glasse could speake
 This beauty, or that fooles had power to judge it?

*Doe but looke, on her eies! They doe light—
 All that Love's world comprizeth!
 Doe but looke on her haire! it is bright,
 As Love's starre, when it riseth!
 Doe but marke, her fore-head smother,
 Then words that sooth her!
 And from her arched browes, such grace
 Sheds it selfe through the face;
 As alone, there triumphs to the life,
 All the gaine, all the good, of the elements strife!*

*Have you scene but a bright Lilly grow,
 Before rude hands have touch'd it?
 Have you mark'd but the fall of Snow,
 Before the soyle hath smutch'd it?
 Have you felt the wooll o' the Bever?*

*Or Swans downe, ever ?
Or, have smelt o'the bud o'the Brier ?
Or the Nard i'the fire ?
Or, have tasted the bag o'the Bee ?
O, so white ! O, so soft ! O, so sweet is shee.*

Act. II. Scene. VII.

Fitz-dottrell. Wittipol. Pug.

IS shee so, Sir ? and, I will keepe her so.
If I know how, or can : that wit of man
Will doe't, I'll goe no farther. At this window
She shall no more be *buz'd* at. Take your leave on't.
If you be sweet meates, wedlock, or sweet flesh,
Alls one : I doe not love this *hum* about you.
A fly-blowne wife is not so proper, In :
For you, Sir, looke to heare from me.. *Wit.* So, I doe, Sir.
Fit. No, but in other tearmes. There's no man offers
This to my wife, but paies for't, *Wit.* That have I, Sir.
Fit. Nay, then, I tell you, you are. *Wit.* What am I, Sir ?
Fit. Why, that I'll thinke on, when I ha' cut your throat.
Wit. Goe, you are an *Ass*. *Fit.* I am resolv'd on't, Sir.
Wit. I thinke you are. *Fit.* To call you to a reckoning.
Wit. Away, you brokers blocke, you property.
Fit. S'light, if you strike me, I'll strike your Mistresse,
Wit. O ! I could shoote my eyes at him, for that, now ;
Or leave my teeth in him, were they cuckolds bane,
Inough to kill him. What prodigious,
Blinde, and most wicked change of fortune's this ?
I ha' no aire of patience : all my vaines
Swell, and my sinewes start at iniquity of it.
I shall breake, breake. *Pug.* This for the malice of it,
And my revenge may passe ! But, now, my conscience
Tells mee, I have profited the cause of Hell
But little, in the breaking-off their loves.
Which, if some other act of mine repaire not,
I shall heare ill of my accompt. *Fit.* O, Bird !
Could you doe this ? 'gainst me ? and at this time, now ?
When I was so imploy'd, wholly for you,
Drown'd i'my care (more, then the land, I sweare,
I have hope to win) to make you peere-lesse : studying,
For footmen for you, fine pac'd huishers, pages,
To serve you o'the knee ; with what Knights wife,
To beare your traine, and sit with your foute women
In counsell, and receive intelligences,
From forraine parts, to dresse you at all pieces !
Y'have (a'most) turn'd my good affection, to you ;
Sow'r'd my sweet thoughts ; all my pure purposes :

Her husband appears at her back.

Hee speaks out of his wives window.

He strikes his wife.

The Divell speaks below.

Fitz-dottrell enters with his wife as come down.

I could now finde (i'my very heart) to make
 Another, *Lady Dutchesse*; and depose you.
 Well, goe your waies in. *Divell*, you have redeem'd all,
 I doe forgive you. And, I'll doe you good.

ACT. III. Scene. VIII.

Meer-craft. Fitz-dottrell. Ingine. Traines.

WHy ha'you these excursions? where ha'you beene, Sir?
Fit. Where I ha'beene vex'd a little, with a toy!

Mer. O Sir! no toies must trouble your grave head,
 Now it is growing to be great. You must
 Be above all those things. *Fit.* Nay, nay, so I will.

Mer. Now you are to'ard the Lord, you must put off
 The man, Sir. *Ing.* He saies true. *Mer.* You must doe nothing
 As you ha'done it heretofore; not know,
 Or salute any man. *Ing.* That was your bed-fellow,
 The other moneth. *Mer.* The other moneth? the weeke.
 Thou dost not know the priviledges, *Ingine*,
 Follow that Title; nor how swift: To day,
 When he has put on his Lords face once, then—

Fit. Sir, for these things I shall doe well enough,
 There is no feare of me. But then, my wife is
 Such an untoward thing! shee'll never learne
 How to comport with it! I am out of all
 Concept, on her behalfe. *Mer.* Best have her taught, Sir.

Fit. Where? Are there any Schooles for *Ladies*? Is there
 An *Academy* for women? I doe know,
 For men there was: I learn'd in it, my selfe,
 To make my legges, and doe my postures. *Ing.* Sir.
 Doe you remember the concept you had—
 O'the *Spanish* gowne, at home? *Mer.* Ha! I doe thanke thee,
 With all my heart, deare *Ingine*. Sir, there is
 A certaine *Lady*, here about the Towne,
 An *English* widdow, who hath lately travell'd,
 But shee's call'd the *Spaniard*; cause she came
 Latest from thence: keeps the *Spanish* habit.
 Such a rare woman! all our women heere,
 That are of spirit, and fashion flocke, unto her,
 As to their President; their *Law*; their *Canon*;
 More then they ever did, to *Oracle-Foreman*.
 Such rare receipts she has, Sir, for the face;
 Such *oyles*; such *tinctures*; such *pomatum's*;
 Such *perfumes*; *med'cines*; *quintessences*, &c.
 And such a mistresse of behavior;
 She knowes, from the *Dukes* daughter, to the *Doxey*,
 What is their due just: and no more! *Fit.* O Sir!
 You please me i'this, more then mine owne greatnesse.

*Ingine
 whispers
 Meer-craft,
 Meer-craft
 turnes to
 Fitz-dot-
 trel.*

Where

Where is she? Let us have her. *Mer.* by your patience,
We must use meanes; cast how to be acquainted —

Fit. Good Sir, about it. *Mer.* We must think how, first, *Fit.* O!

I do not love to tarry for a thing,
When I have a mind to't. You doe not know me.

If you doe offer it. *Mer.* Your wife must send
Some pretty token to her, with a complement,
And pray to be receiv'd in her graces,

All the great *Ladies* do't, *Fit.* She shall, she shall,
What were it best to be? *Mer.* Some little toy,

I would not have it any great matter, Sir:

A *Diamant* ring, of *forty* or *fifty* pound,
Would doe it handsomely: and be a gift

Fit for your wife to send, and her to take.

Fit. I'll goe, and tell my wife on't, streight. *Mer.* Why this
Is well! the clothes we have now: But where's this *Lady*?

If we could get a witty boy, now, *Ingine*;
That were an excellent cracke. I could instruct him,
To the true height. For any thing takes this *dottrel*.

Ing. Why, Sir your best will be one o'the players!

Mer. No, there's no trusting them. They'll talke on't,

And tell their *Poets*. *Ing.* What if they doe? the jest

Will brooke the Stage. But there be some of hem

Are very honest Lads. There's *Dicke Robinson*

A very pretty fellow, and comes often

To a Gentlemans chamber, a friends of mine. We had

The merriest supper of it there, one night,

The Gentlemans Land-lady invited him

To a Gossips feast, Now, he Sir brought *Dick Robinson*,

Drest like a Lawyers wife, amongst'hem all,

(I lent him cloathes) but, to see him behave it,

And lay the law; and carve; and drinke unto'hem;

And then talke bawdy: and send frolicks! o!

It would have burst your bottoms, or not left you

A seame. *Mer.* They say hee's an ingenious youth!

Ing. O Sir! and dresses himselfe, the best! beyond

Forty o'your very *Ladies*! did you ne'r see him?

Mer. No, I doe seldome see those toyes. But thinke you,

That we may have him? *Ing.* Sir, the young Gentleman

I tell you of, can command him. Shall I attempt it?

Mer. Yes doe it. *Fit.* S'light, I cannot get my wife

To part with a ring, on any termes: and yet,

The sullen *Monkey* has two. *Mer.* It were gainst reason,

That you should urge it, Sir, send to a Gold-smith,

Let not her lose by't. *Fit.* How do's she lose by't?

Is't not for her? *Mer.* Make it your owne bounty,

It will ha'the better successe; what is a matter

Of *fifty* pound to you, Sir. *Fit.* I have but a hundred

Pieces, to shew here; that I would not breake —

Mer. You shall ha' credit, Sir. I'll send a ticket

Fitz-dottrel
goes out.

Enters A-
gain.

Unto

Unto my Gold-smith. Heere, my man comes too,
Traines en- To carry it fitly. How, now, *Traines*? What birds?
ters. *Tra.* Your Cousin *Ever-ill* met me, and has beat me,
 Because I would not tell him where you were:
 I thinke he has dogd me to the house too. *Fit.* Well—
 You shall goe out at the back-doore, then, *Traines.*
 You must get *Guilt-head* hither, by some meanes:
Tra. 'Tis impossible! *Fit.* Tell him we have *venison*,
 I'll g' him a piece, and send his wife a *Pheasant*.
Tra. A Forrest moves not till that forty pound,
 Yo' had of him, last, be pai'd. He keepes more stirre,
 For that same petty some, then for your bond
 Of *sixe*; and *Statute* of *eight* hundred! *Fit.* Tell him
 Wee'll hedge in that. Cry up *Fitz-dottrell* to him,
 Double his price: Make him a man of mettall.
Tra. That will not need, his bond is currant enough.



ACT. III. Scene. I.

Guilt-head. Plutarchus.



Al this is to make you a Gentleman:
 I'll have you learne, Sonne. Wherefore have I plac'd you
 With Sir. *Pould Either-side*, but to have so much Law
 To keepe your owne? Besides, he is a *Iustice*,
 Here i'the Towne; and dwelling, Sonne, with him,
 You shall learne that in a yeere; shall be worth twenty
 Of having stay'd you at *Oxford*, or at *Cambridge*,
 Or sending you to the *Innes* of *Court*, or *France*.
 I am call'd for now in haste, by Master *Meere-craft*
 To trust Master *Fitz-dottrell*, a good man:
 I have inquir'd him, eightene hundred a yeere,
 (His name is currant) for a diamant ring
 Of forty, shall not be worth thirty (thats gain'd)
 And this is to make you a Gentleman!

Plu. O, but good father, you trust too much! *Gui.* Boy, boy,
 We live, by finding fooles out, to be trusted.
 Our shop-bookes are our pastures, our corn-grounds,
 We lay 'hem op'n, for them to come into:
 And when we have 'hem there, we drive 'hem up
 In't one of our two Pounds, the *Compters*, streight,
 And this is to make you a Gentleman!
 We Citizens never trust, but we doe coozen:
 For, if our debtors pay, we cobzen them;
 And if they do not, then we coozen our selves.
 But that's a hazard every one must turne,

That

That hopes to make his Sonne a Gentleman !

Plu. I doe not wish to be one, truly, Father.
In a descent, or two, we come to be
Just 'itheir state, fit to be coozend, like 'hem.
And I had rather ha' tarried i' your trade:
For, since the *Gentry* scorne the Citty so much,
Me thinks we should in time, holding together,
And matching in our owne tribes, as they say,
Have got an *Aff* of *Common Councell*, for it,
That we might coozen them out of *verum natura*.

Gui. I, if we had an *Aff* first to forbid
The marrying of our wealthy heires unto 'hem:
And daughters, with such lavish portions,
That confounds all. *Plu.* And makes a *Mungril* breed, Father.
And when they have your money then they laugh at you:
Or kick you downe the staires. I cannot abide 'hem.
I would faine have 'hem coozen'd, but not trusted.

A&. III. Scene. II.

Meere-craft. Guilt-head. Fitz-dottrell. Plutarchus.

O, Is he come ! I knew he would not faile me.

Welcome, good *Guilt-head*, I must ha' you doe

A noble Gentleman, a courtesie, here:

In a mere toy (some pretty Ring, or Jewell)

Off fifty, or threescore pound (Make it a hundred,

And hedge in the last forty, that I owe you,

And your owne price for the Ring) He's a good man, Sir,

And you may hap' see him a great one ! He,

Is likely to bestow hundreds, and thousands,

Wi' you, if you can humour him. A great Prince

He will be shortly. What doe you say ? *Gui.* In truth, Sir,

I cannot. 'T has beene a long vacation with us.

Fitz. Of what, I pray thee ? of wit ? or honesty ?

Those are your Citizens long vacations.

Plu. Good Father do not trust 'hem. *Mer.* Nay, *Thom.* *Guilt-head*.

He will not buy a courtesie and begge it:

He'll rather pay, then pray. If you doe for him,

You must doe cheerefully. His credit, Sir,

Is not yet prostitute ! Who's this ? thy sonne ?

A pretty youth, what's his name ? *Plu.* *Plutarchus*, Sir.

Mer. *Plutarchus* ! How came that about ? *Gui.* That yeere Sir,

That I begot him, I bought *Plutarch's* lives,

And fell i' in love with the booke, as I call'd my sonne

By' his name ; In hope he should be like him:

And write the lives of our great men ! *Mer.* I' the City ?

And you doe breed him, there ? *Gui.* His mind, Sir, lies

Much to that way. *Mer.* Why, then, he is i' the right way.

Gui.

Gui. But, now, I had rather get him him a good wife,
And plant him i'the country; there to use
The blessing I shall leave him. *Mer.* Out upon't!
And lose the laudable meanes, thou hast at home, here,
T'advance, and make him a young *Alderman*?
Buy him a Captaines place, for shame; and let him
Into the world, early, and with his plume,
And Scarfes, march through *Cheapside*, or along *Cornhill*,
And by the vertue' of those, draw downe a wife
There from a windo', worth ten thousand pound!
Get him the posture booke, and's leaden men,
To set upon a table, 'gainst his Mistresse
Chance to come by, that he may draw her in,
And shew her *Finsbury* battells. *Gui.* I have plac'd him
With Justice *Etherside*, to get so much law—

Mer. As thou hast conscience! Come, come, thou dost wrong
Pretty *Plutarchus*, who had not his name,
For nothing: but was borne to traine the youth
Of *London*, in the millitary truth—
That way his *Genius* lies. My Cousin *Everill*!

ACT. III. Scene. III.

Ever-ill. Plutarchus. Gailt-head. Meer-craft. Fitz-dottwell.

O, Are you heere, Sir? 'pray you let us whisper.

Plu. Father, deare Father, trust him if you love me.

Gail. Why, I doe meane it, boy, but, what I doe,
Must not come easily from me: Wee must deale
With *Courtiers*, boy, as *Courtiers* deale with us.
If I have a *Businesse* there, with any of them,
Why, I must waite, I am sure on't, Son: and though
My *Lord* dispatch me, yet his worshipfull man—
Will keepe me for his sport, a moneth, or two,
To shew me with my fellow *Citizens*.
I must make his traine long, and full, one quarter;
And helpe the spectacle of his greatnesse. There,
Nothing is done at once, but injuries, boy:
And they come head-long! all their good turnes move not,
Or very slowly. *Plu.* Yet sweet father, trust him.

Gui. Well, I will thinke.. *Ev.* Come, you must do't, Sir.
I am undone else, and your *Lady Tail-bush*
Has sent for me to dinner, and my cloaths
Are all at pawne. I had sent out this morning,
Before I heard you were come to towne, some twenty
Of my *Epistles*, and no one returne—

Mer. Why, I ha' told you o'this. This comes of wearing
Scarlet, gold lace, and cut-works! your fine gartring!
With your blowne roses, Cousin! and your eating

*Meer-craft
tells him of
his faults:*

Pheasant,

Pheasant, and *Godwit*. here in *London* ! haunting
The *Globes*, and *Mermaides* ! and wedging in with *Lords*,
Still at the table ! and affecting lechery,
In velvet ! where could you ha' contented your selfe
With cheefe, salt-butter, and a pickled hering,
I'the Low-countries ; there worne cloth, and fustian !
Beene satisfied with a leape o'your Host's daughter,
In garrison, a wench of a storer ! or,
Your *Sulcers* wife, i'the leaguer, of two blanks !
You never, then, had runne upon this flat,
To write your letters missive, and send out
Your privy seales, that thus have frightened off
All your acquaintance ; that they shun you at distance,
Worse, then you do the Bailies ! *Eve*. Pox upon you.
I come not to you for counsell, I lack money.

He repines,

Mer. You doe not thinke, what you owe me already ? *Eve*. I ?
They owe you that meane to pay you. I'll besworne,
I never meant it. Come, you will project,
I shall undoe your practice, for this moneth else :
You know me. *Mer*. I yo'are a right sweet nature !

and threatens him,

Eve. Well, that's all one ! *Mer*. You'll leave this Empire, one day ?
You will not ever have this tribute payd,
Your scepter o'the sword ? *Eve*. Tye up your wit,
Doe, and provoke me not — *Mer*. Will you, Sir, helpe,
To what I shall provoke another for you ?

Eve. I cannot tell ; try me : I thinke I am not
So utterly, of an ore un-to-be-melted,
But I can doe my selfe good, on occasions.

Mer. Strike in then, for your part. *Mr. Fitz-dottrel*
If I transgresse in point of manners, afford me
Your best construction ; I must beg my freedome
From your affaires, this day. *Fitz*. How, Sir. *Mer*. It is
In succor of this Gentlemans occasions,
My kins-man — *Fitz*. You'll not doe me that affront, Sir.

They joyne

Mer. I am sorry you should so interpret it,
But, Sir, it stands upon his being invested,
In a new, office, he has stood for, long :
Master of the Dependances ! A place
Of my projection too, Sir, and hath met
Much opposition ; but the State, now see's
That great necessity of it, as after all
Their writing, and their speaking, against *Divells*,
They have erected it. His booke is drawne —
For, since, there will be differences, daily,
'Twixt Gentlemen ; and that the roaring manner
Is growne offensive ; that those few, we call
The civill men o'the sword, abhorre the vapours ;
They shall refer now, hither, for their *proesse* ;
And such as trespasse 'gainst the rule of *Courts*,
Are to be fin'd — *Fitz*. In troth, a pretty place !

Meere-craft pretends businesse.

Meere-craft describes the office of Dependancy.

Mer. A kinde of arbitrary *Court* 'twill be, Sir.

Fit. I shall have matter for it, I beleeve,
Ere it be long : I had a distast. *Mer.* But now, Sir,
My learned councell, they must have a feeling,
They'll part, Sir, with no bookes, without the hand gout
Be oyld, and I must furnish. If't be money,
To me streight. I am Mine, *Mint* and *Exchequer*,
To supply all. What is't ? a hundred pou d ?

Eve. No th' *Harpey*, now stands on a hundred peeces.

Mer. Why, he must have 'hem, if he will. To morrow, Sir,
Will equally serve your occasion's, ———
And therefore, let me obtaine, that you will yeeld
To timing a poore Gentlemans distresses,
In termes of hazard. — *Fit.* By no meanes ! *Mer.* I must
Get him him this money, and will. — *Fit.* Sir, I protest,
I'd rather stand engag'd for it my selfe:
Then you should leave me. *Mer.* O good Sir, doe you thinke
So courselly of our manners, that we would,
For any need of ours, be prest to take it :
Though you be pleas'd to offer it. *Fit.* Why by heaven,
I meant it ! *Mer.* I can never beleeve lesse.

*He offers to
be gone.*

But we, Sir, must preserve our dignity,
As you doe publish yours. By your faire leave, Sir.

Fit. As I am a Gentleman, if you doe offer
To leave me now, or if you doe refuse me,
I will not thinke you love me. *Mer.* Sir, I honour you.
And with just reason, for these noble notes,
Of the nobility, you pretend too ! But, Sir ———
I would know, why ? a motive (he a stranger)
You should doe this ? (*Eve.* You'll mar all with your fineness)

Fit. Why, that's all one, if 'twere, Sir, but my fancy.
But I have a *Businesse*, that perhaps I'd have
Brought to his office. *Mer.* O, Sir ! I have done, then ;
If he can be made profitable, to you.

Fit. Yes, and it shall be one of my ambitions
To have it the first *Businesse* : May I not ?

Eve. So you doe meane to make't, a perfect *Businesse*.

Fit. Nay, I'll doe that, assure you : shew me once.

Mer. Sir, it concernes, the first be a perfect *Businesse*,
For his owne honour ! *Eve.* I, and th'reputation
Too, of my place. *Fit.* Why, why doe I take this course, else ?
I am not altogether, an *Ass*, good Gentlemen,
Wherefore should I consult you ? doe you thinke ?
To make a long on't ? How's your manner ? tell us.

Mer. Doe, satisfie him : give him the whole course.

Eve. First, by request, or otherwise you offer
Your *Businesse* to the *Court* : wherein you crave :
The judgement of the *Master* and the *Assistants*.

Fit. Well, that's done, now, what doe you upon it ?

Eve. We streight Sir, haue recourte to the spring-head ;

Vifit the ground ; and fo difclofe the nature :
If it will carry, or no. If we doe finde,
By your proportions it is like to prove
A fullen, and blacke *Bus'neffe* That it be
Incorrigible ; and out of, treaty ; then,
We file it, a *Dependance* ! *Fit.* So 'tis fil'd.
What followes ? I doe love the order of thefe things.

Eve. We then advife the party, if he be
A man of meanes and havings, that forth-with,
He fettle his eftate : if not, at leaft
That he pretend it. For, by that, the world
Take notice, thatt inow is a *Dependance*.
And thus we call, Sir, *Publication*.

Fit. Very fufficient ! After *Publication*, now ?

Eve Then we grant out our *Proceffe*, which is divers ;
Either by *Chartell*, Sir, or *ore-tenus*,
Wherein the Challenger, and Challengee
Or (with your *Spaniard*) your *Provocador*,
And *Provocado*, have their feveral courfes —

Fit. I have enough on't ! for an hundred pieces ?
Yes, for two hundred, under-write me doe.
Your man will take my bond ? *Mer.* That he will, fure,
But, thefe fame Citizens, they are fuch sharks !
There's an old debt of forty, I ga'my word
For one is runne away, into the *Bermudas*,
And he will hooke in that, or he wi'not doe.

Fit. Why let him. That and the ring, and a hundred pieces,
Will all but make two hundred ? *Mer.* No, no more, Sir.

What ready *Arithmetique* you have ? do you heare ?
A pretty mornings worke for you, this ? Do it,
You fhall ha' twenty pound on't. *Gul.* Twenty pieces ?

(*Plu.* Good Father, do't) *Mer.* You will hooke ftill ? well,
Shew us your ring. You could not ha' done this, now
With gentleneffe, at firft, we might ha' thank'd you ?
But groane, and ha' your courtesies come from you
Like a hard ftooke, and ftinke ? A man may draw
Your teeth out eafier, then your money ? Come,
Were little *Guilt-head* heere, no better a nature,
I fhould ne'r love him, that could pull his lips off, now !
Was not thy mother a Gentlewoman ? *Plu.* Yes, Sir.

Mer. And went to the Court at *Chriftmas*, and *St. Georges-tide* ?
And lent the Lords-men, chaines ? *Plu.* Of gold, and pearle, Sir.

Mer. I knew, thou muft take, after fome body !
Thou could'ft not be elfe. This was no fhop-looke
I'll ha'thee Captaine *Guilt-head*, and march up,
And take in *Pimlico*, and kill the bufh,
At every taverne ! Thou fhalt have a wife,
If fmocks will mount, boy. How now ? you ha'there now
Some *Briſto-ftone*, or *Cornish* counterfet
You'ld put upon us. *Gul.* No, Sir, I affure you :

He whifpers
Fitz-dortrel
afide.

And then
Guilt-head,

He pulls
Plutarchus
by the lips.

He turns to
old Guilt-
head.

Looke on his luster ! he will speake himselfe !
 I'le gi'you leave to put him i'the Mill,
 H'is no great, large stone, but a true *Paragon*,
 H'hasall his corners,view him well. *Mer.* H'is yellow.

Gni. Vpo'my faith, Sir, o'the right black-water,
 And very deepe ! H'is set without a foyle, too.
 Here's one o'the yellow water, I'll sell cheape.

Mer. And what doe you valew this at ? thirty pound ?

Gni. No, Sir, he cost me forty, ere he was set.

Mer. Turnings, you meane ? I know your *Equivocks* :
 You are growne the better Fathers of 'hem o'late,
 Well, where't must goe, twill be judg'd, and therefore,
 Looke you't be right. You shall have fity pound for't.
 Not a dencer more ! And because you would
 Have things dispatch'd, Sir, I'll goe presently,
 Inquire out this *Lady*, If you thinke good Sir.

Now to
 Fitz-dot-
 trel.

Having an hundred pieces ready, you may
 Part with those, now, to serve my kinsmans turnes,
 That he may wait upon you, anon, the freer ;
 And take 'hem when you ha' seal'd, againe, of *Guilt-head*.

Fit. I care not if I doe ! *Mer.* And dispatch all,
 Together, *Fit.* Th'are just : a hundred pieces !
 I' ha' told 'hem over, twice a day, these two months.

He turnes
 'hem out to-
 gether. And
 Everill and
 he fall to
 scare.

Mer. Well, goe and seale then, Sir, make your returne
 As speedy as you can. *Eve.* Come gi' me. *Mer.* Soft Sir.

Eve. Marry, and faire too, then. I'll no delaying, Sir.

Mer. But you will heare ? *Eve.* Yes, when I have my divident.

Mer. There's forty pieces for you. *Eve.* What is this for ?

Mer. Your halfe. You know that *Guilt-head* must ha' twenty.

Eve. And what's your ring there ? shall I ha' none o'that ?

Mer. O, that's to be given to a *Lady* !

Eve. Is't so ? *Mer.* By that good light, it is. *Eve.* Come, gi' me
 Ten pieces more then. *Mer.* Why ? *Eve.* For *Guilt-head* ? Sir,
 Doe you thinke, I'll 'low him any such share. *Mer.* You must.

Eve. Must I ? Doe you your musts, Sir, I'll doe mine,
 You wi'not part with the whole, Sir ? Will you ? Goe too.

Gi' me ten pieces ! *Mer.* By what law doe you this ?

Eve. E'n Lyon-law, Sir, I must roare else. *Mer.* Good !

Eve. Yo' have heard, how th' *Ass* made his divisions wisely ?

Mer. And I am he, I thank you. *Eve.* Much good doe you, Sir.

Mer. I shall be rid o'this tyranny, one day ? *Eve.* Not,
 While you doe eate, and lie about the towne here ;
 And coozen i' your bullions and I stand
 Your name of credit, and compound your businesse ;
 Adjourne beatings every terme ; and make
 New parties for your projects. I have now
 A pretty tasque of it, to hold you in
 Wi' your *Lady Taile-bush* : but the toy will be,
 How we shall both come off ? *Mer.* Leave your doubting,
 And doe your portion, what's assign'd you : I

Never

Never fail'd yet. *Eve*. With reference to your aides ?
 You'll still be unthankfull. Where shall I meete you anon ?
 You ha' some feate to be done alone, now, I see ;
 You wish me gone, well, I will finde you out,
 And bring you after to the audit. *Mer*. S'light !
 There's *Engines* share too, I had forgot ! This raigne
 Is too-too unupportable ! I must
 Quit my selfe of this vassalege ! *Engine* ! welcome.

ACT. III. Scene. IV.

Meer-craft. Wittipol. Engine.

HOW goes the cry ? *Ing* Excellent well ! *Mer*. Will't do ?
 Where's *Robinson* ? *Ing*. Here is the Gentleman, Sir.
 Will undertake t'himselfe. I have acquainted him.
Mer. Why did you so ? *Ing*. Why, *Robinson* would ha'told him,
 You know. And he's a pleasant wit ! will hurt
 Nothing you purpose. Then, he's of opinion,
 That *Robinson* might have audacity,
 She being such a gallant. Now, he has beene,
 In *Spaine*, and knowes the fashions there; and can
 Discourse; and being but mirth (he saies) leave much;
 To his care : *Mer*. But he is too tall ! *Ing*. For that,
 He has the bravest device ! (you'll love him for't)
 To say, he weares *Cioppinos* : and they doe so
 In *Spaine*. And *Robinson's* as tall, as he.

*He excepts
 at his sta-
 ture.*

Mer. Is he so ? *Ing*. Every jot. *Mer*. Nay, I had rather
 To trust a Gentleman with it, o'the two.

Ing. Pray you goe to him, then, Sir, and salute him.

Mer. Sir, my friend *Engine* has acquainted you
 With a strange *businesse*, here. *Wit*. A merry one, Sir.
 The Duke of *Drown'd-land*, and his *Dutchesse* ? *Mer*. Yes, Sir.
 Now, that the *Conjurers* ha'laid him by,
 I ha'made bold to borrow him a while;

Wit. With purpose, yet, to put him out I hope
 To his best use ? *Mer*. Yes, Sir. *Wit*. For that small part,
 That I am trusted with, put off your care :
 I would not lose to doe it, for the mirth,
 Will follow of it ; and well I have a fancy.

Mer. Sir, that will make it well. *Wit*. You will report it so.
 Where must I have my dressing ? *Ing*. At my house, Sir.

Mer. You shall have caution, Sir, for what he yeelds,
 To six pence. *Wit*. You shall pardon me. I will share, Sir,
 I' your sports, only : nothing i' your purchase.
 But you must furnish me with complements,
 To th'manner of *Spaine* ; my coach, my *guarda duenna's* ;

Mer. *Engine's* your *Pro'vedor*. But, Sir, I must
 (Now I have entred trust wi' you, thus farre)

Secure

Secure still i' your quality, acquaint you
 With somewhat, beyond this. The place design'd
 To be the *Scene*, for this our merry matter,
 Because it must have countenance of women,
 To draw discourse, and offer it, is hereby,
 At the *Lady Taile-bushes*. *Wit.* I know her, Sir,
 And her Gentleman *huisher*. *Mer.* Mr. *Ambler*? *Wit.* Yes, Sir.

Mer. Sir, it shall be no shame to me, to confesse
 To you that we poore Gentlemen, that want acres,
 Must for our needs, turne fooles up, and plough *Ladies*
 Sometimes, to try what glebe they are : and this
 Is no unfruitfull piece. She and I now,
 Are on a project for the fact, and venting
 Of a new kinde of *fucus* (paint for *Ladies*)
 To serve the kingdom: wherein she her selfe
 Hath travell'd, specially by way of service
 Vnto her sexe, and hopes to get the *Monopoly*,
 As the reward of her invention.

Wit. What is her end, in this? *Ev.* Merely ambition,
 Sir, to grow great, and court it with the secret:
 Though she pretend some other. For she's dealing,
 Already, upon caution for the shares,
 And Mr. *Ambler*, is he nam'd *Examiner*
 For the ingredients; and the *Register*
 Of what is vented; and shall keepe the *Office*.
 Now, if she breake with you, of this (as I
 Must make the leading thred to your acquaintance,
 That how experience gotten i' your being
 Abroad, will helpe our busi nesse) thinke of some
 Pretty additions, but to keepe her floating:
 It may be, she will offer you a part,
 Any strange names of — *Wit.* Sir, I have my instructions.
 Is it not high time to be making ready?

Mer. Yes, Sir, *Ing.* The foole's in sight, *Dottrel.* *Mer.* Away then.

Act. III. Scene. V.

Mere-craft, Fitz-dottrell, Pug.

RE urn'd so soone? *Fit.* Yes, here's the ring: I ha' leal'd.
 But there's not so much gold in all the row, he saies —
 Till't come fro' the Mint. 'Tistane up for the gamsters.

Mer. There's a shop-shift! plague on'hem. *Fit.* He do's sweare it.

Mer. He'll sweare, and forswear too, it is his trade,
 You should not have left him. *Fit.* S'lid, I can goe backe,
 And beat him, yet. *Mer.* No, now let him alone.

Fit. I was so earnest, after the maine *Busi nesse*,
 To have this ring gone. *Mer.* True, and 'tis time.
 I have learn'd, Sir, sin' you went, her *Ladiship* ears

With

With the *Lady Tail-bush*, here, hard by. *Fit.* P^rthe lane here :

Mer. Yes, if yo^r had a servant, now of p^resence,
Well cloth'd, and of an aëry voluble tongue,
Neither too bigge, or little for his mouth,
That could deliver your wives complement ;
To send along withall. *Fit.* I have one Sir,
A very handsome, gentleman-like-fellow,
That I doe meane to make my *Dutchesse Vsher*—
I entertain'd him, but this morning, too :
I'll call him to you. The worst of him, is his name !

Mer. She'll take no note of that, but of his message.

Fit. Divell ! How like you him, Sir. Pace, go a little.
Let's see you move. *Mer.* He'll serve, Sir, give it him :
And let him goe along with me, I'll helpe
To present him, and it. *Fit.* Looke, you doe sirah,
Discharge this well, as you expect your place.
Do'you heare, goe on, come off with all your honours.
I would faine see him, do it. *Mer.* Trust him, with it ;

Fit. Remember kissing of your hand, and answering
With the *French-time*, in flexure of your body.
I could not so instruct him— and for his words—

Mer. I'll put them in his mouth. *Fit.* O, but I have 'hem
O'the very *Academies !* *Mer.* Sir, you'll have use for 'hem,
Anon, your selfe, I warrant you : after dinner,
When you are call'd. *Fit.* S'light, that'll be just *play-time*.
It cannot be, I must not lose the *play !*

Mer. Sir, but you must, if the appoint to sit.
And, she's president. *Fit.* S'lid, it is the *Divell !*

Mer. And 'twere his *Damme* too, you must now apply
Your selfe, Sir, to this, wholly ; or lose all.

Fit. If I could but see a piece— *Mer.* Sir. Never think on't.

Fit. Come but to one act, and I did not care—
But to be scene to rise, and goe away,
To vex the Players, and to punish their *Poet*—
Keepe him in awe ! *Mer.* But say, that he be one,
Wi^t not be aw'd ! but laugh at you. How then ?

Fit. Then he shall pay for his dinner himselfe. *Mer.* Perhaps,
He would do that twice, rather then thanke you.
Come, get the *Divell* out of your head, my Lord,
(I'll call you so in private still) and take

Your *Lord-ship* iⁿ your minde. You were, sweet Lord,
In talke to bringe a *Businesse* to the Office. *Fit.* Yes.

Mer. Why should not you, Sir, carry it o^r your selfe,
Before the Office be up ? and shew the world,
You had no need of any mans direction ;
In point, Sir, of sufficiency. I speake
Against a kinsman, but as one that tenders
Your graces good. *Fit.* I thanke you ; to proceed—

Mer. To *Publications* : ha' your *Deed* drawne presently.
And leave a blancke to put in your *Fees*

He shewes
him his Pug.

Gives him
instructions.

He longs to
see the play.

Because it is
the Divell.

He puts him
in mind of
his quarrell.

One, two, or more, as you see cause — *Pit.* I thanke you
 Heartily, I doe thanke you. Not a word more,
 I pray you, as you love me. Let me alone.
*He is angry with him-
 selfe.* That I could not thinke o' this, as well as he ?
 O, I could beate my infinite blocke-head — ! (here
Mer. Come, we must this way. *Pug.* How far is't. *Mer.* Hard by
 Over the way. Now, to atchieve this ring,
*He thinks
 how to coo-
 zen the bea-
 ver of the
 ring.* From this same fellow, that is to assure it ;
 Before he give it. Though my *Spanish Lady*,
 Be a young Gentleman of meanes, and scorne
 To shure as he doth say, I doe not know
 How such a toy may tempt his *Ladyship* :
 And therefore, I thinke best, it be assur'd.
Pug. Sir, be the *Ladies* brave, we goe unto ?
Mer. O, yes. *Pug.* And shall I see 'hem, and speake to 'hem ?
*Questions
 his man.* *Mer.* What else ? ha' you your false beard about you ? *Traines.*
Tra. Yes. *Mer.* And is this one of your double Cloakes ?
Tra. The best of 'hem. *Mer.* Be ready then. Sweet *Pitfall* !

ACT. III. Scene. VI.

Mere-craft, Pitfall, Pug, Traines.

*Offers to
 kisse.* COME, I must buffe — *Pit.* Away. *Mer.* I'll let thee up againe.
*She runs in,
 in haste: he
 follows.* Never feare that : canst thou get ne'r a bird ?
 No *Thrushes* hungry ? Stay till cold weather come,
 I'll helpe thee to an *Onsell*, or a *Field-fare*.
*Pug leaps at
 Pitfall's
 comming in.* Who's within with *Madame* ? *Pit.* I'll tell you straight.
Mer. Please you stay here a while Sir, I'll goe in.
Pug. I doe so long to have a little ventry,
 While I am in this body ! I would taste
 Of every sinne, a little, if it might be
 After the manner of man ! *Sweet heart* ! *Pit.* What would you, Sir ?
Pug. Nothing but fall in, to you, be your Blacke-bird,
 My pretty pit (as the Gentleman said) your *Throftle* :
 Lye tame, and taken with you ; here's gold !
 To buy you so much new fluffes from the shop,
 As I may take the old up — *Tra.* You must send, Sir,
*Traines in
 his false
 cloak brings
 a false mes-
 sage, & gets
 the ring.* The Gentleman the ring. *Pug.* There 'tis. Nay looke,
 Will you be foolish, *Pit.* *Pit.* This is strange rudenesse.
*Mere craft
 follows pre-
 sently, and
 asks for it.* *Pug.* Deare *Pit.* *Pit.* I'll call, I sweare. *Mer.* Where are you, Sir ?
 Is your ring ready ? Goe with me. *Pug.* I sent it you.
*Ent. Traines
 as himsele
 againe.* *Mer.* Me ? When ? by whom ? *Pug.* A fellow here, e'en now,
 Came for it i' your name. *Mer.* I sent none, sure.
 My meaning ever was, you should deliver it,
 Your selfe : So was your Masters charge, you know.
 What fellow was it, doe you know him ? *Pug.* Here,
 But now, he had it. *Mer.* Saw you any ? *Traines* ?
Tra. Not I. *Pug.* The gentleman saw him. *Mer.* Enquire.

Pug.

Pug. I was so earnest upon her, I mark'd not!
My divellish *Chiefe* has put me here in flesh,
To shame me! This dull body I am in,
I perceive nothing with! I offer at nothing,
That will succeed! *Tra.* Sir, she saw none, she saies.

Pug. *Satan* himselfe, has tane a shape to abuse me.
It could not be else! *Mer.* This is above strange?
That you should be so retchlesse. What'll you do, Sir?
How will you answer this, when you are question'd?

Pug. Run from my flesh, if I could: put off mankind!
This's such a (corne! and will be a new exercise,
For my *Arch-Duke*! Woe to the severall cudgells,
Must suffer, on this backe! Can you no suckers? Sir?

Mer. Alas! use of it is so present. *Pug.* I aske,
Sir, credit for another, but till to morrow?

Mer. There is not so much time, Sir. But how ever,
The Lady is a noble Lady, and will
(To save a Gentleman from check) be intreated
To say, she ha's receiv'd it. *Pug.* Do you thinke so?
Will she be won? *Mer.* No doubt, to such an office,
It will be a Lady's bravery, and her pride.

Pug. And not be knowne on't after, unto him?

Mer. That were a treachery! Upon my word.
Be confident. Returne unto your master,
My *Lady President* sits this after-noon,
Ha's tane the ring, commends her services
Vnto your *Lady-Dutchesse*. You may lay
She's a civell Lady, and do's give her
All her respects, already: Bad you tell her
She lives, but to receive her wish'd commandements,
And have the honour here to kisse her hands:
For which shee'll stay this houre yet. Hasten you
Your *Prince*, away. *Pug.* And Sir, you will take care
Th'excuse be perfect? *Mer.* You confesse your feares.
Too much. *Pug.* The shame is more, I'll quit you of either.

The Divell
confesseth
himselfe coo-
zen'd.

Meere-craft
accuseth
him of neg-
ligence.

He asketh
aside.

Merecraft
promiseth
faintly, yet
comforts
him.

The Divell
is doubtfull.



Act. VI. Scene. I.

Taile-bush. *Mere-craft,* *Manly.*



Pox upo' referring to *Commissioners*,
I had rather heare that it were past the scales:
Your *Courtiers* move so *Snaile-like* i' your *Businesse*.
Would I had not begun wi' you. *Mer.* Wee must move,
Madame, in order, by degrees: not jump.

Tai. Why, there was *Sr. Iohn Monie-man* could jump

A *Businesse* quickly. *Mer.* True he had great friends,
 But because some, sweet *Madame*, can leape ditches,
 We must not all shunne to goe over bridges,
 The harder parts, I make account are done:
He flatters her. Now 'tis referr'd. You are infinitely bound
 Vnto the *Ladies*, they ha' so cri'd it up!

Tay. Doe they like it then? *Mer.* They ha' sent the *Spanish Lady*
 To giatulate with you—*Tay.* I must send 'hem thanks
 And some remembrances. *Mer.* That you must, and visie 'hem.
 Where's *Ambler*? *Tay.* Lost to day, we cannot heare of him.

Mer. Not *madame*? *Tay.* No in good faith. They say he lay not
 At home to night, And here has fallen a *Businesse*
 Betweene your Cousin and Master *Manly*, has
 Vnquieted us all. *Mer.* So I heare, *madame*.
 Pray you how was it? *Tay.* Troth, it but appears
 Ill o'your Kinsmans part. You may have heard,
 That *Manly* is a sutor to me, I doubt not:

Mer. I gues'd it, *madame*. *Tay.* And it seemes he trusted
 Your Cousin to let fall some faire reports
 Of him unto me. *Mer.* Which he did! *Tay.* So farre
 From it, as he came in and tooke him rayling
 Against him. *Mer.* How! And what said *Manly* to him?

Tay. Enough, I doe assure you: and with that scorne
 Of him, and the injury, as I doe wonder
 How *Everill* bore it! But that guilt undoe's
 Many mens valors. *Mer.* Here comes *Manly*. *Man. madame,*
Manly offers to be gone. I'll take my leave—*Tay.* You sha' not goe, i' faith.
 I'll ha' you stay and see this *Spanish miracle*,
 Of our English Lady. *Man.* Let me pray your Ladiship,
 Lay your commands on me some other time.

Tay. Now, I protest: and I will have all piec'd,
 And friends againe. *Man.* It will be but ill folder'd!

Tay. You are too much affected with it. *Man.* I cannot
Meer-craft denies him. *Madame*, but thinke on't for th'injustice. *Tay.* Sir,
 His Kinsman here is sorry. Not I *Madame*,
 I am no kin to him, we but call Cousins,
 And if we were, I have no relation
 Vnto his crimes. *Man.* You are not urged with 'hem.
 I can accuse Sir, none but mine owne judgement,
 For though it were his crime so to betray me:
 I am sure 'twas more mine owne, at all to trust him.
 But he therein did use but his old manners,
 And favor strongly what he was before.

Tay. Come, he will change! *Man.* Faith, I must never thinke i.
 Nor were it reason in me to expect
 That for my sake, he should put off a nature
 He suck'd in with his milke. It may be *Madame*,
 Deceiuing trust is all he has to trust to:
 If so, I shall be loath that any hope
 Of mine should bate him of his meanes. *Tay.* Yo'are sharpe Sir.

This act may make him honest! *Man.* If he were
To be made honest, by an act of *Parliament*,
I should not alter, i' my faith of him. *Tay. Either-side!*
Welcome, deare *Either-side!* how hast thou done, good wench?
Thou hast beene a stranger! I ha' not seene thee, this weeke.

*She spies the
Lady Ei-
ther-side.*

ACT. IIII. Scene. II.

Either-side.

§ To them

EVER your servant, *madame.* *Tay.* Where hast'hou beene?
I did so long to see thee. *Eit.* Visiting, and so tir'd!
I protest, *madame,* 'tis a monstrous trouble!
Tay. And so it is. I swear I must to morrow,
Begin my visits (would they were over) at *Court.*
It tortures me, to thinke on'hem. *Eit.* I doe heare
You ha' cause, *madame,* your suite goes on. *Tay.* Who told thee?
Eit. One, that can tell: Mr. *Either-side.* *Tay.* O, t' y husband!
Yes faith, their's life in't, now: It is refer'd.
If we once see it under the scales, wench, then,
Have with 'hem for the great *Carroch*, sixe horses,
And the two *Coach-men*, with my *Ambler*, bare,
And my three women: we will live, i' faith,
The examples o'the towne, and governe it.
I'll leade the fashion still. *Eit.* You doe that, now,
Sweet *madame.* *Tay.* O, but then, I'll every day
Bring up some new device. Thou and I, *Either-side,*
Will first be in it, I will give it thee,
And they shall follow us. Thou shalt, I swear,
Weare every moneth a new gowne, out of it.
Eit. Thanke you good *madame.* *Tay.* Pray thee call mee *Taile-bush*
As I thee, *Either-side;* I not love this, *madame.*
Eit. Then I protest to you *Taile bush*, I am glad
Your *Businesse* so succeds. *Tay.* Thanke thee, good *Either-side.*
Eit. But Mr. *Either-side* tells me, that he likes
Your other *Businesse* better. *Tay.* Which? *Eit.* O, the Toothpicks.
Tay. I never heard on'r. *Eit.* Aske Mr. *Mere-craft.*
Mer. *Madame?* H'is one, in a word, I'll trust his malice,
With any mans credit, I would have abus'd!
Man. Sir, if you thinke you doe please me, in this,
You are deceiv'd! *Mer.* No, but because my *Lady*,
Nam'd him my kinsman, I would satisfie you,
What I thinke of him: and pray you, upon it
To judge mee! *Man.* So I doe: that ill mens friendship,
Is as unfaithfull, as themselves. *Tay.* Doe you heare?
Ha'you a *Businesse* about Tooth-picks? *Mer.* Yes, *madame.*
Did I ne'r tellt you? I ment to have offer'd it
Your *Lady-ship*, on the perfecting the patten.
Tay. How is't! *Mer.* For serving the whole state with Tooth picks;
G 2 (Somewhat

*Meere-craft
hath whis-
per'd with
the white.*

The Pro-
ject for
Tooth-
picks.

(Somewhat in intricate *Businesse* to discourse) but—
I shew, how much the Subject is abus'd,
First in that one commodity: then what diseases,
And putrefactions in the gummies are bred,
By those are made of adultrate, and false wood?
My plot, for reformation of these, followes.
To have all Tooth-picks, brought unto an office,
There seal'd; and such as counterfeit 'hem, mulcted.
And last, for venting 'hem to have a booke
Printed, to teach their use, which every childe
Shall have throughout the kingdome, that can read,
And learne to picke his teeth by. Which beginning
Early to practice, with some other rules,
Of never sleeping with the mouth open, chawing
Some graines of *maſtick*, will preserve the breath

Trains his
man whis-
pers him.

Pure, and so free from taint—ha' what is't? sai'ſt thou?

Tay. Good faith, it founds a very pretty *Bus'nesse*!

Eit. So Mr. *Either-side* laies, *madame.* *Mer.* The *Lady* is come.

Tay. Is she? Good, waite upon her in. My *Ambler*

Was never so ill absent. *Either-side,*

How doe I looke to day? Am I not drest,

She looks in
her glasse.

Spruntly? Fit. Yes, verily, *madame.* *Tay.* Pox o' *madame,*

Will yon not leave that? *Eit.* Yes good *Tail-bush.* *Tay.* So?

Sounds not that better? What vile *Fucus* is this,

Thou hast got on? *Eit.* 'Tis *Pearle.* *Tay.* *Pearle? Oyster-shells?*

As I breath, *Either-side,* I know't. Here comes

(They say) a wonder, *sirrah,* has beene in *Spaine*!

Will teach us all! shee's lent to me, from *Court.*

To gratulate with me! Pr'y thee, let's observe her,

What faults she has, that wee may laugh at 'hem,

When she is gone. *Eit.* That we will heartily, *Tail bush.*

Wittipol
enters.

Tay. O, me! the very *Infanta* of the *Giants*!

ACT. IV. Scene. III.

Mere-craft. *Wittipol.* § to them

Wittipol is
drest like a
Spanish
Lady.
Excuses him
selfe for not
kissing.

MER. Here is a noble *Lady, madame,* come,
From your great friends, at *Court,* to see your *Ladi-ship*:

And have the honour of your acquaintance. *Tay.* Sir.

She do's us honour. *Wit.* Pray you, say to her *Ladi-ship,*

It is the manner of *Spaine,* to imbrace onely,

Never to kisse. She will excuse the custome!

Tay. Your use of it is law. Please you, sweete *madame,*

To take a seate. *Wit.* Yes, *madame,* I have had

The favour, through a world of faire report

To know your vertues, *madame,*; and in that

Name have delerv'd the happinesse of presenting

My service to your *Ladi-ship*! *Tay.* Your love, *madame,*

I must not owne it else. *Wit.* Both are due *madame*,
 To your great undertakings. *Tay.* Great? In troth, *madame*,
 They are my friends, that thinke 'hem any thing:
 If I can doe my sexe (by 'hem) any service,
 I have my ends, *madame.* *Wit.* And they are noble ones,
 That make a multitude beholden, *madame*:
 The common- wealth of *Ladies*, must acknowledge from you,
Eit. Except some envious, *madame.* *Wit.* Yo' are right in that, *madame*,
 Of which race, I encountred some but lately.
 Who ('t seemes) have studied reasons to discredit
 Your *businesse.* *Tay.* How sweet *madame?* *Wit.* Nay, the parties
 Will not be worth your paule— Most ruinous things, *madame*,
 That have put off all hope of being recover'd
 To a degree of handsomenesse. *Tay.* But their reasons, *madame?*
 I would faine heare. *Wit.* Some *madame*, I remember.
 They say, that painting quite destroyes the face—
Eit. O, that's an old one, *madame.* *Wit.* There are new ones, too.
 Corrupts the breath; hath left so little sweetnesse
 In kissing, as 'tis now us'd, but for fashion:
 And shortly will be taken for a punishment.
 Decaies the fore-teeth, that should guard the tongue;
 And suffers that runne riot everlasting!
 And (which is worse) some *Ladies* when they meete
 Cannot be merry, and laugh, but they doe spit
 In one anothers faces! *Man.* I should know
 This voice, and face too: *Wit.* Then they say, 'tis dangerous
 To all the false, yet well dispos'd *Mad-dames*,
 That are industrious, and desire to earne
 Their living with their sweate! For any distemper
 Of heate, and motion, may displace the colours;
 And if the paint once runne about their faces,
 Twenty to one, they will appeare so ill-favour'd,
 Their servants run away, too, and leave the pleasure
 Imperfect, and the reckoning als' unpay'd.
Eit. Pox, these are *Poets* reasons. *Tay.* Some old *Lady*
 That keeps a *Poet*, has devis'd these scandals.
Eit. Faith we must have the *Poets* banish'd, *madame*,
 As Master *Either-side* saies. *Mer.* Master *Fitz-dottrell?*
 And his wife: where? *madame*, the *Duke of Droun'd-land*,
 That will be shortly. *Wit.* Is this my *Lord?* *Mer.* The same.

Manly be-
 gins to know
 him.

ACT. IV. Scene. IV.

Fitz-dottrell. Mistress *Fitz-dottrell.* *Pug.* § to them.

YOUR servant, *madame!* *Wit.* How now? Friend? offended,
 That I have found your haunt here? *Man.* No but wondring
 At your strange fashion'd venture, hither. *Wit.* It is
 To shew you what they are, you so pursue.

Wittipol
 whispers
 with Man.
 ly.

Man.

He presents
Mistresse
Fitz-dot-
trell.

Man. I thinke 'twill prove a med'cine against marriage;
To know their manners. *Wit.* Stay, and profit then.

Mer. The *Lady, madame*, whole *Prince* has brought her here,
To be instructed. *Wit.* Please you sit with us *Lady*.

Mer. That's *Lady-President*. *Fit.* A goodly woman!
I cannot see the ring, though. *Mer.* Sir, she has it.

Tay. But *madame*, these are very feeble reasons!

Wit. So I urg'd *madame*, that the new complexion,
Now to come forth, in name o' your *Ladisshipes fucus*,
Had no ingredient—— *Tay.* But I durst eate, I assure you.

Wit. So doe they in *Spaine*. *Tay.* Sweet *madame* be so liberall,
To give us some o' your *Spanish Fucuses*!

Wit. They are infinite *madame*. *Tay.* So I heare they have
Water of *Gourdes*, of *Radish*, the white *Beaves*,
Flowers of *Glasse*, of *Thistles*, *Rose-marine*.

Raw *Honey*, *Mustard-seed*, and bread dough-bak'd,
The crums o' bread, *Goates milke*, and whites of *Egges*,
Campheere and *Lilly-roots*, the fat of *Swannes*,
Marrow of *Veale*, white *Pidgeons*, and pine-kernells,
The seed of *Nettles* *perfe line*, and *hares gall*.

Lemons, thine skind—— *Fit.* How, her *Eadisship* has studied
All excellent things! *Wit.* But ordinary *madame*,
No, the true rarities are th' *Alvagada*,
And *Argentata* of *Queene Isabella*!

Tay. I, what are their ingredients, gentle *madame*?

Wit. Your *Allum Scagliola*, or *Pol dipendra*;
And *Zuccarino*; *Turpentine* of *Abezze*,
Wash'd in nine waters: *Soda di gotta*;
Grosia di serpe; *Porcelleto marino*;
Oyles of *Lentisco*; *Zucchi Mugia*; make
The admirable *Vernissh* for the face,
Gives the right luster; but two drops rub'd on
With a piece of scarlet, makes a *Lady* of sixty
Looke at sixty ene. But above all, the water
Of the white *Hen*, of the *Lady Estifanias*!

Tay. O I, that same good *madame*, I have heard of:
How is it done? *Wit.* *madame*, you take your *Hen*,
Plume it, and skin it, cleane it o' the inwards:
Then chop it, bones and all: adde to foure ounces
Of *Carrnnacins*, *Pipitas*, *Sope*, of *Cyprus*,
Make the decoction, straine it. Then distill it,
And keepe it in your galley-pot well glidder'd:
Three droppes preserves from wrinckles, warts, spots, moles,
Blemish, or Sun-burnings, and keepes the skin
In *decimo sexto*, ever bright, and smooth,
As any looking-glasse, and indeed is call'd
The *Virgins milke* for the face, *Oglioreale*;
A *Ceruse*, neither cold or heat will hurt;
And mixt with oyle of *myrrbe*, and the red *Gilli-flower*

Call'd

Call'd *Caraputia*, and flowers of *Rovistico*;
Makes the best *misa*, or die of the whole world.

Tay. Deare *madame*, will you let us be familiar? (Admirable!

Wit. Your *Ladiships* servant. *Mer.* How doe you like her. *Fit.*
But, yet, I cannot see the ring. *Pug.* Sir. *Mer.* I must
Deliver it, or marre all. This tooke's so jealous.

*He is jealous
about his
ring, and
Mere-craffe
delivers it.*

Madame — Sir, weare this ring, and pray you take knowledge,
'Twas sent you by his wife. And give her thanks;
Doe not you dwindle, Sir, beare up. *Eug.* I thanke you, Sir.

Tay. But for the manner of *Spaine*! Sweet, *madame*, let us
Be bold, now we are in: Are all *Ladies*,
There, i'the fashion? *Wit.* None but *Grandee's*, *madame*.

O'the clasp'd traine, which may be worne at length, too,
Or thus, upon my arme. *Tay.* And doe they weare
Cioppino's all? *Wit.* If they be dress'd in *punto*, *madame*.

Eit. Guilt as those are? *madame*? *Wit.* Of Goldsmiths work, *madames*,
And set with diamants: and their *Spanish* pamps
Of perfum'd leather. *Tay.* I should thinke it hard
To goe in 'hem, *madame*. *Wit.* At the first, it is, *madame*.

Tat. Do you never fall in 'hem? *Wit.* Never. *Eit.* I sweare, I should
Six times an houre. *Wit.* But you have men at hand, still,
To helpe you, if you fall? *Eit.* Onely one, *madame*,
The *Guardo duennas*, such a little old man,
As this. *Eit.* Alas! he can doe nothing! this!

Wit. I'll tell you, *madame*, I saw i'the Court of *Spaine* once,
A *Lady* fall i'the Kings sight, along:
And there she lay, flat spred, as an *Umbrella*,
Her hoope here crack'd; no man durst reach a hand
To helpe her, till the *Guarda duennas* came,
Who is the person onel' allowed to touch
A *Lady* there: and he but by this finger.

Eit. Ha'they no servants, *madame*, there? nor friends?

Wit. An *Escudero*, or so *madame*, that waits
Vpon 'hem in another Coach, at distance,
And when they walke, or dance, holds by a hand-kercher,
Never presumes to touch 'hem. *Eit.* This's scurvy!
And a forc'd gravity! I doe not like it.

I like our owne much better. *Tay.* 'Tis more *French*,
And *Courtly* ours. *Eit.* And tastes more liberty.

We may have our doozen of visitors, at once,
Make love t'us. *Tay.* And before our husbands? *Eit.* Husband?
As I am honest, *Tayle-bush* I doe thinke
If no body should love me, but my poore husband,
I should e'n hang my selfe. *Tay.* Fortune forbid, wench:
So faire a necke should have so foule a neck-lace,

Eit. 'Tis true, as I am handsome! *Wit.* I receiv'd, *Lady*,
A token from you, which I would not be
Rude to refuse, being your first remembrance.

(*Fit.* O, I am satisfied now! *Mer.* Do you see it, Sir.)

Wit. But since you come, to know me, nicerer, *Lady*,

I'll begge the honour, you will weare it for me,
It must be so. *Mist. Fit.* Surely I have heard this tongue.

Mer. What doe you meane Sir? *Wit.* Would you ha' me mercenary?

Wittipol
gives it *Mi-
fresse Fitz-
dottrell.*

Mere-craft

murmures.

He is satisfi-

ed, now he

sees it.

He upbraids

her with his

Bill of costs.

We'll recompence it anon, in somewhat else.

Fit. I doe not love to be gull'd, though in a toy.

Wife, doe you heare? yo' are come in the schoole, wife,

Where you may learne, I doe perceive it, any thing!

How to be fine, or faire, or great, or proud,

Or what you will, indeed, wife, here 'tis taught.

And I am glad on't, that you may not say,

Another day, when honours come upon you,

You wanted meanes. I ha' done my parts: beene,

To day at fifty pound charge, first, for a ring,

To get you entred. Then let my new Play,

To wait upon you, here, to see't confirm'd,

That I may say, both to mine owne eyes, and eares,

Sences, you are my witnesse, sh' hath enjoy'd

All helpes that could be had for love or money.

Mrs. Fit. To make a foole of her. *Fit.* Wife, that's your malice,

The wickednesse o' your nature to interpret

Your husbands kindnesse thus. But I'll not leave;

Still to doe good for your deprav'd affections

Intend it. Bend this stubborne will; be great.

Tay. Good *Madame*, whom do they use in messages?

Wit. They commonly use their slaves *Madam. Tay.* And do's your

Thinke that so good, *Madame? Wit.* No indeed *Madame*; I,

Therein preferre the fashion of *England* farre,

Of your young delicate Page, or discreet Vsher.

Fit. And I goe with your *Ladiship* in opinion,

Directly for your Gentleman-usher,

There's not a finer Officer goes on ground.

Wit. If he be made and broken to his place once.

Fit. Nay so I presuppose him. *Wit.* And they are fitter

Managers too Sir, but I would have 'hem call'd

Our *Escudero's*. *Fit.* Good. *Wit.* Say I should send

To your *Ladiship*, who (I presume) has gather'd

All the deare secrets to know how to make

Pastillos of the *Dutchesse* of *Braganza*,

Coquettas, *Almojavana's*, *Mantecada's*,

Alcoreas, *Mustaccioli*; or lay it were

The *Peladore* of *Isabella*, or balls

Against the itch, or *aqua nauja*, or oyle

Of *Iessamine* for gloves, of the *Marquesse* *Maja*;

Or for the head and haire: why, these are offices.

Fit. Fit for a gentleman, not a slave. They onely

Might aske for your *pivety*, *Spanish-cole*,

To burne and sweeten a roome: but the *Arcana*

Of *Ladies* Cabinets—*Fit.* Should be else-where trusted.

Yo' are much about the truth. Sweet honoured *Ladies*,

Let me fall in wi' you. I ha' my female wit,

He enters
himselfe
with the
Ladies.

As well as my male. And I doe know what lutes
A Lady of spirit, or a woman of fashion!

Wit. And you would have your wife such. *Fit.* Yes, *madame*, ærie,
Light; not to plaine dishonesty, I meane:
But, somewhat o'this side. *Wit.* I take you, Sir.
H'has reason *Ladies*. I'll not give this rush
For any Lady, that cannot be honest

Within a thred. *Tay.* Yes, *madame*, and yet venter
As far for th' other, in her Fame—*Wit.* As can be;
Coach it to *Pimlico*; dance the *Saraband*;
Heare, and talke baudy; laugh as loud, as a larum;
Squeake, spring, do any thing. *Eit.* In young company, *madame*.

Tay. Or afore gallants, If they be brave, or *Lords*,
A woman is ingag'd. *Eit.* I say so, *Ladies*,
It is civility to deny us nothing.

Pug. You talke of a *Univerſity*! why, *Hell* is
A Grammer-school to this! *Eit.* But then,
Shee must not lose a looke on stufes, or cloth, *madame*.

The Divell
admires
him.

Tay. Nor no courſe fellow. *Wit.* She must be guided, *madame*
By the clothes he weares, and company he is in;
Whom to salute, how farre—*Fit.* I ha'told her this.
And how that baudery too, tpo'the point,
Is (in it selfe) as civell a discourse—

Wit. As any other affaire of flesh, what ever.

Fit. But shee will ne'r be capable, she is not
So much as comming, *madame*; I know not how
Shee loses all her opportunities

With hoping to be forc'd. I have entertain'd
A gentleman, a younger brother, here,
Whom I would faine breed up, her *Escudero*,
Against some expectation's that I have,
And she'll not countenance him. *Wit.* What's his name?

He shews his
Pug.

Fit. *Divell*, o'*Darby-shire*. *Eit.* Bless'e us from him! *Tay.* *Divell*?
Call him *De-vile*, sweet *madame*. *Mis Fit.* What you please, *Ladies*.

Tay. *De-vile's* a prettier name! *Eit.* And sounds, me thinks,
As it came in with the *Conqueror*—*Man.* Over smocks!
What things they are? That nature should be at leasure
Ever to make 'hem! my woing is at an end.

Wit. What can he do? *Eit.* Lets heare him. *Tay.* Can he manage?

Manly goes
out with in-
dignation.

Fit. Please you to try him, *Ladies*. Stand forth, *Divell*.

Pug. Was all this but the preface to my torment?

Fit. Come, let their *Ladiſhip* see your honours. *Eit.* O,
He makes a wicked leg. *Tay.* As ever I saw!

Wit. Fit for a *Divell*. *Tay.* Good *madame*, call him *De-vile*.

Wit. *De-vile*, what property is there most required
I'your conceit, now, in the *Escudero*?

Fit. Why do you not speake? *Pug.* A settled discreet pause, *madame*.

They begin
their Cate-
chisme.

Wit. I thinke, a barren head, Sir, Mountaine-like,
To be expos'd to the cruelty of weathers—

Fit. I, for his Valley is beneath the waste, *madame*,

H

And

And to be fruitfull there, it is sufficient.

Dulnesse upon you ! Could not you hit this ?

He strikes
him.

Pug. Good Sir—*Wis.* He then had had no barren head.

You daw him too much, in troth, Sir. *Fit.* I must walke
With the *French* stick, like an old vierger, for you.

The Divell
praises.

Pug. O, *Chiefe*, call me to *Hell* againe, and free me.

Fit. Do you murmur now ? *Pug.* Not I, Sir. *Wis.* What do you take

Mr. *Divelle*, the height of your imployment,

In the true perfect *Escudero* ? *Fit.* When ?

What doe you answer ? *Pug.* To beable, *madame*,

First to enquire, then report the working,

Of any *Ladies* phyzicke, in sweete phrase,

Wis. Yes, that's an act of elegance, and importance.

But what above ? *Fit.* O, that I had a goad for him.

Pug. To finde out a good *Corne-cutter*. *Tay.* Out on him !

Est. Most barbarous ! *Fit.* Why did you doe this, now ?

Of purpose to discredite me ? you damn'd *Divell*.

Pug. Sure, if I be not yet, I shall be. All

My daies in *Hell*, were holy-daies to this !

Tay. 'Tis labour lost, *madame* ? *Est.* H's a dull fellow

Of no capacity ! *Tay.* Of no discourse !

O, if my *Ambler* had beene here ! *Est.* I, *madame* ;

You talke of a man, where is there such another ?

Wis. Mr. *Devile*, put case, one of my *Ladies*, heere,

Had a fine brach : and would imploy you forth

To treate 'bout a convenient match for her.

What would you observe ? *Pug.* The color, and the size, *madame*.

Wis. And nothing else ? *Fit.* The Moon, you calfe, the Moone !

Wis. I, and the Signe. *Tay.* Yes, and receipts for pronenesse.

Wis. Then when the *Puppies* came, what would you doe ?

Pug. Get their nativities cast ! *Wis.* This's well. What more ?

Pug. Consult the *Almanack-man* which would be least ?

Which cleaneliest ? *Wis.* And which silentest ? This's well, *madame* ?

Wis. And while she were with puppy ? *Pug.* Walke her out,

And aire her every morning ! *Wis.* Very good !

And be industrious to kill her fleas ?

Pug. Yes ! *Wis.* He will make a pretty proficient. *Pug.* Who,

Comming from *Hell*, could look for such *Catechising* ?

The *Divell* is an *Ass*. I doe acknowledge it.

Fitz-dot-
trel amires
Wittipol.

Fit. The top of woman ! All her sex in abstract !

I love her, to each syllable, falls from her.

Tay. Good *madame* give me leave to goe aside with him !

And try him a little ! *Wis.* Do, and I'll with-draw, *madame*,

The Divell
praises a-
gains.

With this faire *Lady* : read to her the while.

Tay. Come, Sir. *Pug.* Deare *Chiefe*, relieve me, or I perish.

Wis. *Lady*, we'll follow. You are not jealous Sir ?

He gives his
wife to him,
taking him
to be a La-
dy.

Fit. O, *madame* ! you shall see. Stay wife, behold,

I give her up heere, absolvtely, to you,

She is your owne. Doe with her what yo will !

Melt, cast, and forme her as you shall thinke good !

Set any stamp on ! I'll receive her from you
As a new thing, by your owne standard ! *Wit.* Well, Sir !

ACT. IV. Scene. III.

Mere-craft. Fitz-dottrell. Pit-fall Ever-ill. Plutarchus.

BUT what ha'you done i' your *Dependance*, since ?

Fitz. O, it goes on, I met your Cousin, the *Master*—

Mer. You did not acquaint him, Sir ? *Fitz.* Faith, but I did, Sir.

And upon better thought, not without reason !

He being chiefe *Officer*, might ha'taine it ill, else,

As a *Contempt* against his Place, and that

In time Sir, ha'drawne on another *Dependance*.

No, I did finde him in good termes, and ready

To doe me any service. *Mer.* So he laid to you ?

But Sir, you doe not know him. *Fitz.* Why, I presuma'd

Because this *bus'nesse* of my wives, requir'd me,

I could not ha'done better : And he told

Me, that he would goe presently to your *Councell*,

A Knight, here, i'the Lane— *Mer.* Yes, *Justice Eisher-side*.

Fitz. And get the *Feoffments* drawne, with a letter of *Attorney*

For *livery* and *seisen* ! *Mer.* That I knowe's the course.

But, Sir, you meane not to make him *Feoffie* ?

Fitz. Nay, that I'll pause on ! *Mer.* How now little *Pit-fall* ?

Pit. Your Cousin Mr. *Ever-ill*, would come in—

But he would know if Master *Manly* were here.

Mer. No, tell him, if he were, I ha'made his peace !

Hee's one, Sir, has no state, and a man knowes not,

How such a trust may tempt him. *Fitz.* I conceive you.

Eve. Sir, this same deed is done here. *Mer.* Pretty *Plutarchus* ?

Art thou come with it ? and has Sir *Paul* view'd it ?

Plu. His hand is to the draught. *Mer.* Will you step in, Sir,

And reade it ? *Fitz.* Yes. *Eve.* I pray you a word wi' you,

Sir *Paul Eisher-side* will'd me give you caution

Whom you did make *Feoffee* : for 'tis the trust

O' your whole State : and though my Cousin heere

Be a worthy Gentleman, yet his valour has

At the tall board bin question'd ; and we hold

Any man so impeach'd of doubtfull honesty !

I will not justifie this ; but give it you

To make your profit of it : if you utter it,

I can forswere it ! *Fitz.* I beleve you, and thanke you, Sir.

Mere-craft
whispers a-
gainst him.

Everil whi-
spers against
Mere-craft.

ACT. IV. Scene. VI.

Wittipol. Mistress Fitz-dottrel. Manly. Mere-craft.

BE not afraid, sweet *Lady* : yo'are trusted
To love, not violence here ; I am no ravisher,
But one, whome you, by your faire trust againe,
May of a servant make a most true friend.

Ms. Fitz. And such a one I need, but not this way :
Sir, I confesse me to you, the meere manner
Of your attempting me, this morning tooke mee,
And I did hold m'invention, and my manners,
Were both engag'd, to give it a requitall ;
But not unto your ends : my hope was then,
(Though interrupted , ere it could be utter'd)
That whom I found the Master of such language,
That braine and spirit, for such an enterprife,
Could not but if those succours were demanded
To a right use, employ them vertuously !
And make that profit of his noble parts,
Which they would yeeld. Sir, you have now the ground,
To exercise them in : I am a woman,
That cannot speake more wretchednesse of my selfe,
Then you can read ; match'd to a masse of folly ;
That every day makes haste to his owne ruine ;
The wealthy portion, that I brought him, spent ;
And (through my friends neglect) no joynture made me.
My fortunes standing in this precipice,
'Tis *Counsell* that I want, and honest aides :
And in this name, I need you, for a friend !
Never in any other ; for his ill,
Must not make me, Sir, worse. *Man.* O friend ! forsake not

*Manly, conceal'd this
while, shews
himselfe.*

The brave occasion, vertue offers you,
To keepe you innocent : I have fear'd for both ;
And watch'd you to prevent the ill I fear'd.
But since the weaker side hath so assur'd me,
Let not the stronger fall by his owne vice,
Or be the lesse a friend, cause vertue needs him.

Wit. Vertue shall never aske my succours twice ;
Most friend, most man ; your *Counsells* are commands
Lady, I can love *goodnesse* in you, more
Then I did *Beauty* ; and doe here intitle
Your vertue to the power, upon a life

Meere craft You shall engage in any faithfull service,
taks Wittipol aside, & moves a project for himselfe. Even to forfeit. *Mr. Madame :* Do you heare, Sir,
We have another leg-strain'd, for this *Dottrel*.
He'ha's a quarrell to carry, and ha's caus'd
A deed of *Feoffment*, of his whole estate

To be drawne yonder; ha'ſt within: And you,
Only, he meanes to make *Feeoffee*. H'is falſe
So deſperatly enamour'd on you, and talks
Moſt like a mad-man: you did never heare
A *Phrentick*, ſo in love with his owne favour!
Now, you doe know, 'tis of no validity
In your name, as you ſtand; Therefore adviſe him
To put in me. (h'is come here :) You ſhall ſhare Sir.

ACT. IV. Scene. VII.

*Wittipoll. Miſtreſſe Fitz-dottrell. Manly. Meere-craſt.
Fitz-dottrell. Ever-ill. Plutarcius.*

FIT. *Madame*, I have a ſute to you; and a fore-hand,
I doe beſpeake you; you muſt not deny me,
I will be graunted. *Wis.* Sir, I muſt know it, though.

Fit. No *Lady*; you muſt not know it: yet, you muſt too.
For the truſt of it, and the fame indeed,

Which elſe were loſt me. I would uſe your name,

But in a *Feeoffment*: make my whole eſtate

Over unto you: a triſle a thing of nothing,

Some eightene hundred. *Wis.* Alas! I underſtand not

Thoſe things Sir. I am a woman, and moſt loath,

To embarque my ſelfe. *Fit.* You will not ſlight me, *madame*?

Wis. Nor you'll not quarrell me? *Fit.* No, ſweet *madame*, I have
Already a *dependance*; for which cauſe

I doe this: let me put you in, deare *madame*,

I may be fairely kill'd. *Wis.* You have your friends, Sir,
About you here, for choice. *Eve.* She tells you right, Sir.

Fit. Death, if ſhe doe, what doe I care for that?

Say, I would have her tell me wrong. *Wis.* Why, Sir,

If for the truſt, you'll let me have the honor

To name you one. *Fit.* Nay, you doe me honor, *madame*:

Who iſt? *Wis.* This Gentleman. *Fit.* O, no, ſweet *madame*,

H'is friend to him, with whom I ha' the *dependance*.

Wis. O, might he be? *Fit.* One *Wittipol*: do you know him?

Wis. Alas Sir, he, a toy: This Gentleman

A friend to him, no more then I am Sir!

Fit. But will your *Ladiſhip* undertake that, *madame*?

Wis. Yes, and what elſe, for him, you will engage me.

Fit. What is his name? *Wis.* His name is *Eufſace Manly*.

Fit. Whence do's he write himſelfe? *Wis.* Of *Middle-sex*,

Eſquire. *Fit.* Say nothing, *madame*. *Clerke*, come hether,

Write *Eufſace Manly*, *Squire o' Middle-sex*.

Mer. What ha' you done, Sir? *Wis.* Nam'd a gentleman,

That I'll be anſwerable for, to you, Sir.

Had I nam'd you, it might ha' bene ſuſpected:

*He hopes to
be the man.*

*She deſignes
Manly.*

This

Everil ap-
plaudes it.

This way, 'tis safe. *Fit.* Come Gentlemen, your hands,
For witness. *Man.* What is this? *Eve.* You ha' made *Election*
Of a most worthy *Gentleman*! *Man.* Would one of worth
Had spoke it: whence it comes, it is
Rather a shame to me, then a praise.

Eve. Sir, I will give you any Satisfaction.

Man. Be silent then: "fallshood commends not truth.

Plu. You do deliver this, Sir, as your deed,
To th'rule of Mr. *Manly*? *Fit.* Yes: and Sir——

When did you see yong *Wittipol*? I am ready,
For proccesse now; Sir, this is *Publication*.

He shall heare from me, he would needs be courting
Ny Wife, Sir. *Man.* Yes: So witnesseth his Cloake there.

Fitz-dottrel
is suspicious
of Manly
still.

Fit. Nay good Sir,—— *Madame*, you did undertake——

What. What? *Fit.* That he was not *Wittipol's* friend. *Wit.* I heare
Sir, no confession of it. *Fit.* O she knows not;

Now I remember, *madame*! This yong *Wittipol*,
Would ha' debauch'd my wife, and made me *Cuckold*,
Through a casement; he did fly her home
To mine owne window: but I thinke I fou't him,
And ravish'd her away, out of his pownces.

I ha' sworne to ha' him by the eares: I fear
The toy, wi' not do me right. *Wit.* No? that were pitty!
What right doe you aske, Sir? Here he is will do't you?

Wittipol
discovers
himselfe.

Fit. Ha? *Wittipol*? *Wit.* I Sir, no more *Lady* now,
Nor *Spaniard*! *Man.* No indeed, 'tis *Wittipol*.

Fit. Am I the thing I feard'd? *Wit.* A *Cuckold*? No Sir,
But you were late in possibility,

I'll tell you so much. *Man.* But your wife's too vertuous!

Wit. Wee'll see her Sir, at home, and leave you here,
To be made *Duke o' Shore-ditch* with a project.

He would
have his
deed again.

Fit. Theeves, ravishers. *Wit.* Crie but another note, Sir,
I'll marre the tune, o' your pipe! *Fit.* Gi' me my deed, then.

Wit. Neither: that shall be kept for your wives goood,
Who will know, better how to use it. *Fit.* Ha?

To feast with my land? *Wit.* Sir, be you quiet,
Or I shall gag you, ere I goe, consult

You Master of dependances; how to make this
A second businesse, you have time Sir. *Fit.* Oh!

What will the ghost of my wife Grandfather,
My learned *Father*, with my worshipfull *Mother*

Wittipol
baffles him,
and goes
out.

Thinke of me now, that left me in this world
In state to be their *Heire*? that am become

A *Cuckold*, and an *Ass*, and my wives Ward;
Likely to lose my land; ha' my throat cut:

All, by her practice! *Mer.* Sir, we are all abus'd!

Fit. And be so still! Who hinders you, I pray you,
Let me alone, I would injoy my selfe,

And be the *Duke o' Drown'd-Land*, you ha' made me.

Mer. Sir, we must play an *after game* o' this

Fis. But I am not in case to be a *Gam-ster* :
 I tell you once againe— *Mer.* You must be rul'd
 And take some counsell. *Fis.* Sir, I doe hate counsell,
 As I doe hate my wife, my wicked wife !
Mer. But we may thinke how to recover all :
 If you will act. *Fis.* I will not think ; nor act ;
 Nor yet recover ; do not talke to me ?
 I'll runne out o' my witts, rather then heare ;
 I will be what I am, *Fabian Fitz dottrel*,
 Though all the world say nay to't. *Mer.* Let's follow him.



ACT. V. Scene. I.

Ambler. Pitfall, Meere-craft,



Ucha's my Lady mist me ? *Pit.* Beyond telling !
 Here has been that infinity of strangers !
 And then she would ha' had you, to ha' sampled you
 With, one within, that they are now a teaching ;
 And do's pretend to your ranck. *Amb.* Good fellow
 Tel Mr. *Meere-craft*, I intreat a word with him. (*Pit-fall*

Pitfall goes out.

This most unlucky accident will goe neate
 To be the losse o' my place ; I am indoubt !

Mer. With me ? what say you Mr. *Ambler* ? *Amb.* Sir,
 I would beseech your worship stand betwene
 Me, and my *Ladies* displeasure, for my absence.

Mer. O, is this all ? I warrant you. *Amb.* I would tell you Sir
 But how it happened. *Mer.* Briefe, good Mr. *Ambler*,
 Put your selfe to your rack : for I have a tasque
 Of more importance. *Amb.* Sir you'll laugh at me !
 But (so is *Truth*) a verie friend of mine,
 Finding by conference with me, that I liv'd
 Too chaste for my complexion (and indeed
 Too honest for my place, Sir) did advise me
 If I did love my selfe (as that I do,
 I must confesse) *Mer.* Spare your *Parenthesis*,

Amb. To gi' my body a little evacuation—

Mer. Well, and you went to a whore ? *Amb.* No, Sir. I durst not
 (For feare it might arive at some body's eare,
 It should not) trust my selfe to a common house ;
 But got the Gentlewoman to goe with me,
 And carry her bedding to a *Conduit-head*,
 Hard by the place toward *Tiburne*, which they call
 My L. Majors *Banqueting-house*. Now Sir, This morning
 Was *Execution* ; and I ner'e dream't on't,
 Till I heard the noise o'the people, and the horses ;

Meere-craft
seemes full
of businesse.

Ambler tells
this with
extraordi-
nary speed.

And

And neither I, nor the poore Gentlewoman
Durst stirre, till all was done and past: so that
He says I the *Interim*, we fell a sleepe againe.

Mer. Nay, if you fall, from your gallop, I am gone Sir.

Amb. But when I wak'd, to put on my cloathes, a lute,
I made new for the action, it was gone,
And all my mony, with my purse, and scales,
My hard-wax, and my table-books, my studies,
And a fine new devise, I had to carry
My pen, and inke, my civet, and my tooth-picks,
All under one. But, that which greiv'd me, was
The Gentlewomans shoes (with a paire of roses,
And garters, I had given her for the businesse)
So as that made us stay, till it was darke.
For I was faine to lend her mine, and walke
In a rug, by her, bare foot, to Saint *Giles's*.

Mer. A kind of Irish penance! Is this all, Sir?

Amb. To satisfie my *Lady*. *Mer.* I will promise you, Sir.

Amb. I ha'told the true *Disaster*. *Mer.* I cannot stay wi'you
Sir, to condole; but gratulate your returne.

Amb. An honest gentleman, but he's never at leisure
To be himselfe: He ha's such tides of businesse.

ACT. V. Scene. II.

Pug. Ambler.

O, Call me home againe, deare *Chiefe*, and put me
To yoking foxes, milking of Hee-goates,
Pounding of water in a mortar, laving
The sea dry with a nut-shell, gathering all
The leaves are false this *Autumne*, drawing fatts
Out of dead bodics, making ropes of sand,
Catching the windes together in a net,
Mustring of ants, and numbring atomes; all
That hell, and you thought exquisite torments, rather
Then stay me here, a thought more: I would sooner
Keepe fleas within a circle, and be accomptant
A thousand yeere, which of 'hem and how far
Out leap'd the other, then endure a minute
Such as I have within. There is no hell
To a *Lady* of fashion. All your tortures there
Are pastimes to it. 'Twould be a refreshing
For me, to be i'the fire againe, from hence.

*Ambler
comes in, &
survaives
him.*

Amb. This is my suite, and those the shoes and roses!

Pug. Th'have such impertinent vexations,
A generall Councell o' *divells* could not hit—
Ha! This is he I tooke a sleepe with his *Wench*,
And borrowed his cloathes. What might I doe to balke him?

Amb.

Amb. Do you heare, Sir? *Pug.* Answer but not to th' purpose.

Amb. What is your name, I pray you Sir. *Pug.* Is't lo late Sir?

He answers quite from the purpose.

Amb. I aske not o'the time, but of your name, Sir.

Pug. I thanke you, Sir. Yes it dos hold Sir, certaine.

Amb. Hold, Sir? What holds? I must both hold, and talke to you About these clothes. *Pug.* A very pritty lace!

But the *Taylor* coffend me. *Amb.* No, I am coffend

By you! robb'd. *Pug.* Why, when you please Sir, I am

For three peny *Gleeke*, your man. *Amb.* Pox o' your *gleeke*,

And three pence. Give me an answer. *Pug.* Sir,

My master is the best at it. *Amb.* Your master!

Who is your Master. *Pug.* Let it be friday night.

Amb. What should be then? *Pug.* Your best songs *Tom o' Bel'lem*

Amb. I thinke, you are he. Do's he mocke me trow, from purpose?
Or doe not I speake to him, what I meane?

Good Sir your name. *Pug.* Only a couple a' *Cocks* Sir,

If we can get a *Widgin*, 'tis in season.

Amb. He hopes to make one o'these *Scipticks* o'me

(I thinke I name him right) and do's not flie me.

I wonder at that! 'tis a strange confidence!

I'll proove another way, to draw his answer.

For Scepticks.

ACT. V. Scene. III.

Mere-craft. Fitz-dottrell. Everill. Pug.

IT is the easiest thing Sir, to be done.

As plaine, as fizzling: roule but wi' your eies,

And foame at th'mouth. A little castle-soape

Will do't, to rub your lips: And then a nutshell,

With toe, and touch-wood in it to spit fire,

Did you ner'e read, Sir, little *Darrels* tricks,

With the boy o' *Barton*, and the 7 in *Lancashire*,

Summers at *Nottingham*? All these do teach it.

And wee'll give out, Sir, that your wife ha's bewitch'd you:

Eve. And practised with those two, as *Sorcerers*.

Mer. And ga'you potions, by which means you were

Not *Compos mentis*, when you made your *seoffment*.

There's no recovery o'your estate, but this:

This, Sir, will sting. *Eve.* And move in a court of equity.

Mer. For it is more then manifest, that this was

A plot o'your wives, to get your land. *Fit.* I thinke it.

Eve. Sir it appeares. *Mer.* Nay and my cossen has knowne

These gallants in these shapes. *Eve.* T'have done strange things, Sir.

One as the *Lady*, the other as the *Squire*.

Mer. How, a mans honesty may be fool'd! I thought him

A very *Lady*. *Fit.* So dd I: renounce me else.

Mer. But this way, Sir you'll be reveng'd at height.

Eve. Upon 'hem all. *Mer.* Yes faith, and since your Wife

They repair their old plot.

Has runne the way of woman thus, e'en give her—

Fit. Lost by this hand, to me; dead to all ioyes
Of her deare *Dottrell*, I shall never pittie her:
That could pittie her selfe. *Mer.* Princely resolv'd Sir,
And like your selfe still, in *Potentiâ*.

ACT. V. Scene. IV.

Mere-craft, &c. to them. *Guilt-head. Sledge. Plutarchus. Serjants.*

*Fitz-dot-
trecl asks
for his mo-
ney.*

*G*uilt-head what newes? *Fit.* O Sir, my hundred peices:
Let me ha' them yet. *Gui.* Yes Sir, officers
Arrest him. *Fit.* Me? *Ser.* I arrest you. *Sle.* Keepe the peace,
I charge you gentlemen. *Fit.* Arrest me? Why?

Gui. For better security, Sir. My sonne *Plutarchus*
Assures me, y'are not worth a groat. *Plu.* Pardon me, *Father*,
I said his worship had no foot of Land left:
And that I'll justifie, for I writ the deed.

*Meaning
Mere-raff.*

Fit. Ha'you these tricks i'the citty? *Gui.* Yes, and more.
Arrest this gallant too, here, at my sute.

Sle. I, and at mine. He owes me for his lodging
Two yeere and a quarter. *Mer.* Why M. *Guilt-head*, Land-Lord,
Thou art not mad, though th'art *Constable*
Pust up with the pride of the place? Doe you heare, Sirs.
Have I deserv'd this from you two? for all
My paines at *Court*, to get you each a patent.

*The Project
offorks.*

Gui. For what? *Mer.* Upo' my project o' the *forkes*.
Sle. *Forkes*? what be they? *Mer.* The laudable ute of *forkes*,
Brought into custome here, as they are in *Italy*,
To th' *sparing* o' *Napkins*. That, that should have made
Your bellowes goe at the forge, as his at the furnace.
I ha'procured it, ha'the *Signet* for it,
Dealt with the *Linnen-drapers*, on my private,
By cause, I fear'd, they were the likeliest ever
To stirre against, to crosse it: for 'twill be
A mighty savor of *Linnen* through the Kingdome
(As that is one o' my grounds, and so spare washing)
Now, on you two, had I laid all the profits.
Guilt-head to have the making of all those
Of gould and silver, for the better personages;
And you of those of *Steele* for the common sort.
And both by *Patent*, I had brought you your *seals* in.
But now you have prevented me, and I thanke you.

*Sledge is
brought a-
bout.*

*And Guilt-
head comes.*

Sle. Sir, I will baile you, at my owne ap-perill.

Mer. Nay choose. *Plu.* Do you so too, good *Father*.

Gui. I like the fashin o' the project, well,
The *forkes*! It may be a lucky one! and is not
Intricate, as one would say, but fit for
Plaine heads, as ours, to deale in. Do you heare.

Officers, we discharge you. *Mer.* Why this shewes
A little good nature in you, I confesse,
But doe not tempt your friends thus. Little *Guilt-head*,
Advise your fire, great *Guilt-head* from these courtes:
And, here, to trouble a great man in reverſion,
For a matter o' fifty on a false *Alarme*,
Away, it shewes not well. Let him get the pieces
And bring 'hem. Yo'll heare more else. *Plu. Father.*

Act. V. Scene. V.

Ambler. § To them.

○ Master *Sledge*, are you here? I ha' been to seeke you.
You are the *Constable*, they say. Here's one
That I do charge with *Felony*, for the suite
He weares, Sir. *Mer.* Who? *M. Fitz-dottrels* man?
Ware what you do, *M. Ambler.* *Amb.* Sir, these clothes
I'll sweare, are mine: and the shooes the gentlewomans
I told you of: and ha' him afore a *Iustice*,
I will. *Pug.* My master, Sir, will passe his word for me.

Amb. O, can you speake to purpose now? *Fit.* Not I,
If you be such a one Sir, I will leave you
To your *God-fathers* in Law. Let twelve men worke.

*Fitz-dottrel
disclaimes
him.*

Pug. Do you heare Sir, pray, in private. *Fit.* Well, what lay you?
Brieſe, for I have no time to loose. *Pug.* Truth is, Sir,
I am the very *Divell*, and had leave
To take this body, I am in, to serve you:
Which was a *Cutpurſes*, and hang'd this Morning.
And it is likewise true, I stole this suite
To cloth me with. But Sir let me not goe
To prison for it. I have hitherto
Lost time, done nothing; showne, indeed, no part:
O' my *Divels* nature. Now, I will so helpe
Your malice, 'gainst these parties: so advance
The businesse, that you have in hand of *witchcraft*,
And your *possession*, as my selfe were in you.
Teach you such tricks, to make your belly swell,
And your eyes turne, to foame, to stare, to gnash
Your teeth together, and to beat your selfe,
Laugh loud, and faine six voices—*Fit.* Out you Rogue!
You most infernall counterfeit wretch! Avant!
Do you thinke to gull me with your *Aesops Fables*?
Here take him to you, I ha' no part in him. *Pug.* Sir.

Fit. Away, I do disclaime, I will not heare you.

Mer. What said he to you, Sir? *Fit.* Like a lying raskall
Told me he was the *Divell*. *Mer.* How! a good jest!

*And sends
him away.*

Fit. And that he would teach me, such fine *divels* tricks
For our new resolution. *Eve.* O'pox on him,

Mere-craft
gives the in-
structions to
him and the
rest.

'Twas excellent wisely done, Sir, not to trust him.
Mer. Why, if he were the *Divell*, we sha' not need him,
 If you'll be rul'd. Goe throw your selfe on a bed, Sir,
 And faine you ill. Wea'll not be seen wi' you,
 Till after, that you have a fit : and all
 Confirm'd within. Keepe you with the two *Ladies*
 And perswade them. I'll to *Iustice Either-side*,
 And possesse him with all. *Traines* shall seeke out *Ingine*,
 And they to fill the towne with't, every cable
 It is to be vee'd. We must imploy out all
 Our *emissaries* now ; Sir, I will send you
Bladders and *Bellows*. Sir, be confident,
 'Tis no hard thing t'out doe the *Divell* in :
 A Boy o'thirteen yeere old made him an *Ass*
 But toher day. *Fit.* Well, I'll beginne to practise,
 And scape the imputation of being *Cuckold*,
 By mine owne act. *Mer.* Yo'are right. *Eve.* Come, you ha' put
 Your selfe to a simpe coile here, and your freinds,
 By dealing with new *Agents*, in new plots.
Mer. No more o'that, sweet cousin. *Eve.* What had you
 To doe with this same *Wittipol*, for a *Lady* ?
Mer. Question not that : 'tis done. *Eve.* You had some straine
 'Bove *E-la* ? *Mer.* I had indeed. *Eve.* And, now, you crack fort.
Mer. Do not upbraid me. *Eve.* Come, you must be told on't ;
 You are so covetous, still, to imbrace
 More then you can, that you loofe all. *Mer.* 'Tis right.
 What would you more, then Guilty ? Now, your succours.

ACT. V. Scene. VI.

Shakles. Pug. Iniquity. Divell.

*Pug is
brought to
New-gate.*

*Enter Ini-
quity the
Vice.*

Here you are lodg'd, Sir, you must lend your garnish,
 If you'll be privat. *Pug.* There it is, Sir, leave me.
 To *New-gate*, brought ? How is the name of *Divell*
 Discredited in me ! Whara lost fiend
 Shall I be, on returne ? My *Chiefe* will roare
 In triumph, now, that I have beene on earth,
 A day, and done no noted thing, but brought
 That body back here, was hang'd out this morning.
 Well ! would it once were midnight, that I knew
 My utmost. I thinke Time be drunke, and sleepe :
 He is so still, and moves not ! I do glory
 Now i' my torment. Neither can I expect it,
 I have it with my fact. *Ini.* Child of hell, be thou merry :
 Put a looke on, as round, boy, and red as a cherry.
 Cast care at thy posternes ; and firke in thy fetters,
 They are ornaments, *Baby*, have graced thy betters :
 Look upon me, and hearken. Our *Chiefe* doth salute thee,

And

And leaft the could yron ſhould chance to conture thee,
H'hath lent thee, *grant-paroll* by me to ſtay longer
A moneth here on earth, againſt cold *Child*, or hunger

Pug. How? longer here a moneth? *Ini.* Yes, boy, till the *ſeſſion*,
That to thou maiſt have a triumphall egreſſion.

Pug. In a cart, to be hang'd. *Ini.* No, *Child*, in a Carre,
The charriot of triumph, which moſt of them are.
And in the meane time, to be greazy, and bouzy,
And naſty, and filthy, and ragged and louzy,
With dam'n me, renounce me, and all the fine phraſes;
That bring, unto *Tiborne*, the plentifull gazes.

Pug. He is a *Divell*! and may be our *Chiefe*!
The great ſuperior *Divell*! for his malice:
Arch-divel! I acknowledge him. He knew
What I would ſuffer, when he tie'd me up thus
In a rogues body: and he has (I thanke him)
His tyrannous pleaſure on me, to confine me
To the unlucky carcaſſe of a *Cutpurſe*
Wherein I could do nothing. *Dru.* Impudent fiend,
Stop thy lewd mouth. Doeſt thou not ſhame and tremble
To lay thine owne dull damn'd defects upon
An innocent caſe, there? Why thou heavy ſlave!
The ſpirit, that did poſſeſſe that fleſh before
Put more true life, in a finger, and a thumb.
Then thou in the whole Maſſe. Yet thou rebell'ſt
And murmurſt? What one proffer haſt thou made,
Wicked inough, this day, that might be call'd
Worthy thine owne, much leſſe the name that ſent thee?
Firſt, thou did'ſt helpe thy ſelfe into a beating
Promptly, and with't endangerd'ſt too thy tongue:
A *Divell*, and could not keepe a body intire
One day! That, for our credit. And to vindicate it,
Hinderd'ſt (for ought thou know'ſt) a deed of darkneſſe:
Which was an act of that egregious folly,
As no one, to'ard the *Divell*, could ha'thought on.
This for your acting! but for ſuffering! why
Thou haſt beene cheated on, with a falſe beard,
And a turn'd cloake. Faith would your predeceſſour
The *Cutpurſe*, thinke you, ha' been ſo? Out upon thee,
The hurt th'haſt don, to let men know their ſtrength,
And that they are able to out-doe a *divel*
Put in a body, will for ever be
A ſcarre up on our Name! whom haſt thou dealt with,
Woman or man, this day, but have out-gone thee
Some way, and moſt have prov'd the better fiends?
Yet, you would be imploy'd? Yes, hell ſhall make you
Provinciall o'the *heaters*! or *Baud-ledger*,
For this ſide o'the towne! No doubt you'll render
A rare account of things. Bane o'your itch,
And ſcratching for imployment. I'll ha'brimſtone

The great
Divell en-
ters, and up-
braids him
with all his
daies work,

Iniquity
takes him on
his back.

To allay it sure, and fire to finge your nailes off,
But, that I would not such a damn'd dishonor
Sticke on our state, as that the *divell* were hang'd;
And could not save a body, that he tooke
From *Tiborne*, but it must come thither againe :

You should e'en ride. But up away with him—

Ini. Mount, dearling of darknesse, my shoulders are broad :
He that caries the fiend, is sure of his loade.
The *Divell* was wont to carry away the evill ;
But, now, the Evill out-carries the *Divell*.

Act. V. Scene. VII.

Shackles. Keepers.

A great
noise is
heard in
Newgate,
and the
Keepers
come out
affrighted.

O mee ! *Kee.* 1. What's this ? 2. A peece of *Iustice Hall*
Is broken downe. 3. Fough ! what a steeme of brimstone
Is here ? 4. The prisoner's dead, came in but now !
Sha. Ha? where? 4. Look here. *Kee.* S'lid I should know his countenance!
It is *Gil-Cut-purse*, was hang'd out, this morning !

Sha. 'Tis he ! 2. The *Divell*, sure, has a hand in this !

3. What shall we doe ? *Sha.* Carry the newes of it

Unto the *Sherifes*. 1. And to the *Iustices*.

4. This strange ! 3. And favours of the *Divell*, strongly !

2. I' ha' the sulphure of *Hell-coale* i' my nose.

1. Fough. *Sha.* Carry him in. 1. Away. 2. How ranke it is!

Act. V. Scene. VIII.

Sir Poule. Meere-craft. Ever-ill. Traines. Pitfall. Fitz-dottrell. to them.
Wittipoll. Manly. Mistresse Fitz-dottrell. Ingine. to them
Guilt-head. Sledge. to them. *Shackles.*

The *Iustice*
comes out
wondring
and the rest
informing
him.

This was the notablest Conspiracy,
That ere I heard of. *Mer.* Sir, they had giv'n him potions,
That did enamour him on the counterfeit *Lady*—

Eve... Iust to the time o' delivery o' the deed—

Mer. And then the witchcraft 'gan't appeare, for straight
He fell into his fit. *Eve.* Of rage at first, Sir,
Which since has so increased. *Tay.* Good *Sir Poule*, see him,
And punish the impostors. *Pou.* Therefore I come, *madame*.

Eit. Let M. *Either-side* alone, *madame*. *Pou.* Do you heare ?
Call in the Constable, I will have him by :
H'is the Kings *Officer* ! and some *Cittizens*,
Of credit ! I'll discharge my conscience clearly.

Mer. Yes, Sir, and send for his wife. *Eve.* And the two *Sorcerers*,
By any meanes ! *Tay.* I thought one a true *Lady*,
I should be sworne. So did you, *Either-side* ?

Eit.

Eit. Yes, by that light, would I might ne'r stir else, *Tailbush.*
Tay. And the other a civill Gentleman. *Eve.* But, *madam,*
 You know what I told your *Ladiship.* *Tay.* I now see n:
 I was providing of a banquet for 'hem
 After I had done instructing o' the fellow
De-vile, the Gentlemans man. *Mer.* Who's found a thiefe, *madam.*
 And to have rob'd your *Usher,* Master *Ambler*
 This morning. *Tay.* How? *Mer.* He tell you more, anon.

Fit. Gi'me some *garlicke, garlicke, garlicke, garlicke.*
Mer. Hark the poore Gentleman, how he is tormented!
Fit. My wife is a whore, I'll kisse her no more: and why?
Ma'st not thou be a Cuckold, as well as I?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

*He begins
his fit.*

Pou. That is the *Divell* speakes, and laughs in him.
Mer. Do you think so Sir. *Pou.* I discharge my conscience.
Fit. And is not the *Divell* good company? Yes, wis.
Eve. How he changes, Sir, his voice! *Fit.* And a Cuckold is
 Where ere hee put his head, with a *Wanion,*
 If his hornes be forth, the *Divells* companion!

*The Justice
interpret all.*

Looke, looke, looke, else. *Mer.* How he fomes! *Eve.* And swells!
Tay. O, me! what's that there, rises in his belly!

Eit. A strange thing! hold it downe: *Tra. Pit.* We cannot, *madame.*
Pou. 'Tis too apparent this! *Fit. Wittipol, Wittipol.*

*Wittipol,
and Manly,
and Mistr-
Fitz-dottrel
enter.*

Wit. How now, what play ha' we here. *Man.* What fine new, matters?
Wit. The *Cockscombe,* and the *Coverlet.* *Mer.* O strange impudence!
 That these should come to face their sinne! *Eve.* And our face
Justice, they are the parties, Sir. *Pou.* Say nothing.

Mer. Did you marke, Sir, upon their coming in,
 How he call'd *Wittipol.* *Eve.* And never saw 'hem.

Pou. I warrant you did I, let 'hem play a while.
Fit. *Buz, buz, buz, buz.* *Tay.* Lasse poore Gentleman!
 How he is tortur'd! *Mis. Fit.* Fie, Master *Fitz-dottrel!*

*His wife
goes to him.*

What doe you meane to counterfeit thus? *Fit.* O, o,
Shee comes with a needle, and thrusts it in,
She pulls out that, and shee puts in a pinne,
And now, and now, I doe not know how, nor where,
But shee pricks mee heere, and shee pricks me there: oh, oh,

Pou. Woman forbear. *Wit.* What, Sir? *Pou.* A practice foule:
 For one to faire: *Wit.* Hath this, then, credit with you?

Man. Do you believe in't? *Pou.* Gentlemen, I'll discharge
 My conscience: 'Tis a cleare conspiracy!
 A darke and divellish practice! I detest it!

Wit. The *Justice* sure will prove to be the merrier!
Man. This is most strange, Sir. *Pou.* Come not to confront
 Authority with insolence: I tell you,
 I doe detest it. Here comes the Kings *Constable,*
 And with him a right worshipfull *Commoner;*
 My good friend, Master *Guilt-head!* I am glad
 I can before such witnesses, professe
 My conscience, and my detestation of it.

Horrible!

They whisper him.

*And give
sope to all
with.*

*Sir Poule
interprets
Figgum a
Ingler's
game.*

Horrible ! most unaturall ! Abominable !

Eve. You doe not tumble enough. *Mer.* Wallow, gnash :

Tay. O, how he is vexed ! *Pou.* 'Tis too manifest.

Eve. Give him more sope to foame with, now lie still.

Mer. And act a little. *Tay.* What do's he now, Sir. *Pou.* Shew

The taking of *Tobacco*, with which the *Divell*

Is so delighted. *Fit.* Hum ! *Pou.* And calls for *Hum*.

You takers of *Waters* and *Tobacco*,

Marke this. *Fit.* Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, &c.

Pou. That's *Starch* ! the *Divells* Idoll of that colour.

He ratifies it, clapping of his hands.

The proofes are pregnant. *Gui.* How the *Divel* can act !

Pou. He is the Master of *Players* ? Master *Guilt-head*,

And *Poets*, too ! you heard him talke in rime !

I had forgot to observe it to you, ere while !

Tay. See, he spits fire. *Pou.* O no, he plaies at *Figgum*,

The *Divell* is the Author of wicked *Figgum*—

Man. Why speake you not unto him ? *Wit.* If I had

All innocence of man to be indanger'd

And he could save, or ruine it : I'd not breath

A syllable in request, to such a fellow,

I'd rather fall. *Fit.* O they whisper, they whisper, whisper, &c.

We shall have more, of Divells a score,

To come to dinner, in me the sinner.

Eyt. Alas, poore Gentleman ! *Pou.* Put 'hem asunder.

Keepe 'hem one from the other. *Man.* Are you phrenticke, Sir,

Or what grave dotage moves you, to take part

With so much villany ? we are not afraid

Either of law, or tryall; let us be

Examin'd what our ends were, what the meanes,

To worke by ; and possibility of those meanes.

Doe not conclude against us, ere you heare us.

Pou. I will not heare you, yet I will conclude

Out of the circumstances. *Man.* Will you so, Sir ?

Pou. Yes they are palpable : *Man.* Not as your folly :

Pou. I will discharge my conscience, and doe all

To the *Meridian* of Iustice. *Gui.* You doe well, Sir :

Fit. Provide me to eate, three or foure dishes o' good meat,

I'll feast them, and their traines, a Iustice head and braines

Shall be the first. *Pou.* The *Divell* loves not Iustice,

There you may see. *Fit.* A spare-rib o' my wife,

And a whores purt'nance ! a *Guilt-head* whole.

Pou. Be not you troubled, Sir, the *Divell* speakes it.

Fit. Yes, wis, Knight, shite, Poule, Ioule, owle, foule, tronle, boule.

Pou. Crambe, another of the *Divell's* games !

Mer. Speake, Sir, some *Greeke*, if you can. Is not the *Iustice*

A solemn gamester ? *Eve.* Peace. *Fit.* Οἱ μοι, κακοδαίμων,

Καὶ τετρακαδοδαίμων, καὶ πεντακάκις, καὶ ἑξακάκις,

Καὶ ὀδοκακάκις καὶ μυριακάκις. *Pou.* Hee curses

In *Greeke*, I thinke. *Eve.* Your *Spanish*, that I taught you.

Fit.

Fit. *Qu' b' émos el ojo de burlas.* *Eve.* How? your rest—
Let's breake his necke in jest, the *Divell* laies,

Fit. *Di grátia, Signòr mio se b' hete denári fataméne parte.*

Mer. What, would the *Divell* borrow money? *Fit.* *Ouy,*
Ouy Monsiur, un pauvre Diable! Diablen in!

Pou. It is the *Divell*, by his severall languages.

Sha. Where's Sir *Paule Eisher-side*? *Pou.* Here, what's the matter?

Sha. O! such an accident faine out at *Newgate*, Sir:

*Enter the
Keeper of
New-gate*

A great piece of the prison is rent downe!

The *Divell* has bene there, Sir, in the body—

Of the young *Cut-purse*, was hang'd out this morning,

But in new clothes, Sir, every one of us know him.

These things were found in his pocket. *Amb.* Those are mine, Sir.

Sha. I thinke he was committed on your charge, Sir.

For a new felony *Amb.* Yes. *Sha.* Hee's gone, Sir, now,

And left us the dead body. But with all, Sir,

Such an infernall stinke, and steeme behind,

You cannot see *St. Pulchers Steeple*, yet.

They smell't as far as *Ware*, as the winde lies,

By this time, sure. *Fit.* Is this upon your credit, friend?

Sha. Sir, you may see, and satisfie your selfe.

Fit. Nay, then, 'tis time to leave off counterfeiting:

*Fitz-dottrel
leaves counterfeiting.*

Sir I am not bewitch'd, nor have a *Divell*:

No more then you. I doe desie him, I,

And did abuse you. These two Gentlemen

Put me upon it. (I have faith against him)

They taught me all my trickes. I will tell truth,

And shame the *Fiend*. See, here, Sir are my bellows,

And my false belly, and my *Moufe*, and all

That should ha' come forth? *Man.* Sir, are not you ashamed

Now of your sole mne, serious vanity?

Pou. I will make honourable amends to truth.

Fit. And so will I. But these are *Cooznors*, still;

And ha' my land, as plotters, with my wife:

Who, though she be not a witch, is worse, a whore.

Man. Sir, you belie her. She is chaste, and vertuous,

And we are honest. I doe know no glory

A man should hope, by venting his owne follies,

But you'll still be an *Ass*, in spite of providence.

Please you goe in, Sir, and here truths, then judge 'hem:

And make amends for your late rashnesse; when,

You shall but here the paines and care was taken,

To save this foole from ruine (his *Grace of Drown'd land*)

Fit. My land is drown'd indeed— *Pou.* Peace. *Man.* And how much

His modest and too worthy wife hath suffer'd

By misconstruction, from him, you will blush,

First for your owne belife, more for his actions!

His land is his: and never, by my friend,

Or by my selfe, meant to another use,

But for her succours, who hath equall right;

If any other had worse counsells in't,
 (I know I speake to those can apprehend me)
 Let 'hem repent 'hem, and be not detected.
 It is not manly to take joy, or pride
 In humane errorrs (we doe all ill things,
 They doe 'hem worst that love 'hem, and dwell there,
 Till the plague comes) The few that have the seeds
 Of goodnesse left, will sooner make their way
 To a true life, by shame, then punishment.

The End.

The Epilogue.

THus, the Projector, here, is over-throwne;
 But I have now a Project of mine owne,
 If it may passe: that no man would invite
 The Poet from us, to sup forth to night,
 If the play please. If it displeasant be,
 We doe presume, that no man will: nor we:

THE
MAGNETICK
LADY:

OR,
HVMORS
RECONCILD.

A COMEDY composed

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

*Iam lapides suos ardor agit ferrumq; tenetur,
Illecebris. — Claud. de Magnet.*

LONDON,
Printed M. CD. XL.

THE
M A G I C I A N

L A D Y

F Y M O R S

R I C H A R D

A C O M P L E T E

L O N D O N

W H O L E S A L E

L O N D O N

W H O L E S A L E

THE SCENE LONDON.

The Persons that act.

LADY Loadstone,	The Magnetick Lady.
M ^{rs} . Polish,	Her Gossip, and the Parasite.
M ^{rs} . Placentia,	Her Neice.
Pleasance,	Her Waiting-woman.
M ^{rs} . Keepe,	The Neices Nourse.
MOTHER Chaire,	The Midwife.
M ^r . Compasse,	A Scholler, Mathematick.
CAPTAIN Ironside,	A Souldier.
PARSON Palate,	Prelate of the Parish.
DOCTOR Rut,	Physician to the house.
Tim Item,	His Apothecary.
SIR Diaph Silkworm,	A Courtier.
M ^r . Praefise,	A Lawyer.
SIR Moath Interest,	An Usurer, or Money-baud.
M ^r . Bias,	A Vi-politique, or Sub-secretary.
M ^r . Needle,	The Ladies Steward, and Taylor.

CHORVS by way of Induction.

A 2

THE

THE SCENE IN LONDON

CHARACTERS

Lady Lockhart	The Maidenhead Lady
Mr. Tolly	Her Gossip, and the Parson
Mr. Placemore	Her Niece
Mr. Kape	Her Waiting woman
Mother Carey	The Maiden's Niece
Mr. Compote	The Maiden
CAPTAIN BONDAGE	A Scholar, Maidenhead
Parson Paley	A Soldier
Doctor Rye	Private of the Parish
Lord Tolly	Physician to the Maidenhead
Countess	His Apothecary
Sir Ralph Sillworthy	A Courtier
Mr. Tolly	A Lawyer
Sir Ralph Sillworthy	An Agent, or Money lender
Mr. Tolly	A Violinist, or Sub Secretary
Mr. Tolly	The Ladies Steward, and Taylor

CHORUS by way of Induction.

THE

THE INDUCTION, OR, CHORUS.

Two Gentlemen entering upon the Stage.

M^r. PROBBE and M^r. DAMPLAY.

A BOY of the house,

meets them.

Boy. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you lack? any
fine Phancies, Figures, Humors, Characters, Ideas, Definitions of
Lords, and Ladies? Waiting-women, Parasites, Knights, Captaines,
Courtiers, Lawyers? what doe you lack?

Pro. A pretty prompt Boy for the Poetique Shop.

Dam. And a bold! where's one o' your Masters?

Singh, the Poet.

Boy. Which of 'hem? Sir wee have divers that drive that trade, now:
Poets, Poetaccijs, Poetalters, Poetite's.

Dam. And all Hubbardshits of small wit, I presume: wee would
speake with the Poet o' the day, Boy.

Boy. Singh is nothere. But, I have the dominion of the Shop, for
this time, under him, and can shew you all the variety the Stage will
afford for the present.

Pro. Therein you will expresse your owne good parts, Boy.

Dam. And yeustwa, to you, for the good comce.

Pro. Wee are in praise of publique persons, this Gentleman, and my
selfe shew a font, thus coupled unto you upon state Busines.

Boy. In commendance but the state of the Stage I hope.

Dam. O, you shall know that by degrees, Boy. No man leaps into a
busines of state, without founding first the state of the Busines.

Pro. Wee are sent unto you, indeed from the people.

Boy. The people blunche side of the people?

Dam. The Venison side, if you know it, Boy.

Boy. That's the side of the Venison, that's the side of the Venison.

Pro. So they are, Northern side, or grounds of your people, that fit

Chorus.

in the oblique caves and wedges of your house, your sinfull fixe-penny Mechanicks—

Dam. But the better, and braver sort of your people! Plush and Velvet-outfides! that stick your house round like so many eminences—

Boy. Of clothes, not understandings? They are at pawne. Well, I take these as a part of your people though; what bring you to me from these people?

Dam. You have heard, *Boy*, the ancient Poets had it in their purpose, still to please this people.

Pro. I, their chiefe aime was—

Dam. *Populorum placere*: (if hee understands so much)

Boy. *Quas fecissent fabulas.*) I understand that, sin I learn'd *Terence*, the third forme at *Westminster*: go on Sir.

Pro. Now, these people have imployed us to you, in all their names, to intreat an excellent Play from you.

Dam. For they have had very meane ones, from this shop of late; the Stage as you call it.

Boy. Troth, Gentlemen, I have no wares, which I dare thrust upon the people with praise. But this, such as it is, I will venter with your people, your gay gallant people: so as you, againe, will undertake for them, that they shall know a good *Play* when they heare it, and will have the conscience, and ingenuity beside, to confesse it.

Prob. Wee'll passe our words for that: you shall have a brace of us to ingage our selves.

Boy. You'l tender your names, *Gentlemen*, to our booke then?

Dam. Yes, here's Mr. *Probee*; A man of most powerfull speech, and parts to perswade.

Pro. And Mr. *Damplay*, will make good all hee undertakes.

Boy. Good Mr. *Probee*, and Mr. *Damplay*! I like your securities: whence doe you write yourselves?

Pro. Of *London*, Gentlemen: but Knights brothers, and Knights friends, I assure you.

Dam. And Knights fellow's too. Every Poet writes *Squire* now.

Boy. You are good names! very good men, both of you! I accept you.

Dam. And what is the Title of your *Play*, here? *The Magnatick Lady*?

Boy. Yes, Sir, an attractive title the Author has given it.

Pro. *A Magnete*, I warrant you.

Dam. O, no, from *Magnus*, *Magna*, *Magnum*.

Boy. This Gentleman hath found the true magnitude—

Dam. Of his portall, or entry to the worke, according to *Piruvium*.

Boy. Sir all our worke is done without a Portall— or *Piruvium*. In *Fero*, as a true Comedy should bee. And what is conceal'd within, is brought out, and made presently report.

Dam. Wee see not that, alwayes observ'd, by your Authors of these times: or scarce any other.

Boy. Where it is not at all knowne, how should it be observ'd? The most of those your people call *Authors*, never dreamt of any *Decorum*, or what was proper in the *Scene*; but grope at it, in the darke, and feeble, or fumble for it. I speake it, both with their leave, and the leave o' your people.

Dam.

Dam. But, why *Humours reconcil'd*? I would faine know:

Boy. I can satisfie you there, too: if you will. But, perhaps you desire not to be satisfied.

Dam. No? why should you conceive so, *Boy*?

Boy. My conceit is not ripe, yet: Ile tell you that anon. The *Author*, beginning his studies of this kind, with every man in his Humour, and after, every man out of his Humour, and since, continuing in all his *Playes*, especially those of the *Comick* thred, whereof the *New-Inne* was the last, some recent humours still, or manners of men, that went along with the times, finding himselfe now neare the close, or shutting up of his Circle, hath phant'sied to himselfe, in *Idea*, this *Magnetick Mistris*. A Lady a brave bountifull House-keeper, and a vertuous Widow: who having a young Neice, ripe for a man and marriageable, hee makes that his Center attractive, to draw thither a diversity of Guests, all persons of different humours to make up his *Perimiter*. And this hee hath call'd *Humours reconcil'd*.

Pro. A bold undertaking! and farre greater, then the reconciliation of both Churches, the quarrell betweene humours having beene much the ancients, and, in my poore opinion, the root of all Schisme, and Faction, both in Church and Common-wealth.

Boy. Such is the opinion of many wise men, that meet at this shop still; but how hee will speed in it, wee cannot tell, and hee himselfe (it seems) lesscares. For hee will not be intreated by us, to give it a *Prologue*. He has lost too much that way already, hee sayes. Hee will not woo the gentile ignorance so much. But carelesse of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, hee is confident it shall super-please judicious Spectators, and to them he leaves it to worke, with the rest by example, or otherwise.

Dam. Hee may be deceived in that, *Boy*: Few follow examples now, especially, if they be good.

Boy. The *Play* is ready to begin, *Gentlemen*, I tell you, lest you might defraud the expectation of the people, for whom you are Delegates! Please you take a couple of Seates, and plant your selves, here, as neere my standing as you can: Fly every thing (you see) to the marke, and censure it, freely. So, you interrupt not the *Series*, or thred of the Argument, to breake or pucker it, with unnecessary questions. For, I must tell you, (not out of mine owne *Dictamen*, but the *Authors*,) A good *Play*, is like a skeene of silke: which, if you take by the right end, you may wind off, at pleasure, on the bottome, or card of your discourse, in a tale, or so, how you will: But if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all into a knot, or else-lock; which nothing but the sheers, or a candle will undoe, or separate.

Dam. Stay! who be these, I pray you?

Boy. Because it is your first question, and (these be the prime persons) it would in civility require an answer: but I have heard the Poët affirme, that to be the most unlucky *Scene* in a *Play*, which needs an Interpreter; especially, when the *Auditory* are awake: and such are you, hee presumes: *Ergo*.

THE
MAGNETICK
LADY:

OR,
HUMORS
RECONCILD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Compassse, Ironside.

C*om.* Welcome good Captaine *Ironside*, and brother,
You shall along with me. I'm lodg'd hard by,
Here at a noble Ladies house i'th' street;
The Lady *Loadstones* (one will bid us welcome)
Where there are Gentlewomen, and male Guests;
Of severall humors, carriage, constitution,
Profession too: but so diametrall
One to another, and so much oppos'd,
As if I can but hold them all together,
And draw 'hem to a sufferance of themselves,
But till the Dissolution of the Dinner;
I shall have just occasion to beleeve
My wit is magisteriall; and our selves
Take infinite delight, i'the successe.

Iro. Troth, brother *Compassse*, you shall pardon me;
I love not so to multiply acquaintance
At a meales cost, 'twill take off o' my freedome
So much: or bind me to the least observance.

Com. Why *Ironside*, you know I am a Scholler,
And parta Souldier; I have beene employed,
By some the greatest States-men o' the kingdome,
These many yeares: and in my time convers'd
With sundry humors, suiting to my selfe
To company, as honest men, and knaves,
Good-fellowes, Hypocrites, all sorts of people,
Though never so divided in themselves,
Have studied to agree still in the usage,
And handling of me (which hath beene faire too.)

Iro. Sir I confesse you to be one well read
In men, and manners; and that, usually,

The Magnetick Lady.

The most ungovern'd persons, you being present,
 Rather subject themselves unto your censure,
 Then give you least occasion of distaste,
 By making you the subject of their mirth:
 But (to deale plainly with you, as a brother)
 When ever I distrust my owne valour:
 Ile never beare me on anothers wit,
 Or offer to bring off, or save my selfe
 On the opinion of your Iudgement, gravitie,
 Discretion, or what else. But (being away)
 You're sure to have lesse-wit-worke, gentle brother,
 My humour being as stubborne, as he test,
 And as unmanageable. *Com.* You doe mistake
 My Caract of your friendship, all this while!
 Or at what rate I reckon your assistance
 Knowing by long experience, to such Animals,
 Halfe-hearted Creatures, as these are, your Foxe, there;
 Vnkenneld with a Cholerick, ghastly aspect,
 Or two or three comminatory Termes,
 Would run their feares to any hole of shelter,
 Worth a dayes laughter! I am for the sport:
 For nothing else. *Iro.* But, brother, I ha' seene
 A Coward, meeting with a man as valiant
 As our St. George (not knowing him to be such,
 Or having least opinion that he was so)
 Set to him roundly, I, and swindge him soundly:
 And i'the vertue of that error, having
 Once overcome, resolv'd for ever after
 To erre, and thinke no person, nor no creature
 More valiant then himselfe. *Com.* I thinke that too!
 But, Brother, (could I over intreat you)
 I have some little plot upon the rest
 If you would be contented, to endure
 A sliding reprehension, at my hands,
 To heare your selfe, or your profession glanc'd at
 In a few sleighting termes: It would beget
 Me such a maine Authority, o'the by:
 And doe your selfe no dis-repute at all!
Iro. *Compasse*, I know that universall causes
 In nature produce nothing; but as meeting
 Particular causes, to determine those,
 And specific their acts. This is a peece
 Of Oxford Science, staies with me ere since
 I left that place; and I have often found
 The truth thereof, in my private passions:
 For I doe never feele my selfe perturb'd
 With any generall words 'gainst my profession,
 Vnlesse by some smart stroke upon my selfe
 They doe awake, and stirre me: Else, to wife
 And well experienc'd men, words doe but signifie;

The Magnetick Lady.

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They have no power; save with dull Grammarians;
Whose soules are nought, but a *Syntaxis* of them.

Com. Here comes our *Parson*, *Parson Palate* here
A venerable youth! I must salute him,
And a great Clerke! hee's going to the Ladies,
And though you see him thus, without his Cope,
I dare assure you, hee's our Parish Pope!
God save my reverend Clergy, *Parson Palate*.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Palate, Compasse, Ironside.

Pal. The witty Mr. *Compasse*! how is't, with you?

Com. My Lady staies for you, and for your Councell,
Touching her Neice Mrs. *Placentia Steele*!
Who strikes the fire of full fourteene, to day,
Ripe for a husband. *Pal.* I, shee chimes, shee chimes,
Saw you the Doctor *Rut*, the house Physician?
He's sent for too. *Com.* To Councell? 'time yo' were there.
Make haste, and give it a round quick dispatch:
That wee may goe to dinner betimes, *Parson*!
And drinke a health, or two more, to the busines.

Iro. This is a strange put-off! a reverend youth,
You use him most surreverently me thinkes!
What? call you him? *Palate Please?* or *Parson Palate*?

Com. All's one, but shorter! I can gi' you his Character.
Hee, is the Prelate of the Parish, here;
And governes all the Dames; appoints the cheere;
Writes downe the bills of fare; pricks all the Guests;
Makes all the matches and the marriage feasts
Within the ward; draws all the parish wils;
Designes the Legacies; and strokes the Gills
Of the chiefe Mourners; And (who ever lacks)
Of all the kindred, hee hath first his blacks.
Thus holds hee weddings up, and burials,
As his maine tithing; with the Gossips stals,
Their pewes; He's top still, at the publique messe;
Comforts the widow, and the fatherlesse;
In funerall Sack! Sits 'bove the Alderman!
For of the Ward-mote *Quest*, he better can,
The mysterie, then the Levittick Law;
That peece of Clark-ship doth his Vestry awe.
Hee is as he conceives himselfe, a fine
Well furnish'd, and apparaid Divine.

Iro. Who made this EPIGRAMME, you? *Com.* No, a great Clarke
As any's of his bulke: (*Ben. Jonson*) made it.

Iro. But what's the other Character, DOCTOR *Rut*?

Com. The same man made 'hem both: but his is shorter,
And not in rime, but blanks. He tell you that, too.

Rut is a young Physician to the family:

That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
More then her share; licentious in discourse,
And in his life a profest Voluptary;
The slave of money, a Buffon in manners;
Obscene in language; which he vents for wit;
Is sawcy in his Logicks, and disputing,
Is any thing but civill, or a man.

See here they are! and walking with my Lady,
In consultation, afore the doore;
Wee will slip in, as if we saw 'hem not.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Lady, Palate, Rut.

Lad. I, tis his fault, she's not bestow'd,
My brother *Interests*. *Pal.* Who, old Sir *Mouth*?

Lad. Hee keeps off all her Suitors, keeps the portion,
Still in his hands: and will not part with all,
On any termes. *Pal.* *Hinc illa lachryma*;
Thence flowes the cause o' the maine grievance. *Rut.* That
It is a maine one! how much is the portion?

Lad. No petty summe. *Pal.* But sixteene thousand pound.

Rut. He should be forc'd, Madam, to lay it downe.

When is it payable? *Lad.* When she is married.

Pal. Marry her, marry her, Madam. *Rut.* Get her married.

Loose not a day, an houre—*Pal.* Not a minute.

Pursue your project reall. *Mr. Compasse*,
Advis'd you, too. He is the perfect Instrument,
Your Ladiship should faile by. *Rut.* Now, *Mr. Compasse*
Is a fine witty man; I saw him goe in, now.

Lad. Is hee gone in? *Pal.* Yes, and a Fether with him,
He seemes a Souldier. *Rut.* Some new Sutor, Madam.

Lad. I am beholden to him: hee brings ever
Variety of good persons to my table,
And I must thanke him, though my brother *Interest*
Dislike of it a little. *Pal.* Hee likes nothing
That runs your way. *Rut.* Troth, and the other cares not.
Hee'll goe his owne way, if he thinke it right.

Lad. Hee's a true friend! and ther's *Mr. Practise*,
The fine young man of Law comes to the house;
My brother brooks him not, because he thinks
He is by me assigned for my Neice:
Hee will not heare of it. *Rut.* Not of that care:
But yet your Ladiship doth wisely init—

Pal.

Pal. 'Twill make him to lay downe the portion sooner;
If he but dreame you'l match her with a Lawyer.

Lad. So Mr. *Compasse* sayes: It is betweene
The Lawyer, and the Courtier, which shall have her.

Bal. Who, Sir *Diaphanous Silke-worme*? *Rut.* A fine Gentle-man.

Old Mr. *Silke-wormes* Heire. *Pal.* And a neat Courtier,

Of a most elegant thred *Lad.* And so my Gossip

Polish assures me. Here she comes! good *Polish*

Welcome in troth! How do'st thou gentle *Polish*?

Rut. Who's this? *Pal.* Dame *Polish*, her shee-Parasite,
Her talking, soothing, sometime governing Gossip.

ACT. I. SCENE IV.

Polish, Lady, Palate, Rut.

Pal. Your Ladiship is still the Lady *Loadstone*
That drawes, and drawes unto you, Guests of all sorts:
The Courtiers, and the Souldiers, and the Schollers,
The Travellers, Physicians, and Divines;
As Doctor *Ridley* writ, and Doctor *Barlow*?
They both have wrote of you, and Mr. *Compasse*.

Lad. Wee meane, they shall write more, ere it be long.

Pol. Alas, they are both dead, and 't please you; But,
Your Ladiship meanes well, and shall meane well,
So long as I live. How does your fine Neice?
My charge, Mistris *Placentia Steele*?

Lad. Shee is not well. *Pol.* Not well? *Lad.* Her Doctor sayes so.

Rut. Not very well; shee cannot shoot at Butts.
Or manage a great Horse, but shee can cranch
A sack of small coale! eat you lime, and haire,
Soap-ashes, Loame, and has a dainty spice
O' the greene sicknesse! *Pol.* 'Od sheild! *Rut.* Or the Drop sic!
A toy, a thing of nothing. But my Lady, here
Her noble Aunt. *Pol.* Shee is a noble Aunt!
And a right worshipfull Lady, and a vertuous;
I know it well! *Rut.* Well, if you know it, peace.

Pal. Good sister *Polish* heare your betters speake.

Pol. Sir I will speake, with my good Ladies leave,
And speake, and speake againe; I did bring up
My Ladies Neice, Mrs. *Placentia Steele*,
With my owne Daughter (who's *Placentia* too)
And waits upon my Lady, is her woman:
Her Ladiship well knowes Mr. *Placentia*
Steele (as I said) her curious Neice, was left
A Legacie to me, by Father, and Mother
With the Nurse, *Keepe*, that tended her: her Mother
Shee died in Child-bed of her, and her Father
Liv'd not long after: for he lov'd her Mother!

They were a godly couple! yet both di'd,
(As wee must all.) No creature is immortall;
I have heard our Pastor say: no, not the faithfull!
And they did die (as I said) both in one moneth.

Rut. Sure shee is not long liv'd, if she spend breath thus.

Pol. And did bequeath her, to my care, and hand,
To polish, and bring up. I moulded her,
And fashion'd her, and form'd her; she had the sweat
Both of my browes and braines. My Lady knowes it
Since she could write a quarter old. *Ead.* I know not
That she could write so early, my good Gossip.
But I doe know she was so long your care,
Till she was twelve yeare old; that I call'd for her,
And tooke her home, for which I thanke you *Polish*,
And am beholden to you. *Rut.* I sure thought
She had a Lease of talking, for nine lives—

Pal. It may be she has. *Pol.* Sir sixteene thousand pound
Was then her portion! for she was, indeed,
Their only child! and this was to be paid
Vpon her marriage, so she married still
With my good Ladies liking here, her Aunt:
(I heard the Will read) Mr. *Steele* her father,
The world condemn'd him to be very rich,
And very hard, and he did stand condemn'd
With that vaine world, till, as 'twas prov'd, after,
He left almost as much more to good uses
In Sir *Moath Interests* hands, my Ladies brother,
Whose sister he had married: He holds all
In his close gripe. But Mr. *Steele*, was liberall,
And a fine man; and she a dainty Dame,
And a religious, and a bountifull—

ACT I. SCENE V.

To them.

Compassse, Ironside.

You knew her Mr. *Compassse*? *Com.* Spare the torture,
I doe confesse without it. *Pol.* And her husband,
What a fine couple they were? and how they liv'd? *Com.* Yes.

Pol. And lov'd together, like a paire of Turtles? *Com.* Yes.

Pol. And feasted all the Neighbours? *Com.* Take her off
Some body that hath mercy. *Rut.* O he knowes her,
It seemes! *Com.* Or any measure of compassion:
Doctors, if you be Christians, undertake
One for the soule, the other for the body!

Pol. She would dispute with the Doctors of Divinity
At her owne table! and the Spittle Preachers!
And find out the *Armenians*. *Rut.* The *Armenians*?

Pol.

Pol. I say the Armenians. *Com.* Nay, I say so too!

Pol. So Mr. Polish call'd 'hem, the Armenians!

Com. And Medes, and Persians, did he not? *Pol.* Yes, he knew 'hem;
And so did Mistris Steele! she was his Pupill
The Armenians, he would say, were worse then Papists!
And then the Persians, were our Puritanes,
Had the fine piercing wits! *Com.* And who, the Medes?

Pol. The midle men, the Luke-warme Protestants!

Rut. Out, out. *Pol.* Sir she would find them by their branching
Their branching sleeves, brancht cassocks, and brancht doctrine,
Beside their Texts. *Rut.* Stint Karlin: Ile not heare,
Confute her Parson. *Pol.* I respect no Persons,
Chaplins, or Doctors, I will speake. *Lad.* Yes, so't be reason;
Let her. *Rut.* Death, she cannot speake reason.

Com. Nor sense, if we be Masters of our senses!

Iro. What mad woman ha' they got here, to bate?

Pol. Sir I am mad, in truth, and to the purpose,
And cannot but be mad; to heare my Ladies
Dead sister sleighted, witty Mrs. Steele!

Iro. If shee had a wit, Death has gone neere to spoile it,
Assure your selfe. *Pol.* She was both witty, and zealous;
And lighted all the Tinder o' the truth,
(As one said) of Religion, in our Parish:
Shee was too learn'd to live long with us!
She could the Bible in the holy tongue;
And reade it without pricks: had all her Masoreth;
Knew Burton, and his Bull, and scribe Prin-Gent;
Prasto-be-gon: and all the Pharisees. *Lad.* Deare Gossip!

Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouchsafe
To see your charge, my Neice. *Pol.* I shall obey
If your wife Ladiship thinke fit: I know,
To yeild to my Superiors. *Lad.* A good woman!
But when she is impertinent, growes earnest,
A litle troublesome, and out of season:
Her love, and zeale transport her. *Com.* I am glad,
That any thing could port her hente. Wee now
Have hope of dinner, after her long grace.
I have brought your Ladiship a hungry Guest, here,
A Souldier, and my brother Captaine Ironside;
Who being by custome growne a Sanguinarie,
The solemne, and adopted sonne of slaughter:
Is more delighted i' the chase of an enemy,
An execution of three daies, and nights,
Then all the hope of numerous succession,
Or happinesse of Issue could bring to him.

Rut. Hee is no Sutor then? *Pol.* So't should seeme.

Com. And, if hee can get pardon at heavens hand,
For all his murders, is in as good case
As a new christned Infant: (his employments
Continu'd to him, without Interruption,

And

And not allowing him, or time, or place
To commit any other sinne, but those)
Please you to make him welcome for a meale, Madam.

Lad. The noblenesse of his profession makes
His welcome perfect: though your course description
Would seeme to sully it. *Iro.* Never, where a beame
Of so much favour doth illustrate it,
Right knowing Lady. *Pal.* She hath cur'd all well.

Rut. And hee hath fitted well the Complement.

Act I. SCENE VI.

Sir Diaphanous. Practise.

Com. No; here they come! the prime *Magnetick Guests*
Our Lady *Loadstone* so respects the Artick!
And th' *Antartick*! *Sir Diaphanous Silke-worme*!
A Courtier extraordinary; who by diet
Of meates, and drinckes; his temperate exercise,
Choise musick, frequent bathes, his horary shifts
Of Shirts and Waist-coats; meanes to immortalize
Mortality it selfe; and makes the essence
Of his whole happinesse the trim of Court.

Dia. I thank you Mr. *Compass*, for your short
Encomiastick. *Rut.* It is much in little, Sir.

Pal. Concise, and quick: the true stile of an Orator.

Com. But Mr. *Practise* here, my Ladies Lawyer!

Or man of Law: (for that's the true writing)

A man so dedicate to his profession,

And the preferments goe along with it;

As scarce the thundring bruit of an invasion;

Another eighty eight, threatening his Countrey

With ruine; would no more worke upon him,

Then *Syracusa's* Sack, on *Archimede*:

So much he loves that Night-cap! the Bench-gowne!

With the broad Guard o'th back! These shew

A man betroth'd unto the study of our Lawes!

Pra. Which you but thinke the crafty impositions;

Of subtile Clerks, feats of fine understanding,

To abuse Clots, and Clownes with, Mr. *Compass*,

Having no ground in nature, to sustaine it

Or light, from those cleare causes: to the inquiry

And search of which, your Mathematicall head

Hath so devow'd it selfe. *Com.* Tut, all men are

Philosophers, to their inches. There's within,

Sir *Interest*, as able a Philosopher,

In buying, and selling! has reduc'd his thrifte,

To certaine principles, and i' that method!

As hee will tell you instantly, by *Logarithmes*,

The utmost profit of a stock employed;
(Be the Commodities what it will) the place,
Or time, but causing very, very little.
Or, I may say, no paralaxe at all,
In his pecuniary observations!
He has brought your Neices portion with him, Madam;
At least the man that must receive it. Here
They come negotiating the affairs;
You may perceive the Contract in their faces,
And read th' indenture: If you'd signe 'em. So.

Act I. Scene VII.

Interest. Bias.

Pal. What is he, Mr. Compass? Com. A Vi-politique:
Ora sub-aiding Instrument of State;
A kind of a laborious Secretary,
To a great man! (and likely to come on)
Full of attendance! and of such a stride
In busines politique, or oeconomick,
As, well, his Lord may stoop to advise with him,
And be prescribed by him, in affairs
Of highest consequence, when hee is dull'd,
Or wearied with the lesse. Dia. 'Tis Mr. Bias,
Lord Whackum's Politique. Com. You know the man!

Dia. I ha' seene him waite at Court, there, with his Maniples
Of papers, and petitions. Pra. Hee is one
That over-rules tho', by his authority
Of living there; and cares for no man else:
Neglects the sacred letter of the Law;
And holds it all to be but a dead heape;
Of civill institutions: the rest only
Of common men, and their causes, a sadragoe,
Or a made dish in Court; a thing of nothing:
Com. And that's your quarrell at him? a just plea.

Int. I tell you sister Leadstone Com. (Hang your cares
This way: and heare his praises, now Mouth opens)

Int. I ha' brought you here the very man! the Jewell
Of all the Court! close Mr. Bias! Sister,
Apply him to your side! or you may weare him
Here o' your brest! or hang him in your care!
He's a fit Pendant for a Ladies tip!

A Chrisolite, a Gemme: the very Agat
Of State, and Politic: cut from the Quar
Of Macchiavel, a true Cornelian,
As Tacitus himselfe, and to be made
The brooch to any true State cap in Europe!
Lad. You praise him brother, as you had hope to sell him.

Com. No Madam, as hee had hope to sell your Neice
Vnto him. *Lad.* Ware your true jests, Mr. *Compassse*;
They will not relish. *Int.* I will tell you, sister,
I cannot cry his Carraet up enough:
He is unvaluable: All the Lords
Have him in that esteeme, for his relations,
Corrant's, Avises, Correspondences,
With this Ambassadour, and that Agent! Hee
Will screw you out a Secret from a Statist—

Com. So easie, as some Cobler wormes a Dog.

Int. And lock it in the Cabinet of his memory—

Com. Till't turne a politique insect, or a Fly!

Thus long. *Int.* You may be merry Mr. *Compassse*,
But though you have the reversion of an office,
You are not in't Sir. *Bia.* Remember that.

Com. Why, should that fright me, Mr. *Bia*—, from telling
Whose as you are? *Int.* Sir he's one, can doe
His turnes there: and deliver too his letters,
As punctually, and in as good a fashion,
As ere a Secretary can in Court.

Iro. Why, is it any matter in what fashion
A man deliver his letters, so he not open 'hem?

Bia. Yes, we have certaine precedents in Court;
From which wee never swerve, once in an age:
And (whatsoere he thinks) I know the Arts,
And Sciences doe not directly make
A Graduate in our Vniversities;
Then an habituall gravitie prefers

A man in Court. *Com.* Which by the truer stile,
Some call a formall, flat servility.

Bia. Sir you may call it what you please. But wee
(That tread the path of publike businesse)
Know what a tacit shrug is, or a shrink;
The wearing the Callott, the politique hood:
And twenty other *parerga*, o'the by,
You Seculars understand not: I shall trick him,
If his reversion came, i' my Lords way.

Dia. What is that Mr. *Pradise*? you sure know?
Mas' *Compassse* reversion? *Pro.* A fine place
(Surveyor of the Projects generally)

I would I had it. *Pal.* What is't worth? *Pro.* O Sir,
A *Nemo scit*. *Lad.* Wee'l thinke on't afore dinner.

Chorus.

Boy. Now, Gentlemen, what censure you of our *Proasts*, or first *Act*?
Pro. Well, Boy, it is a faire Presentment of your *Affairs*. And a
handsome promise of somewhat to come hereafter.

Dum.

Dam. But, there is nothing done in it, nor concluded: Therefore I say, no Act.

Boy. A fine piece of Logick! Doe you look, Mr. *Damplay*, for conclusions in a *Protesis*? I thought the Law of *Comedy* had reserved to the *Catastrophe*: and that the *Epitasis*, (as wee are taught) and the *Cathasis*, had beene intervening parts, to have beene expected. But you would have all come together it seemes: The Clock should strike five, at once, with the Acts.

Dam. Why, if it could doe so, it were well, *Boy*.

Boy. Yes, if the nature of a Clock were to speake, not strike. So, if a Child could be borne, in a *Play*, and grow up to a man, i the first Scene, before hee went off the Stage: and then after to come forth a Squire, and bee made a Knight: and that Knight to travell betwene the Acts, and doe wonders i the holy land or else where; kill *Payms* wild Boores, dun Cowes, and other Monsters; beget him a reputation, and marry an Emperours Daughter for his *Mrs.* Convert her Fathers Countrey; and at last come home, lame and all to be laden with miracles.

Dam. These miracles would please, I assure you: and take the People! For there be of the People, that will expect miracles, and more then miracles from this Pen.

Boy. Doe they thinke this Pen can juggle? I would we had *Hokospokos* for 'hem then, your People, or *Travittanto Tudesko*.

Dam. Who's that *Boy*?

Boy. Another Juggler, with a long name. Or that your expectors would be gone hence, now, at the first Act; or expect no more hereafter, then they understand.

Dam. Why so my petchpitory Jack?

Boy. My name is *John*, indeed — Because, who expect what is impossible, or beyond nature, defraud themselves.

Pro. Nay, there the *Boy* said well: They doe defraud themselves indeed.

Boy. And therefore, Mr. *Damplay*, unlesse like a solemne Justice of wit, you will damne our *Play*, unheard, or unexamined, I shall intreat your *Mrs.* *Madam Expectation*, if shee be among these Ladies, to have patience, but a pissing while: give our Springs leave to open a little, by degrees: A Source of ridiculous matter may breake forth anon, that shall steepe their temples, and bathe their braines in laughter, to the fomenting of Stupiditie it selfe, and the awaking any velvet lethargy in the House.

Pro. Why doe you maintaine your Poets quarrell so with velvet, and good clothes, *Boy*? wee have seene him in indifferent good clothes, ere now.

Boy. And may doe in better, if it please the King (his Master) to say Amen to it, and allow it, to whom hee acknowledgeth all: But his clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though, hee will have somewhat beside, either of humane letters, or severe honesty, shall speak him a man though he went naked.

Pro. Hee is beholden to you, if you can make this good, *Boy*.

Boy. Himselfe hath done that, already, against Envy.

Dam. What's your name Sir: or your Countrey?

Boy. *John Try-gull* my name: A *Cornish* youth, and the Poets Servant.

Dan. West-countrey breed, I thought, you were so bold!

Boy. Or rather sawcy: to find out your palate, Mr. *Damplay*, Faith wedoe call a Spade, a Spade, in *Cornwall*. If you dare damne our Play, i' the wrong place, we shall take heart to tell you so.

Pro. Good Boy.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Keepe. Placentia. Pleasance.

Kee. Sweet Mistris, pray you be merry: you are sure

To have a husband now. *Pla.* I, if the store

Hurt not the choise. *Ple.* Store is no fore, young Mistris,

My mother is wont to say. *Keep.* And shee'l say wisely,

As any mouth i' the Parish. Fixe on one,

Fixe upon one good Mistris. *Pla.* At this call, too,

Here's Mr. *Practise*, who is call'd to the Bench

Of purpose. *Kee.* Yes, and by my Ladies meanes—

Ple. 'Tis thought to be the man. *Kee.* A Lawyers wife.

Ple. And a fine Lawyers wife. *Kee.* Is a brave calling.

Ple. Sweet Mistris *Practise*! *Kee.* Gentle Mistris *Practise*!

Ple. Faire, open Mistris *Practise*! *Kee.* I, and close,

And cunning Mrs. *Practise*! *Pla.* I not like that,

The Courtiers is the neater calling. *Ple.* Yes,

My Lady *Silke-worme*. *Kee.* And to shine in Plush.

Ple. Like a young night Crow, a *Diaphanous Silke-worme*.

Kee. Lady *Diaphanous* sounds most delicate!

Ple. Which would you choise, now Mistris? *Pla.* Cannot tell,

The copie does confound one. *Ple.* Here's my Mother.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Polisb. Keepe. Placentia. Pleasance. Needle.

Pol. How now, my dainty charge, and diligent Nurse?

What were you chanting on? (* God bleffe you Maiden,) * To her daugh-

Kee. Wee were enchanting all, wishing a husband

For my young Mistris here. A man to please her.

Pol. Shee shall have a man, good Nurse, and must have a man;

A man, and a halfe, if wee can choose him out:

We are all in Counsell within, and sit about it:

The Doctors, and the Schollers, and my Lady;

Who's wiser then all us—. Where's Mr. *Needle*?

Her Ladiship so lacks him to prick out

The man? How does my sweet young Mistris?

You looke not well, me thinks! how doe you, deare charge?

You must have a husband, and you shall have a husband;

There's

The Magnetick Lady.

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There's two put out to making for you: A third,
Your Vncle promises: But you must still
Berul'd by your Aunt: according to the will
Of your dead father, and mother (who are in heaven.)
Your Lady- Aunt has choise f the house for you:
Wee doe not trust your Vncle, hee would keepe you
A Batchler still, by keeping of your portion:
And keepe you not alone without a husband,
But in a sicknesse: I, and the greene sicknesse,
The Maidens malady, which is a sicknesse:
A kind of a disease, I can assure you,
And like the Fish our Mariners call *remora* —

Kee. A *remora* Mistris! *Pol.* How now goody Nurse?
Dame *Keepe* of *Katernes*? what have you an oare
I the Cockboat, 'cause you are a Saylor's wife:
And come from *Shadwell*? I say a *remora*:
For it will stay a Ship, that's under Saile!
And staies are long, and tedious things to Maids!
And maidens are young ships, that would be sailing,
When they be rigg'd: wherefore is all their trim else?

Nee. True; and for them to be staid — *Pol.* The stay is dangerous:
You know it Mrs. *Needle*. *Nee.* I know somewhat:
And can assure you, from the Doctors mouth,
Shee has a Drop sic, and must change the ayre,
Before she can recover. *Pol.* Say you so, Sir?

Nee. The Doctor saies so. *Pol.* Sayes his worship so?
I warrant 'hem he sayes true, then, they sometimes
Are Sooth-sayers, and alwayes cunning men.
Which Doctor was it? *Nee.* Beene my Ladies Doctor:
The neat house-Doctor: But a true stone-Doctor.

Pol. Why? heare you, Nurse? How comes this geare to passe?
This is your fault in truth: It shall be your fault,
And must be your fault: why is your Mistris sicke?
Shee had her health, the while shee was with me.

Kee. Alas good Mistris *Polish*, I am no Saint,
Much lesse, my Lady, to be urg'd give health,
Or sicknesse at my will: but to awaite
The starres good pleasure, and to doe my duty.

Pol. You must doe more then your dutie, foolish Nurse:
You must doe all you can, and more then you can,
More then is possible: when folkes are sick,
Especially, a Mistris, a young Mistris.

Kee. Here's Mr. Doctor himselfe, cannot doe that

Pol. Doctor *Doe* all can doe it. Thence he's call'd so.

Act

The Magnetic Lady.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Rut. Polish. Lady. Keepe. Placentia.

Rut. Whence? what's hee call'd? *Pol.* Doctor, doe all you can, I pray you, and beseech you, for my charge, here.

Lad. She's my tendring Gossip, loves my Neice.

Pol. I know you can doe all things, what you please, Sir, For a young Damsel, my good Ladies Neice, here! You can doe what you list. *Rut.* Peace Tiffany.

Pol. Especially in this new case, o' the Drop sic. The Gentlewoman (I doe feare) is leuen'd.

Rut. Leuen'd? what's that? *Pol.* Puff, blowne, and't please your worship.

Rut. What! Darke, by darker? What is blowne? puff'd? speake English—*Pol.* Tainted (and't please you) some doe call it.

She swells, and swells so with it—*Rut.* Give her vent, If shee doe swell. A Gimblet must be had:

It is a *Tympanites* shee is troubled with;

There are three kinds: The first is *And-sarca*

Under the Flesh, a Tumor: that's not hers.

The second is *Ascites*, or *Aquasus*,

A watry humour: that's not hers neither.

But *Tympanites* (which we call the Drum)

A wind bombes in her belly, must be unbrac'd,

And with a Faucet, or a Peg, let out,

And she'll doe well: get her a husband. *Pol.* Yes,

I say so Mr. Doctor, and betimes too. *Lad.* As

Soone as wee can: let her beare up to day,

Laugh, and keepe company, at Gleeke, or Crimpe.

Pol. Your Ladiship sayes right, Crimpe, sure, will cure her.

Rut. Yes, and Gleeke too, peace Gossip Tittle-Tattle,

Shee must to morrow, downe into the Countrey,

Some twenty mile; A Coach, and six brave Horses:

Take the fresh aire, a month there, or five weekes:

And then returne a Bride, up to the Towne,

For any husband i' the Hemisphere,

To chuck at; when she has dropt her *Timpanie*.

Pol. Must she then drop it? *Rut.* Thence, 'tis call'd a Drop sic.

The *Timpanites* is one spice of it,

A toy, a thing of nothing, a meere vapour:

He blow't away. *Lad.* Needle, get you the Coach

Ready, against to morrow morning. *Mr.* Yes Madam.

Lad. He downe with her my selfe, and thanke the Doctor.

Pol. Wee all shall thanke him. But, deare Madam, thinke,

Resolve upon a man, this day. *Lad.* I ha' done't.

To tell you true, (sweet Gossip,) here is none

But Master Doctor, hee shall be o' the Counsell:

The man I have design'd her to, indeed,

Is Master *Practise*: he's a neat young man,

Forward, and growing up, in a profession!
Like to be some body, if the Hall stand!
And Pleading hold! A prime young Lawyers wife;
Is a right happy fortune. *Rut.* And shee bringing
So plentiful a portion, they may live
Like King, and Queene, at common Law together!
Sway Judges, guide the Courts, command the Clarkes;
And fright the Evidence, rule at their pleasures,
Like petty Sovereignes in all cases. *Pol.* O, that
Will be a worke of time; shee may be old
Before her husband rise to a chiefe Judge;
And all her flower be gone: No, no, a Lady
O' the first head I'd have her, and in Court;
The Lady *Silk-worme*, a *Diaphanous* Lady:
And be a Vi-countesse to carry all
Before her (as wee say) her Gentleman-usher;
And cast off Pages, bare, to bid her Aunt
Welcome unto her honour, at her lodgings.

Rut. You say well, Ladies Gossip; if my Lady
Could admit that, to have her Neice precede her.

Lad. For that, I must consult mine owne Ambition;
My zealous Gossip. *Pol.* O, you shall precede her:
You shall be a Countesse! Sir *Diaphanous*,
Shall get you made a Countesse! Here he comes;
Has my voice certaine: O fine Courtier!
O blessed man! the bravery prickt out,
To make my dainty charge, a Vi-countesse!
And my good Lady, her Aunt, Countesse at large!

ACT II. SCENE III.

To them.

Diaphanous. Palate.

Dia. I tell thee *Parson*, if I get her, reckon
Thou hast a friend in Court; and shalt command
A thousand pound, to goe on any errand,
For any Church preferment thou hast a mind too.

Pal. I thanke your worship: I will so worke for you;
As you shall study all the wayes to thanke me:
He worke my Lady, and my Ladies friends;
Her Gossip, and this Doctor, and Squire *Needle*,
And Mr. *Compasse*, who is all in all:
The very Fly shee moves by: Hee is one
That went to Sea with her husband, Sir *John Loadstone*,
And brought home the rich prizes: all that wealth
Is left her, for which service she respects him:
A dainty Scholler in the Mathematicks,
And one shee wholly employes. Now *Dominus Practise*
Is yet the man (appointed by her Ladiship)

But

But there's a trick to set his cap awry:
 If I know any thing; hee hath confest
 To me in private, that hee loves another,
 My Ladies woman, Mrs. *Plaisance*: therefore
 Secure you of Rivalship. *Dia.* I thank thee
 My noble *Parson*: There's five hundred pound
 Waites on thee more for that. *Pal.* Accost the Neice:
 Yonder shee walks alone: Ile move the Aunt:
 But here's the Gossip: shee expects a morsell,
 Ha' you nere a Ring, or toy to throw away?

Dia. Yes, here's a Diamont of some threescore pound,
 I pray you give her that. *Pal.* If shee will take it.

Dia. And there's an Emerald, for the Doctor too:

Thou *Parson*, thou shalt coine me: I am thine.

Pal. Here Mr. *Compassse* comes: Doe you see my Lady?

And all the rest? how they doe flutter about him!

Hee is the Oracle of the house, and family!

Now, is your time: goe nick it with the Neice:

I will walke by; and hearken how the Chimes goe.

Act II. SCENE V.

Compassse.

To them.

Com. Nay *Parson*, stand not off, you may approach;
 This is no such hid point of State, wee handle,
 But you may heare it: for wee are all of Councell.
 The gentle Mr. *Prattise*, hath deat clearly,
 And nobly with you, Madam. *Lad.* Ha' you talk'd with him?
 And made the overture? *Com.* Yes, first I mov'd
 The busines trusted to me, by your Ladyship,
 I' your owne words, almost your very Sillabes:
 Save where my Memory trespass'd gainst their elegance:
 For which I hope your pardon. Then I enlarg'd
 In my owne homely stile, the speciall goodnesse,
 And greatnesse, of your bounty, in your choice,
 And free conferring of a benefit,
 So without ends, conditions, any tye
 But his meere vertue, and the value of it,
 To call him to your kindred; to your veines,
 Inset him in your family, and to make him
 A Nephew, by the offer of a Neice,
 With such a portion; which when hee had heard,
 And most maturely acknowledg'd (as his calling
 Tends all unto maturity) he return'd
 A thanks, as ample as the Curtesie,
 (In my opinion) said it was a Grace,
 Too great to be rejected, or accepted
 By him! But as the termination with his fortune,
 Hee was not to prevaricate, with your Ladyship,

But rather to require ingenious leave,
He might with the same love, that it was offer'd
Refuse it, since he could not with his honesty,
(Being he was ingag'd before) receive it.

Pal. The same he said to me. *Com.* And name the party.

Pal. He did, and he did not. *Com.* Come, leave your Schemes;
And fine *Amphibolies*, *Parson*. *Pal.* You'll heare more.

Pol. Why, now your Ladiship is free to choose,
The Courtier Sir *Diaphanous*: he shall doe it,
Ile move it to him my selfe. *Lad.* What will you move to him?

Pol. The making you a Countesse. *Lad.* Stint, fond woman.

Know you the partie Mr. *Practise* meanes? To *Compass*.

Com. No, but your *Parson* sayes he knowes, Madam.

Lad. I feare he fables; *Parson* doe you know
Where Mr. *Practise* is ingag'd? *Pal.* Ile tell you!
But under seale, her Mother must not know:
'T is with your Ladiships woman, Mrs. *Pleasance*.

Com. How! *Lad.* Hee is not mad. *Pal.* O hide the hideous secret
From her, shee'l trouble all else. You doe hold

A Cricket by the wing. *Com.* Did he name *Pleasance*?
Are you sure *Parson*? *Lad.* O 'tis true, your Mrs!
I find where your shooe wrings you, Mr. *Compass*:

But, you'll looke to him there. *Com.* Yes, here's Sir *Moath*,
Your brother, with his *Bier*, and the Partie
Deepe in discourse: 'twill be a bargaine, and sale;
I see by their close working of their heads,
And running them together in Councell.

Lad. Will Mr. *Practise* be of Councell against us?

Com. He is a Lawyer, and must speake for his Fee,
Against his Father, and Mother, all his kindred;
His brothers, or his sisters: no exception
Lies at the Common-Law. He must not aker
Nature for forme, but goe on in his path—
It may be he will be for us. Doe not you
Offer to meddle, let them take their course:
Dispatch, and marry her off to any husband;
Be not you scrupulous; let who can have her:
So he lay downe the portion, though he gueld it:
It will maintaine the suit against him: somewhat
Something in hand is better, then no birds;
He shall at last accompt, for the utmost farthing,
If you can keepe your hand from a discharge.

Pol. Sir, doe but make her worshipfull Aunt a Countesse,
And she is yours: her Aunt has worlds to leave you!
The wealth of six East Indian Fleets at least!
Her Husband, Sir *Iohn Loadstone*, was the Governour
O' the Company, seven yeares. *Dis.* And came there home,
Six Fleets in seven yeares? *Pol.* I cannot tell,
I must attend my Gossip, her good Ladiship.

Pla. And will you make me a Vi-countesse too? For,
How doe they make a Countesse? in a Chaire?
Or 'pon a bed? *Dis.* Both wayes, sweet bird, Ile shew you!

ACT II. SCENE VI.

*Interest. Practise. Bias. Compass. Palate. Env.**Ironside.**To them.*

Int. The truth is, Mr. *Practise*, now wee are sure
That you are off, we dare come on the bolder:
The portion left, was sixteene thousand pound,
I doe confesse it, as a just man should.
And call here Mr. *Compass*, with these Gentlemen,
To the relation: I will still be just.
Now for the profits every way arising,
It was the Donors wisdom, those should pay
Me for my watch, and breaking of my sleepes;
It is no petty charge, you know, that summe;
To keepe a man awake, for fourteene years.

Pra. But (as you knew to use it i' that time)
It would reward your waking. *Int.* That's my industry;
As it might be your reading, studie, and counsell;
And now your pleading, who denies it you?
I have my calling too. Well, Sir, the *Contrast*
Is with this Gentleman, ten thousand pound.
(An ample portion, for a younger brother,
With a soft, tender, delicate rib of mans flesh,
That he may worke like waxe, and print upon.)
He expects no more then that summe to be tenderd,
And hee receive it: Those are the conditions.

Pra. A direct bargaine, and sale in open market.

Int. And what I have furnish'd him with all o' the by,
To appeare, or so: A matter of foure hundred,
To be deduc'd upo' the payment. *Bias.* Right:
You deale like a just man still. *Int.* Draw up this
Good Mr. *Practise*, for us, and be speedy.

Pra. But here's a mighty gaine Sir, you have made
Of this one stock! the principall first doubled,
In the first seven years; and that redoubled
I' the next seven! beside fixe thousand pound,
There's threecore thousand got in fourteene years,
After the usuall rate of ten i' the hundred,
And the ten thousand paid. *Int.* I think it be!

Pra. How will you scape the clamour, and the envie?

Int. Let 'hem exclaime, and envie: what care I
Their murmurs raise no blisters i' my flesh,
My monies are my blood, my parents, kindred;
And he that loves not those, he is unnaturall:
I am perswaded that the love of monie
Is not a vertue, only in a Subject.

But

But might besit a Prince. And (were there need)
I find me able to make good the Assertion.
To any reasonable mans understanding.

And make him to confesse it. *Com.* Gentlemen,
Doctors, and Schollers, yo'll heare this, and looke for
As much true secular wit, and deepe Lay-sense,
As can be showne on such a common place.

Int. First, wee all know the soule of man is infinite
I what it covers. Who desireth knowledge,
Defines it infinitely. Who covets honour,
Covets it infinitely, It will be then
No hard thing, for a coveting man, to prove
Or to confesse, hee aims at infinite wealth.

Com. His soule lying that way. *Int.* Next, every man
Isi'the hope, or possibility
Of a whole world: this present world being nothing,
But the dispersed issue of first one:
And therefore I not see, but a just man
May with just reason, and in office ought
Propound unto himselfe. *Com.* An infinite wealth
He beare the burden: Goe you on Sir Maath.

Int. Thirdly, if wee consider man a member,
But of the body politique, we know,
By just experience, that the Prince hath need
More of one wealthy, then ten fighting men.

Com. There you went out o' the road, a little from us.

Int. And therefore, if the Princes aimes be infinite,
It must be in that, which makes all. *Com.* Infinite wealth.

Int. Fourthly, 'tis naturall to all good subjects,
To set a price on money; more then fooles
Ought on their Mrs. Picture; every piece
Fro' the penny to the twelve pence, being the Hieroglyphick,
And sacred Sculpture of the Sovereigne.

Com. A manifest conclusion, and a safe one.

Int. Fifthly, wealth gives a man the leading voice,
At all conventions; and displaceth worth,
With generall allowance to all parties:
It makes a trade to take the wall of vertue,
And the mere issue of a shop, right Honourable.
Sixtly, it doth inable him that hath it
To the performance of all reall actions,
Referring him to himselfe still: and not binding
His will to any circumstance, without him;
It gives him precise knowledge of himselfe,
For, be he rich, he straight with evidence knowes
Whether he have any compassion,
Or inclination unto vertue, or no;
Where the poore knave erroneously beleeves,
If he were rich, he would build Chutches, or
Doe such mad things. Seventhly, your wise poore men

Have ever been contented to observe
 Rich Fooles, and so to serve their turnes upon them:
 Subjecting all their wit to the others wealth.
 And become Gentlemen Parasites, Squire Bauds,
 To feed their Patrons honorable humors.
 Eightly, 'tis certaine that a man may leave
 His wealth, or to his Children, or his friends;
 His wit hee cannot so dispose, by Legacie,
 As they shall be a Harrington the better for it.

Enter Iron-
 side.

Com. He may intaile a Jest upon his house, though:
 Or leave a tale to his posteritie,
 To be told after him. *Iro.* As you have done here:
 T'invite your friend, and brother to a feast,
 Where all the Guests are so mere heterogene,
 And strangers, no man knowes another, or cares
 If they be Christians, or Mahumetians!
 That here are met. *Com.* Is't any thing to you brother,
 To know Religions more then those you fight for?

Iro. Yes, and with whom I eat. I may dispute,
 And how shall I hold argument with such,
 I neither know their humors, nor their heresies,
 Which are religions now, and so receiv'd:
 Here's no man among these that keeps a servant,
 To inquire his Master of: yet i'the house,
 I heare it buzz'd, there are a brace of Doctors,
 A Foole, and a Physician: with a Countier,
 That feeds on mulberry leaves, like a true *Silene*:
 A Lawyer, and a mighty Money-Baud,
 Sir *Moath*! has brought his politique *Bias* with him:
 A man of a most animadverting humor:
 Who, to indeare himselfe unto his his Lord,
 Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,
 That here are met, are all pernicious spirits,
 And men of pestilent purpose, meanely affected
 Vnto the State wee live in: and beger
 Himselfe a thanks, with the great men o' the time,
 By breeding Jealousies in them of us,
 Shall crosse our fortunes, frustrate our endeavours,
 Twice seven yeares after: And this trick be call'd
 Cutting of throats, with a whispering, or a pen-knife.
 I must cut his throat now: I am bound in honour,
 And by the Law of armes, to see it done,
 I dare to doe it; and I dare professe
 The doing of it: being to such a Raskall,
 Who is the common offence growne of man-kind,
 And worthy to be torne up from society.

Com. You shall not doe it here, Sir. *Iro.* Why? will you
 Intreat your selfe, into a beating for him,
 My courteous brother? If you will, have at you,
 No man deserves it better (now I thinke on't)

Then you: that will keepe consort with such Fiddlers;
Pragmatick Flies, Fooles, Publicanes, and Moathes;
And leave your honest, and adopted brother.

Int. Best raise the house upon him, to secure us;
Hee'll kill us all! *Pal.* I have no blades in belts.

Ros. Nor I. *Bia.* Would I were at my shop againe;
In Court, safe stow'd up, with my politique bundels.

Com. How they are scatter'd! *Iro.* Run away like *Cinnici*,
Into the crannies of a rotten bed-stead.

Com. I told you such a passage would disperse them;
Although the house were their Fee-simple in Law,
And they possess'd of all the blessings in it.

Iro. Pray heaven they be not frighted from their stomachs;
That so my Ladies Table be disfurnish'd
Of the provisions! *Com.* No, the *Parsons* calling
By this time, all the covey againe, together.
Here comes good tydings! Dinners o' the board.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

Compassse. Pleasance.

Com. Stay Mrs. *Pleasance*, I must aske you a question:
Ha' you any suires in Law? *Ple.* I, Mr. *Compassse*?

Com. Answer me briefly, it is dinner time:
They say you have retain'd brisk Mr. *Practise*
Here, of your Councell, and are to be joyn'd

A Parentee with him. *Ple.* In what? who sayes so?

You are dispos'd to jest. *Com.* No, I am in earnest.

It is given out i' the house so, I assure you;

But keepe your right to your selfe, and not acquaint

A common Lawyer with your case. If hee

Once find the gap, a thousand will leape after.

He tell you more anone. *Ple.* This Riddle shewes

A little like a Love-trick, o' one face,

If I could understand it, I will studie it.

Chorus.

Dam. But whom doth your Poet meane now by this— Mr. *Bias*?

what Lords Secretary, doth hee purpose to personate, or perstringe?

Boy. You might as well aske mee, what *Alderman*, or *Aldermans Mate*,
hee meant by Sir *Mouth Interest*? or what eminent Lawyer, by the ridi-
culous Mr. *Practise*? who hath rather his name invented for laughter,
then any offence, or injury it can stick on the reverend Professors of the
Law: And so the wise ones will thinke.

Pro. It is an insidious Question, Brother *Damplay*! Inquiry it selfe
would

would not have urg'd it. It is picking the Lock of the Scene, not opening it the faire way with a Key. A *Play*, though it apparell, and present vices in generall, flies from all particularities in persons. Would you aske of *Plautus*, and *Terence*, (if they both liv'd now) who were *Darius*, or *Pseudolus* in the Scene? who *Pyrgopolinices*, or *Thraso*? who *Euclio* or *Menedemus*?

Boy. Yes, he would: And inquire of *Martius*, or any other *Epigrammatist*, whom he meant by *Titus*, or *Scius* (the common *John a Noke*, or *John à Style*) under whom they note all vices, and errors taxable to the *Times*? As if there could not bee a name for a Folly fitted to the *Stage*, but there must be a person in nature, found out to owne it.

Dam. Why, I can phant'sie a person to my selfe *Boy*, who shall hinder me?

Boy. And, in not publishing him, you doe no man an injury. But if you will utter your owne ill meaning on that person, under the *Authors* words, you make a Libell of his *Comedy*.

Dam. O, hee told us that in a *Prologue*, long since.

Boy. If you doe the same reprehensible ill things, still the same reprehension will serve you, though you heard it afore: They are his owne words. I can invent no better, nor he.

Pro. It is the solemne vice of interpretation, that deforms the figure of many a faire *Scene*, by drawing it awry; and indeed is the civill murder of most good *Plays*: If I see a thing vividly presented on the *Stage*, that the Glasse of custome (which is *Comedy*) is so held up to me, by the Poet, as I can therein view the daily examples of mens lives, and images of Truth, in their manners, so drawne for my delight, or profit, as I may (either way) use them; and will I, rather (then make that true use) hunt out the *Persons* to defame, by my malice of misapplying: and imperill the innocence, and candor of the *Author*, by his calumnie? It is an unjust way of hearing, and beholding *Plays*, this, and most unbecomming a *Gentleman* to appeare malignantly witty in anothers *Work*.

Boy. They are no other but narrow, and shrunk naturcs, shriveld up, poore things, that cannot thinke well of themselves, who dare to detract others. That *Signature* is upon them, and it will last. A halfe-witted *Barbarisme*! which no Barbers art, or his bals, will ever expunge or take out.

Dam. Why, *Boy*? This were a strange Empire, or rather a Tyrannie, you would entitle your Poet to, over Gentlemen, that they should come to heare, and see *Plays*, and say nothing for their money.

Boy. O, yes; say what you will: so it be to purpose, and in place.

Dam. Can anything be out of purpose at a *Play*? I see no reason, if I come here, and give my eightene pence, or two shillings for my Seat, but I should take it out in censure, on the *Stage*.

Boy. Your two shilling worth is allow'd you: but you will take your ten shilling worth, your twenty shilling worth, and more: And teach others (about you) to doe the like, that follow your leading face, as if you were to cry up or downe every *Scene*, by confederacy, be it right or wrong.

Dam. Who should teach us the right, or wrong at a *Play*?

Boy. If your owne science can not doe it, or the love of Modesty, and Truth,

Truth, all other intreaties, or attempts, are vaine. You are fitter Spectators for the Beares, then us, or the Puppets. This is a popular ignorance indeed, somewhat better appareld in you, then the People: but a hard handed, and stiffe ignorance, worthy a Trowel, ora Hammer-man, and not onely fit to be scorn'd, but to be triumph'd ore.

Dam. By whom, *Boy*?

Boy. No particular, but the generall neglect, and silence. Good Master *Damplay*, be your selfe still, without a second: Few here are of your opinion to day, I hope, to morrow, I am sure there will bee none, when they have ruminated this

Pro. Let us mind what you come for, the *lay*, which will draw on to the *Epitasis* now.

ACT III, SCENE I.

Item. Needle. *Keepe.* Pleasance.

Item. **V**Here's Mr. Doctor? *Nee.* O Mr. *Tim* *Item.*
His learned Potheccary! you are welcome:

He is within at dinner. *Is.* Dinner! Death!

That hee will eat now, having such a business.

That so concernes him! *Nee.* Why, can any business

Concerne a man like his meat? *Is.* O twenty millions,

To a Physician, that's in practice! I

Doe bring him newes, from all the points o' the Compasse,

(That's all the parts of the sublanary Globe.)

Of times, and double times. *Nee.* In, in, sweet *Item*,

And furnish forth the Table with your newes:

Deserve your dinner: Sow out your whole bag full:

The Guests will heare it. *Is.* I heard they were out.

Nee. But they are piec'd, and put together againe,

You may goe in, you'll find them at high eearing:

The *Parson* has an edifying stomack,

And a perswading Palate (like his name.)

Hee hath begun three draughts of sack in *Doctrines*,

And sower in *Uses*. *Is.* And they follow him.

Nee. No, Sir *Diaphanous* is a Recusane

In sack. He onely takes it in French wine,

With an allay of water. In, in, *Item*,

And leave your peeping. *Ke.* I have a months mind,

To peepe a little too. Sweet *Mas' Needle*,

How are they set? *Nee.* At the boards end my Lady—

Ke. And my young *Mas'* by her? *Nee.* Yes, the *Parson*

On the right hand (as hee last tooke his place

For thrusting) and 'gainst him *Mas'* *Polish*,

Next, Sir *Diaphanous*, against Sir *Mouth*,

Knights, one againe another. Then the Souldier,

The man of warre, and man of peace the Lawyer:

Then

Then the pert Doctor, and the politique *Bum*,
And Mr. *Compass* circumscribeth all.

*A noise
within.*

Pl. Nurse *Keepe*, nurse *Keepe*! *Nee*. What noise is that within?

Pl. Come to my Mistris, all their weapons are out.

Nee. Mischiefe of men! what day, what houre is this?

Kee. Run for the cellar of strong waters, quickly.

ACT III. SCENE II.

To them after.

Compass. *Ironside*.

Com. Were you a mad man to doe this at table?
And trouble all the Guests, to affright the Ladies,
And Gentlewomen? *Iro*. Pox upo' your women,
And your halfe man there, Court-Sir *Amber-gris*:
A perfum'd braggart: He must drinke his wine
With three parts water; and have *Amber* in that too.

Com. And you must therefore breake his face with a Glasse,
And wash his nose in wine. *Iro*. Cannot he drinke
In Orthodaxe, but he must have his Gums,
And Panym Drugs? *Com*. You should have us'd the Glasse
Rather as ballance, then the sword of Justice:
But you have cut his face with it, he bleeds.
Come you shall take your Sanctuary with me,
The whole house will be up in armes 'gainst you else,
Within this halfe houre, this way to my lodging.

*Ros. Lady. Polish. Keepe, carrying Pleasance
over the Stage.*

Pleasance. Item,

Ros. A most rude action! carry her to her bed,
And use the Fricace to her, with those oyles.
Keepe your newes *Item* now, and tend this busines.

Lad. Good Gossip looke to her. *Pol*. How doe you sweet charge?

Kee. She's in a sweat. *Pol*. I, and a faint sweat many.

Ros. Let her alone to *Tim*, he has directions,
He heare your newes *Tim Item*, when you ha' done.

Lad. Was ever such a Guest brought to my table?

Ros. These boistrous Souldiers ha' no better breeding.

Here Mr. *Compass* comes: where's your Capitaine,
Rudinditas de Ironside? *Com*. Gone out of doores.

Lad. Would he had nere come in them, I may wish.
He has discredited my house, and boord,
With his rude swaggering manners, and endanger'd
My Neices health (by drawing of his weapon),
God knowes how farre, for Mr. Doctor does not.

Com. The Doctor is an Ass then, if hee say so,
And cannot with his conjuring names, *Hippocras*,
Galen or *Rasis*, *Avicen*. *Averroes*.

Cure a poore wenches falling in a swoone:
Which a poore Farthing chang'd in *Rosa solis*,
Or *Cinnamon* water would. *Lad.* How now? how does she?

Kee. She's somewhat better. *Mr. Item* has brought her
A little about. *Pol.* But there's *Sir Mouth* your brother
Is false into a fit o' the *happyplexe*,
It were a happy place for him, and us,
If he could steale to heaven thus: All the house
Are calling Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor.

The *Parson* he has gi'n him gone, this halfe houre;
Hee's pale in the mouth already, for the feare
O' the fierce Captaine. *Lad.* Helpe me to my Chamber,
Nurse Keepe: Would I could see the day no more,
But night hung over me, like some darke cloud,
That, buried with this losse of my good name,
I, and my house might perish, thus forgotten—

Com. Her taking it to heart thus, more afflicts me
Then all these accidents, for they'll blow over.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Practise. Silkworme. Compasse.

Pra. It was a barbarous Injury, I confesse:
But if you will be counsell'd, Sir, by me,
The reverend *Law* lies open to repaire
Your reputation. That will gi' you damages,
Five thousand pound for a finger, I have knowne
Given in Court: And let me pack your Jury.

Silk. There's nothing vexes me, but that he has staid
My new white sattin Doublet, and bespatter'd
My spick and span silke Stockings, o' the day
They were drawne on: And here's a sport my hose too.

Com. Shrewd maimes! your Clothes are wounded desperately,
And that (I thinke) troubles a Courtier more,
An exact Courtier, then a gash in his flesh.

Silk. My flesh: I sweare had he gi' n me twice so much,
I never should ha' reckon'd it. But my clothes
To be de defac'd, and stigmatiz'd so foulely!
I take it as a contumely done me
Above the wisdom of our *Laws* to right.

Com. Why then you'll challenge him? *Silk.* I will advise,
Though Mr. *Practise* here doth urge the *Law*,
And reputation it will make me of credit,
Beside great damages (let him pack my Jury.)

Com. He speaks like Mr. *Practise*, one, that is
The Child of a Profession he's vow'd too,
And servant to the studie he hath taken,
A pure Apprentice at *Law*! But you must have

The Counsell o' the Sword, and square your action
Vnto their Cannons, and that brother-hood,
If you doe right. *Pro.* I tell you Mr. *Compasse*,
You speake not like a friend unto the Lawes,
Nor scarce a subject, to perswade him thus,
Vnto the breach o' the peace: Sir you forget
There is a Court above, o' the *Starre-Chamber*,
To punish Routs and Riots. *Com.* No, young *Master*,
Although your name be *Practise* there in Terme time,
I doe remember it. But you'll not heare
What I was bound to say, but like a wild
Young haggard Justice, fly at breach o' the Peace,
Before you know, whether the amorous Knight
Dares break the peace of conscience in a Duell.

Silk. Troth Mr. *Compasse*, I take you my friend;
You shall appoint of me in any matter
That's reasonable, so wee may meet faire,
On even termes. *Com.* I shall perswade no other,
(And take your learned Counsell to advise you)
He run along with him. You say you'll meet him,
On even termes. I doe not see indeed
How that can be, twixt *Ironside* and you,
Now I consider it. Hee is my brother.
I doe confesse (wee ha' call'd so twenty yeare:)
But you are, Sir, a Knight in Court, allied there,
And so befriended, you may easily answer
The worst successe: He a knowne, noted, bold
Boyo' the Sword, hath all mens eyes upon him,
And there's no *London-Iury*, but are led
In euidence, as farre by common fame,
As they are by present deposition.
Then you have many brethren, and neer kinsmen.
If he kill you, it will be a lasting Quarrell
T'wixt them, and him. Whereas *Rud: Ironside*,
Although he ha' got his head into a Beaver,
With a huge feather, 's but a *Corriers sonne*,
And has not two old Cordov an skins, to leave
In Leather Caps to mourne him in, if he die.
Again, you are generally belov'd, he hated
So much, that all the hearts, and votes of men
Goe with you, in the wishing all prosperity
Vnto your purpose, hee's a fat, corpulent,
Vnweildy fellow: you, a dieted Sparke,
Fit for the Combat. He has kild so many,
As it is ten to one his turne is next;
You never fought with any, Iesse, slew any:
And therefore have the hopes before you,
I hope these things thus specified unto you,
Are faire advantages: you cannot encounter
Him upon equall termes. Beside, Sir *Silkeworme*,

He hath done you wrong in a most high degree:
And sense of such an Injury receiv'd,
Should so exacute, and whet your choller,
As you should count your selfe an host of men,
Compar'd to him. And therefore you, brave Sir,
Have no more reason to provoke, or challenge
Him, then the huge great Porter has to try
His strength upon an Infant. *Silke.* Mr. *Compasse*,
You rather spur me on, then any way
Abate my courage to the Enterprife.

Com. All Counsell's as it's taken. If you stand
On point of honour, not I have any odds,
I have rather then dissuaded you, then otherwise:
If upon termes of humour and revenge,
I have encourag'd you. So that I thinke,
I have done the part of a friend on either side:
In furnishing your feare with matter first,
If you have any: Or, if you dare fight,
To heighten, and confirme your resolution.

Pra. I now doe crave your pardon, Mr. *Compasse*:
I did not apprehend your way before,
The true *Perimeter* of it: you have Circles,
And such fine draughts about! *Silke.* Sir I doe thanke you,
I thanke you Mr. *Compasse* heartily;
I must confesse, I never fought before,
And I'll be glad to doe things orderly,
In the right place: I pray you instruct me.
Is't best I fight ambitiously, or maliciously?

Com. Sir, if you never fought before, be wary,
Trust not your selfe too much. *Silke.* Why? I assure you,
I am very angry. *Com.* Doe not suffer, though,
The flatuous, windy choller of your heart,
To move the clapper of your understanding,
Which is the guiding faculty, your reason:
You know not, if you'll fight, or no, being brought
Vpo' the place. *Silke.* O yes, I have imagin'd
Him treble arm'd, provok'd too, and as furious
As *Homer* makes *Achilles*; and I find
My selfe not frighted with his fame one jot.

Com. Well, yet take heed. These fights imaginary,
Are lesse then skirmishes; the fight of shadows:
For shadowes have their figure, motion
And their umbratile action from the reall
Posture, and motion of the bodies act:
Whereas (imaginarily) many times,
Those men may fight, dare scarce eye one another,
And much lesse meet. But if there be no helpe,
Faith I would wish you, send him a faire Challenge.

Silke. I will goe pen it presently. *Com.* But word is
In themost generous termes. *Silke.* Let me alone.

The Magnetick Lady.

Pra. And silken phrase: the courtliest kind of Quarrell.

Com. He'l make is a petition for his peace.

Pra. O, yes, of right, and hee may doe it by Law.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Rut. *Palate.* *Bias*, bringing out *Interest* in a Chaire.

Item. *Polish* following.

Rut. Come, bring him out into the aire a little:
There set him downe. Bow him, yet bow him more,
Dash that same Glasse of water in his face:
Now tweak him by the nose. Hard, harder yet:
If it but call the blood up from the heart,
I aske no more. See, what a feare can doe!
Pinch him in the nape of the neck now; nip him, nip him.

It. He feelles, there's life in him. *Pal.* He graones, and stirres.

Rut. Tell him the Captaine's gone. *Int.* Ha! *Pal.* He's gone Sir.

Rut. Gi' him a box, hard, hard, on his left eare.

Int. O! *Rut.* How doe you feele your selfe? *Int.* Sore, sore.

Rut. But where?

Int. I my neck. *Rut.* I nip him there. *Int.* And i my head.

Rut. I box'd him twice, or thrice, to move those Sinewes.

Bia. I sweare you did. *Pol.* What a brave man's a Doctor,
To beat one into health! I thought his blowes
Would eene ha' kild him: hee did feele no more

Then a great horse. *Int.* Is the wild Captaine gone?

That man of murthere? *Bia.* All is calme and quiet.

Int. Say you so, *Cosen Bias*? Then all's well.

Pal. How quickly a man is lost! *Bia.* And soone recover'd!

Pol. Where there are meanes, and Doctors, learned men,
And their Apothecaries, who are not now,
(As *Chawcer* sayes) their friendship to begin.

Well, could they teach each other how to win

I their swath bands—. *Rut.* Leave your Poetry good Gossip!

Your *Chawcers* clouts, and wash your dishes with hem,

Wee must rub up the roots of his disease,

And crave your peace awhile, or else your absence.

Pol. Nay, I know when to hold my peace. *Rut.* Then do it.
Gi' me your hand Sir *Maub.* Let's feele your pulse.

It is a Purfinesse, a kind of Stoppage,

Or tumor o'the Purse, for want of exercise,

That you are troubled with: some ligatures

I'th neck of your *Vesica*, or *Marfupium*,

Are so close knit, that you cannot evaporate;

And therefore you must use relaxatives.

Beside, they say, you are so restive growne,

You cannot but with trouble put your hand

Into your pocket, to discharge a reckoning.

And

And this we sonnes of Physick doe call *chiragra*,
A kind of Crampe, or Hand-Gour. You shall purge for it.

Ite. Indeed your worship should doe well to advise him,
To cleanse his body, all the three high wayes,
That is, by *Sweat*, *Purge*, and *Phlebotomy*.

Rut. You say well learned *Tim*, Ile first prescribe him,
To give his purse a purge once, twice a weeke
At Dice, or Cards; And when the weather is open,
Sweat at a bowling Alley; or be let blood
I' the lending veine, and bleed a matter of fifty,
Or threescore ounces at a time. Then put
Your thumbs under your Girdle, and have some body
Else, pull out your purse for you, till with more ease,
And a good habit, you can doe in your selfe.
And then be sure alwayes to keepe good diet,
And h' your table furnish'd from one end,
Vnto the tother: It is good for the eyes,
But feed you on one dish still, ha' your Diet-drinke,
Ever in Bottles ready, which must come
From the Kings-head: I will prescribe you nothing,
But what Ile take before you mine owne selfe:
That is my course with all my Parients.

Pal. Very methodicall, *Secundum Artem*.

Bia. And very safe *pro capto recipientis*.

Pol. All errant learned men, how they'spout Latine!

Rut. I had it of a Jew, and a great *Rabbi*,
Who every morning cast his cup of White-wine
With sugar, and by the residence I' the bottome,
Would make report of any Chronick malady,
Such as Sir *Month's* is, being an oppilation,
In that you call the neck o' the money bladder,
Most anatomicall, and by dissection.

Kee. O Mr. Doctor; and his Pothecary!

Good Mr. *Item*, and my Mistris *Polish*!

Wee need you all above! Shee's false againe,

In a worse fit then ever. *Pol.* Who? *Kee.* Your charge.

Pol. Come away Gentlemen. *Imo.* This fit with the Doctor,
Hath mended me past expectation.

ACT III. SCENE V.

Compasse. *Diaphaneus.* *Practise.* *Bias.* *Ironsides.*

Com. O Sir *Diaphaneus*, ha' you done? *Dia.* I ha' brought it.

Pro. That's well. *Com.* But who shall carry it now? *Bia.* Afraid:
Ile find a friend to carry it, Mr. *Bias* here
Will not deny me that. *Bia.* What is't? *Dia.* To carry
A Challenge I have writ unto the Captaine.

Bias. Faith but I will Sir, you shall pardon me
For a twi-reason of State: Ne beare no Challenges;

I will

I will not hazard my Lords favour for
Or forfeit mine owne Judgement with his honour,
To turne a Ruffian: I have to commend me
Nought but his Lordships good opinion,
And to't my *Kallygraphy*, a faire hand,
Fit for a Secretary: Now you know, a mans hand
Being his executing part in fight,
Is more obnoxious to the common perill —

Dis. You shall not fight Sir, you shall onely search
My *Antagonist*, commit us fairely there:
Vpo' the ground on equall termes. *Bia.* O Sir!
But if my Lord should heare I stood at end
Of any quarrell, 'twere an end of me.
In a state course! I ha' read the Politiques;
And heard th' opinions of our best Divines.

Com. The Gentleman has reason! Where was first
The birth of your acquaintance? or the Cradle
Of your strickt friendship made? *Dis.* We met in *France*, Sir.

Com. In *France*! that Garden of humanity,
The very seed-plot of all courtesies:
I wonder that your friendship suck'd that aliment,
The milke of *France*; and see this sower effect
It doth produce, 'gainst all the sweets of travell:
There, every Gentleman professing a mes,
Thinke he is bound in honour to imbrace
The bearing of a Challenge for another,
Without or questioning the cause, or asking
Least colour of a reason. There's no Cowardize;
No Poultrounerie, like urging why? wherefore?
But carry a Challenge, die, and doe the thing.

Bia. Why, heare you Mr. *Compasse*, I but crave
Your eare in private? I would carry his Challenge,
If I but hop'd your Capitaine angry enough
To kill him: For (to tell you truth) this Knight,
Is an impertinent in Court, (wee thinke him :)
And troubles my Lords Lodgings, and his Table
With frequent, and unnecessary visits,
Which wee (the better sort of Servants) like not:
Being his Fellowes in all other places,
But at our Masters boord; and we disdain
To doe those servile offices, oft times,
His foolish pride, and Empire will exact,
Against the heart, or humour of a Gentleman.

Com. Truth Mr. *Bia*, I'd not ha' you thinke
I speake to flatter you: but you are one
O the deepest Politiques I ever met,
And the most subtilly rationall. I admire you.
But doe not you conceive in such a case,
That you are accessary to his death,
From whom you carry a Challenge with such purpose.

Bia. Sir the corruption of one thing in nature,
Is held the Generation of another;
And therefore, I had as leive be accessory
Vnto his death, as to his life. *Com.* A new
Morall Philosophy too! you'l carry't then.

Bia. If I were sure, 't would not incense his choller
To beat the Messenger. *Com.* O' Ile secure you,
You shall deliver it in my lodging; safely,
And doe your friend a service worthy thanks.

Bia. Ile venture it, upon so good Induction,
To rid the Court of an Impediment,
This baggage Knight. *Iro.* Peace to you all Gentlemen,
Save to this Mushrome; who I heare is menacing
Me with a Challenge: which I come to anticipate,
And save the Law a labour: Will you fight Sir?

Dia. Yes, in my shirt. *Iro.* O, that's to save your doublet,
I know it a Court trick! you had rather have
An Ulcer in your body, then a Pinke
More i' your clothes. *Dia.* Captaine, you are a Coward,
If you not fight i' your shirt. *Iro.* Sir I not meane
To put it off for that, nor yet my doublet.
Yo' have cause to call me Coward, that more feare
The stroke of the common, and life giving aire,
Then all your fury, and the Panoplie.

Pra. (Which is at best, but a thin linnen armour.)
I thinke a cup of generous wine were better,
Then fighting i' your shirts. *Dia.* Sir, Sir, my valour,
It is a valour of another nature,
Then to be mended by a cup of wine.

Com. I should be glad to heare of any valours,
Differing in kind; who have knowne hitherto,
Only one vertue, they call Fortitude,
Worthy the name of valour. *Iro.* Which, who hath not,
Is justly thought a Coward: And he is such.

Dia. O, you ha' read the Play there, the *New Inn*,
Of *Ionsons*, that decies all other valour
But what is for the publike. *Iro.* I doe that too,
Bur did not learne it there; I thinke no valour
Lies for a private cause. *Dia.* Sir, Ile redargue you,
By disputation. *Com.* O let's heare this!
I long to heare a man dispute in his shirt
Of valour, and his sword drawne in his hand.

Pra. His valour will take cold, put on your doublet.

Com. His valour will keepe cold; you are deceiv'd,
And relish much the sweeter in our eares;
It may be too, i' the ordinance of nature,
Their valours are not yet so combant;
Or truly antagonistic, as to fight;
But may admit to heare of some divisions
Of Fortitude, may put 'em off their Quarrell.

Dia.

Dia. I would have no man thinke me so ungovern'd,
Or subject to my passion, but I can
Reade him a Lecture 'twixt my undertakings,
And executions: I doe know all kinds
Of doing the busines, which the Towne calls valour.

Com. Yes, he has read the Towne, *Towne-top's* his Author!
Your first? *Dia.* Is a rash head-long unexperience.

Com. Which is in Children, Fooles, or your street Gallants
O' the first head. *Pra.* A pretty kind of valour!

Com. Commend him, he will spin it out in 's shirt,
Fine, as that thred. *Dia.* The next, an indiscreet
Presumption, grounded upon often scapes.

Com. Or th' insufficiencie of Adversaries,
And this is in your common fighting Brothers.
Your old *Perdu's*, who (after a time) doe thinke,
The one, that they are shot free; the other, sword free.

Your third? *Dia.* Is nought but an excesse of choller,
That raignes in resty old men—. *Com.* Noble mens Porters,
And selte conceited Poëts. *Dia.* And is rather
A peevisheesse, then any part of valour.

Pra. He but reherles, he concludes no valour.

Com. A history of distempers, as they are practiz'd,
His *Harangue* undertaketh, and no more.
Your next? *Dia.* Is a dull desperate resolving.

Com. In case of some necessitous misery, or
Incumbent mischief. *Pra.* Narrownesse of mind,
Or ignorance being the root of it.

Dia. Which shou shall find in Gamesters, quite blowne up.

Com. Bankrupt Merchants, undiscovered Traytors.

Pra. Or your exemplified Malefactors,
That have surviv'd their infamy, and punishment.

Com. One that hath lost his cares, by a just sentence
O' the *Starre-Chamber*, a right valiant Knave—
And is a *Histrionicall* Contempt,
Of what a man feares most; it being a mischief
In his owne apprehension unavoidable.

Pra. Which is in Cowards wounded mortally,
Or Theeves adjudg'd to die. *Com.* This is a valour,
I should desire much to see encourag'd:
As being a speciall entertainment

For our rogue People, and make oft good sport
Vnto 'hem, from the Gallowes to the ground.

Dia. But mine is a Judicill resolving,
Or liberall undertaking of a danger—

Com. That might be avoided. *Dia.* I, and with assurance,
That it is found in Noble-men, and Gentlemen,
Of the best sheafe. *Com.* Who having lives to lose,
Like private men, have yet a world of honour,
And publike reputation to defend—

Dia. Which in the brave historified *Crash*,

And *Romans* you shall reade of. *Com.* And (no doubt)
May in our Alder-men meet it, and their Deputies,
The Souldiers of the Citie, valiant blades,
Who (rather then their houses should be ranlack'd)
Would fight it out, like so many wild beasts;
Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd with:
But the close manner of their fight, and custome,
Of joyning head to head, and foot to foot.

Iro. And which of these so well-prest resolutions
Am I to encounter now? For commonly,
Men that have so much choise before 'hem, have
Some trouble to resolve of any one.

Bia. There are three valours yet, which Sir *Diaphanous*,
Hath (with his leave) not touch'd. *Dis.* Yea: which are those?

Pra. He perks at that! *Com.* Nay, he does more, he chatters.

Bia. A Philosophicall contempt of death,
Is one: Then an infused kind of valour,
Wrought in us by our *Genii*, or good spirits;
Of which the gallant *Erhnicks* had deepe sense:
Who generally held, that no great States-man,
Scholler, or Souldier, ere did any thing
Sine divino aliquo afflatu.

Pra. But there's a Christian valour, 'bove these too.

Bia. Which is a quiet patient toleration,
Of whatsoever the malicious world
With Injury doth unto you; and consists
In passion, more then action, Sir *Diaphanous*.

Dis. Sure, I doe take mine to be Christian valour.

Com. You may mistake though. Can you justifie
On any cause, this seeking to deface,
The divine Image in a man? *Bia.* O Sir!
Let 'hem alone: Is not *Diaphanous*
As much a divine Image, as is *Ironside*?
Let Images fight, if they will fight, a God's name.

Act III. Scene VI.

Keefe, Needle, Interest.

Ke. Where's Mr. *Needle*? Saw you Mr. *Needle*?
Wee are undone. *Com.* What ailes the frantick Nurse?
Ke. My Mistris is undone, shee's crying out!
Where is this man trow? Mr. *Needle*? *Nee.* Here,
Ke. Run for the party, Mrs. *Chaire* the Mid-wife,
Nay, looke how the man stands, as he were gok't!
Shee's lost, if you not haste away the party.

Nee. Where is the Doctor? *Ke.* Where a scoffing man is,
And his Apothecary, little better;
They laugh, and geere at all: will you dispatch?

And fetch the party quickly to our Mistress: Wee are all undone! The *Fortune* will pursue.

Int. Newes, newes, good newes, better then butler's newes! My Neice is found with Child, the Doctor tells me, And false in labour. *Com.* How? *Int.* The portion's paid!

Exit.

The portion — o' the Capitaine! Is he here?

Pro. H' has spi'd your sword out! put 'em up, put 'em up, Yo' have driven him hence, and yet your quarrell's ended.

Iro. In a most strange discovery. *Pro.* Of light gold.

Dia. And crack't within the Ring. I take the *Omen*, As a good *Omen*. *Pro.* Then put up your Sword, And on your Doublet. Give the Capitaine thanks.

Dia. I had beene slur'd else. Thank you noble Capitaine: Your quarrelling caus'd all this. *Iro.* Where's *Compasser*? *Pro.* Gone, Shrunk hence, contracted to his Center, I feare.

Iro. The slip is his then. *Dia.* I had like't have beene Abus'd i' the busines, had the slip slur'd on me, A Counterfeit. *Bias.* Sir, we are all abus'd: As many as were brought on to be Suitors, And we will joyne in thanks, all to the Capitaine, And to his fortune that so brought us off.

Chorus.

Dam. This was a pittifull poore shift o' your Poet, *Boy*, to make his prime woman with child, and fall in labour, just to compose a quarrell.

Boy. With whose borrowed eares, have you heard, Sir, all this while, that you can mistake the current of our *Scene* so? The stream of the *Argument*, threatned her being with child from the very beginning, for it presented her in the first of the second *Act*, with some apparent note of infirmity, or defect: from knowledge of which, the Auditory were rightly to bee suspended by the *Author*, till the quarrell, which was but the accidentall cause, hastned on the discovery of it, in occasioning her affright, which made her fall into her throwes presently, and within that compasse of time allow'd to the *Comedy*, wherein the Poet exprest his prime Artifice, rather then any error, that the detection of her being with child, should determine the quarrell, which had produc'd it.

Pro. The *Boy* is too hard for you. Brother *Damplay*, best marke the *Play*, and let him alone.

Dam. I care not for marking the *Play*: He damne it, talke, and doe that I come for. I will not have *Gentlemen* lose their privilege, nor I my selfe my prerogative, for neere an overgrowne, or superannuated Poet of 'hem all. Hee shall not give me the Law. I will censure, and be witty, and take my Tobacco, and enjoy my *Magna Charta* of reprehension, as my Predecessors have done before me.

Boy. Even to license, and absurdity.

Pro. Not now, because the *Gentleman* is in travell: and the Midwife may come on the sooner, to put her and us out of our paine.

Dam. Well, looke to your busines afterward, *Boy*, that all things bee cleare,

cleare, and come properly forth, suited, and set together, for I will search what followes severely and to the naile.

Boy. Let your naile run smooth then, and not scratch: lest the *Author* be bold to pare it to the quick, and make it smart: you'll find him as severe as your selfe.

Dam. A shrewd Boy! and has mee every where. The Mid-wife is come, she has made haste.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Chaire. Needle. Keepe.

Ha. Stay Mr. *Needle*, you doe prick too fast
Vpo' the busines: I must take some breath:
Lend me my stoole, you ha' drawne a stich upon me,
In faith, sonne *Needle*, with your haste.

Nee. Good Mother, peice up this breach, Ile gi' you a new Gowne,
A new silke-Grogoran Gowne. Ile do't Mother.

Kee. What'll you doe? you ha' done too much already
With your prick-seame, and through-stich. Mr. *Needle*,
I pray you sit not fabling here old tales,
Good Mother *Chaire*, the Mid-wife, but come up.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Compass. Keepe. Practise.

Com. How now Nurse, where's my Lady? *Kee.* In her Chamber
Lock'd up, I thinke: shee'll speake with no body.

Com. Knowes shee o' this accident? *Kee.* Alas Sir, no;
Would she might never know it. *Pra.* I thinke her Ladiship
Too vertuous, and too nobly innocent,
To have a hand in so ill-form'd a busines.

Com. Your thought Sir is a brave thought, and a safe one;
The child now to be borne is not more free,
From the aspersiō of all spot, then she?
She have her hand in plot, gainst Mr. *Practise*.
If there were nothing else, whom she so loves?
Cries up, and values? knowes to be a man
Mark'd out, for a chiefe Justice in his cradle?
Or a Lord Paramount, the head o' the Hall?
The Top, or the Top-gallant of our Law?
Assure your selfe, she could not so deprave,
The rectitude of her Judgement, to wish you
Vnto a wife, might prove your Infamy,
Whom she esteem'd that part o' the Common-wealth,
And had up for honour to her blood.

Pra. I must confesse a great beholdingnesse
Vnto her Ladiships offer, and good wishes.

But the truth is, I never had affection,
Or any liking to this Neice of hers.

Com. You fore-saw somewhat then? *Pra.* I had my notes,
And my Prognosticks. *Com.* You read Almanacks,
And study 'hem to some purpose, I beleeve?

Pra. I doe confesse, I doe beleeve, and pray too:
According to the Planets at sometimes.

Com. And doe observe the signe in making Love?

Pra. As in Phlebotomy. *Com.* And choose your Mistress
By the good dayes, and leave her by the bad?

Pra. I doe, and I doe not. *Com.* A little more
Would fetch all his Astronomie from *Allestree*.

Pra. I tell you Mr. *Compassse*, as my friend,
And under seale, I cast mine eye long since,
Vpo' the other wench, my Ladies woman,
Another manner of peice for handfomnesse,
Then is the Neice (but that is *sub sigillo*,
And as I give it you) in hope o' your aid,
And counsell in the busines. *Com.* You need counsell?

The only famous Counsell, o' the kingdome,
And in all Courts? That is a Jeere in faith,
Worthy your name, and your profession too,
Sharpe Mr. *Practise*. *Pra.* No, upo' my Law,
As I am a Bencher, and now double Reader,
I meant in meere simplicity of request.

Com. If you meant so. Th'affaires are now perplex'd,
And full of trouble, give 'hem breath, and setling,
Ile doe my best. But in meane time doe you
Prepare the *Parson*. (I am glad to know
This, for my selfe lik'd the young Maid before,
And lov'd her too.) Ha' you a Licence? *Pra.* No,
But I can fetch one straight. *Com.* Doe, doe, and mind
The *Parsons* pint t' ingage him—the busines,
A knitting Cup there must be. *Pra.* I shall doe it.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Bias. Interest. Compassse.

Bia. 'Tis an affront, from you Sir, you here brought me,
Vnto my Ladies, and to wooe a wife,
Which since is prov'd a crack'd commoditie;
Shee hath broke bulke too soone. *Int.* No fault of mine,
If she be crack'd in peeces, or broke round,
It was my sisters fault, that ownes the house,
Where she hath got her clap, makes all this noise.
I keepe her portion safe, that is not scatter'd:
The money's rattle not, nor are they throwne,
To make a Muffe, yet 'mong the gamefome Suitors.

Com. Can you endure that flout, close Mr. *Bias*;
And have beene so bred in the Politiques?
The injury is done you, and by him only;
He lent you imprest money, and upbraids it:
Furnish'd you for the wooing, and now waves you.

Bia. That makes me to expostulate the wrong
So with him, and relent it as I doe.

Com. But doe it home then. *Bia.* Sir, my Lord shall know it.

Com. And all the Lords o' the Court too. *Bia.* What a Moath
You are Sir *Interest*! *Int.* Wherein I intreat you,
Sweet Master *Bias*? *Com.* To draw in young States-men,
And heires of policie into the noose
Of an infamous matrimonie. *Bia.* Yes,
Infamous, *quasi in communem famam*:

And Matrimony, *quasi*, matter of Money.

Com. Learnedly urg'd, my cunning Mr. *Bias*.

Bia. With his lewd, knowne, and prostituted Neice.

Int. My knowne, and prostitute: how you mistake,
And run upon a false ground, Mr. *Bias*!
(Your Lords will doe me right.) Now, she is prostitute,
And that I know it (please you understand me.)
I meane to keepe the portion in my hands:

And pay no monies. *Com.* Marke you that *Don Bias*?

And you shall still remaine in bonds to him,

For wooing furniture, and imprest charges.

Int. Good Mr. *Compassse*, for the summes he has had
Of me, I doe acquit him: They are his owne.

Here, before you, I doe release him. *Com.* Good!

Bia. O Sir. *Com.* 'Slid take it: I doe witnesse it:

Hee cannot hurle away his money better.

Int. He shall get so much Sir, by my acquaintance;

To be my friend: And now report to his Lords

As I deserve no otherwise. *Com.* But well:

And I will witnesse it, and to the value;

Four hundred is the price, if I mistake not,

Of your true friend in Court. Take hands, you ha' bought him;

And bought him cheap. *Bia.* I am his worships servant.

Com. And you his slave, Sir *Moath*. Seal'd, and deliver'd.

Ha' you not studied the Court Complement?

Here are a paire of Humours, reconcil'd now,

That money held at distance: or their thoughts,

Basen then money.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Polish. Keepe *Compassse*.

Pol. Out thou catife witch!

Baud, Beggar, Gipsy: Any thing indeed,

Bu

But honest woman. *Kee.* What you please, Dame *Polish*,

My Ladies Stroaker. *Com.* What is here to doe?

The Gossips out! *Pol.* Thou art a Traytor to me,

An *Eve*, the *Apul*, and the Serpent too:

A Viper, that hast eat a passage through me,

Through mine owne bowels, by thy retchlesnesse.

Com. What frantick fit is this? Ile step aside

And hearken to it. *Pol.* Did I trust thee, wretch,

With such a secret, of that consequence,

Did so concerne me, and my child, our livelihood,

And reputation? And hast thou undone us?

By thy connivence, nodding in a corner,

And suffering her begot with child so basely?

Sleepe unlucky Hag! Thou bird of night,

And all mischance to me. *Kee.* Good Lady Empresse!

Had I the keeping of your Daughters clicket

In charge? was that committed to my trust?

Com. Her Daughter. *Pol.* Softly Divell, not so low'd,

You'd ha' the house heare, and be witnesse, would you?

Kee. Let all the world be witnesse. Afore Ile

Endure the Tyrannie of such a tongue—

And such a pride—. *Pol.* What will you doe? *Kee.* Tell truth,

And shame the She-man-Divell in puff'd sleeves,

Run any hazzard, by revealing all

Vnto my Lady: how you chang'd the cradles,

And chang'd the children in 'hem. *Pol.* Not so high!

Kee. Calling your Daughter *Pleasance*, there *Placentia*,

And my true Mistris by the name of *Pleasance*.

Com. A horrid secret, this! worth the discovery;

Pol. And must you be thus lowd? *Kee.* I will be lowder:

And cry it through the house, through every roome,

And every office of the Lawndry-maids:

Till it be borne hot to my Ladies cares.

Ere I will live in such a slavery,

Ile doe away my selfe. *Pol.* Didst thou not swear

To keepe it secret? and upon what booke?

(I doe remember now) *The Practice of Piety.*

Kee. It was a practice of impiety,

Out of your wicked forge, I know it now,

My conscience tels me. First, against the Infants,

To rob them o' their names, and their true parents;

T'abuse the neighbour-hood, keepe them in error;

But most my Lady: Shee has the maine wrong:

And I will let her know instantly.

Repentance, (if it be true) nere comes too late.

Pol. What have I done? Conjur'd a spirit up

I sha' not lay againe? drawne on a danger,

And ruine on my selfe thus, by provoking

A peevishe foole, whom nothing will pray of,

Or satisfie I feare? Her patience stir'd,

Is turn'd to fury. I have from my Marriage, you know, bound
On a sweet Rock, by mine own merits, and trusts
And must get off againe, or dash in pieces.

Com. This was a business, worth the listening after.

Act III. Scene V.

Pleasant. Compass.

Ple. O Mr. Compass, did you see my Mother?

Mistress Placentia, my Ladies Neice.

Is newly brought to bed o' the bravest boy.

Will you goe see it? Com. First, I know the father.

Ere I approach these hazards. Ple. Mistress Midwife.

Has promis'd to find out a father for it.

If there be need. Com. Shee may the safer do it.

By vertue of her place. But pretty Pleasant.

I have a newes for you, I thinke will please you.

Ple. What is't Mr. Compass? Com. Stay, you must

Deserve it ere you know it. Where's my Lady?

Ple. Retir'd unto her Chamber, and shut up.

Com. She heares o' none o' this yet, well, doe you

Command the Coach, and sit your self to travell.

A little way with me. Ple. Whither, for Gods sake?

Com. Where Ile intreat you not to your losse, beleve it.

If you dare trust your selfe. Ple. With you the world on.

Com. The newes will well requite the paines, I assure you.

And i' this tumult you will not be mist.

Command the Coach, it is an instant business.

Wu' not be done without you. Parson Palate.

Most opportunely met, step to my Chamber.

Ile come to you presently. There is a friend.

Or two, will entertaine you. Mr. Practise.

Ha' you the Licence?

Act IV. Scene VI.

Practise. Compass. Pleasant. Palate.

Pra. Here it is. Com. Let's see it.

Your name's not in't. Pra. He fill that presently.

It has the Seale, which is the name: And registred.

The Clarke knowes me, and trusts me. Com. Ha' you the Parson?

Pra. They say he's here, he's pointed to come hither.

Com. I would not have him seene here for a world,

To breed supition. Doe you intercept him.

And prevent that. But take your Licence with you.

And fill the blanke: or leave it here with me.

Ile doe it for you, stay you with us at his Church.

Behind the old Exchange, we'll come in the Coach.

And meet you there, within this Quarter at least.

Pro. I am much bound unto you, *Mr. Compass*. I have all the Law, and parts of *Squire Practise* For ever at your use. He tell you never, for Sir, your Reverfion's fall'n: *Thou wilt deny* Surveyor of the Projects generall.

Com. When died he? *Pro.* Even this morning, I receiv'd it From a right hand. *Com.* Conceale it *Mr. Practise*, And mind the maine affaire, you are in hand with.

Ple. The Coach is ready Sir. *Com.* 'Tis well faire *Pleasance*. Though now wee shall not use it, bid the Coach-man Drive to the Parish Church, and stay about there. Till *Mr. Practise* come to him, and imploy him: I have a Licence now, which must have entry Before my Lawyers: Noble *Parson Palace*. Thou shalt be a marke advanc't: here's a peece, And doe a feat for me. *Pal.* What, *Mr. Compass*?

Com. But run the words of Matrimony, over My head, and Mrs. *Pleasance* in my Chamber: There's Captaine *Ironside* to be a witness: And here's a Licence to secure thee. *Parson!* What doe you stick at? *Pal.* It is after-noon Sir, Dire &ly against the Canon of the Church, You know it *Mr. Compass*: and beside, I am engag'd unto our worshipfull friend, The learned *Mr. Practise* in that business.

Com. Come on, ingage your selfe: Who shall be able To say you married us, but i the morning, The most canonicall minure o' the day, If you affirme it? That's a spic'd excuse, And shewes you have set the Common Law, before Any profession else, of love, or friendship. Come Mrs. *Pleasance*, wee cannot prevaile With th' rigid *Parson* here, but Sir, He keepe you Lock'd in my lodging, till't be done elsewhere, And under feare of *Ironside*. *Pal.* Doe you heare, Sir?

Com. No, no, it matters not. *Pal.* Can you thinke Sir I would deny you any thing? not to losse Of both my Livings: I will doe it for you, Ha' you a wedding Ring? *Com.* I and a Poetic: *Annulus hic nobis, quod scit uterq; debet.* *Pal.* Good! This Ring will give you what you both desire. He make the whole house chant it, and the Parish.

Com. Why, well said *Parson*. Now to you my newes, That comprehend my reasons, Mrs. *Pleasance*.

Act III. Scene VII.

Charr. Needle. Polish. Keepe.

Cha. Go, get a Nurse, procure her at what rate You can: and out o' th' house with it, sonne *Widd.*

It is a bad Commoditie. *Nee.* Good Mother,
I know it, but the best would now be made on't.

Cha. And shall: you should not fret so, *Mrs. Polix*;
Nor you Dame *Keepe*, my Daughter shall doe well,
When she has tane my Cawdle. I ha' knowne
Twenty such breaches piec'd up, and made whole;
Without a bum of noise. You two fall out?
And teare up one another. *Pol.* Blessed woman?

Blest be the Peace-maker. *Kee.* The Peace-dresser!
He heare no peace from her. I have beene wrong'd;
So has my Lady, my good Ladies worship,
And I will right her, hoping shee'll right me.

Pol. Good gentle *Keepe*, I pray thee Mistris Nurse,
Pardon my passion, I was misadvis'd,
Be thou yet better, by this grave sage woman,
Who is the Mother of Matrons, and great persons,
And knowes the world. *Kee.* I doe confesse, she knowes
Something—and I know something—. *Pol.* Put your somethings
Together then. *Cha.* I, here's a chance false out
You cannot helpe; lesse can this Gentlewoman;
I can and will, for both. First, I have sent
By-chop away, the cause gone, the fame ceaseth,
Then by my Cawdle, and my Cullice, I set
My Daughter on her feet, about the house here:
Shee's young, and must stirre somewhat for necessity,
Her youth will beare it out. She shall pretend,
T'have had a fit o' the Mother; there is all.

If you have but a Secretary Landresse,
To blanch the Linnen—Take the former counsels
Into you; keepe them safe i' your owne breasts,
And make your Merkat of 'hem at the highest.
Will you goe peach, and cry your selfe a foole
At Granam's Crosse? be laugh'd at, and dispis'd:
Betray a purpose, which the Deputie
Of a double Ward, or scarce his Alderman,
With twelve of the wisest Questmen could find out,
Employed by the Authority of the Citie?
Come, come, be friends: and keepe these women-matters,
Smock-secrets to our selves, in our owne verge.

Wee shall marre all, if once we ope the mysteries
O' the Tying-house, and tell what's done within:
No Theaters are more cheated with apparances,
Or these shop-lights, then th' Ages, and folke in them;
That seeme most curious. *Pol.* Breach of an Oracle!

You shall be my deare Mother; wisest woman
That ever tip'd her tongue, with point of reasons,
To turne her hearers! Mistris *Keepe*, relent,
I did abuse thee; I confesse to pennance:
And on my knees aske thee forgiveness. *Cha.* Rise;
She doth begin to melt, I see it—. *Kee.* Nothing

Griev'd me so much, as when you call'd me Baud:

Witch did not trouble me, nor Gipsie; no

Nor Beggar. But a Baud, was such a name!

Cha. No more rehearals, Repetitions

Make things the worse: The more wee stirre (you know

The Proverbe, and it signifies a) stink.

What's done, and dead, let it be buried.

New houres will fit fresh handles, to new thoughts.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

Interest, with his Foot-boy. To them *Compasse*, *Ironside*,

Silkeworme, *Palate*, *Pleasance*. To them the

Lady: and after *Practise*.

Int. Run to the Church, Sirrah. Get all the Drunkards

To ring the Bels, and jangle them for joy

My Neice hath brought an Heire unto the house,

A lusty boy. Where's my sister *Loadstone*?

Asleepe at afternoones! It is not wholesome,

Against all rules of Physick, Lady sister.

The little Doctor will not like it. Our Neice

Is new deliver'd of a chopping Child,

Can call the Father by the name already,

If it but ope the mouth round. Mr. *Compasse*,

He is the man, they say, fame gives it out,

Hath done that A.& of honour to our house,

And friendship to pompe out a Sonne, and Heire,

That shall inherit nothing, surely nothing

From me at least. I come to invite your Ladiship

To be a witness, I will be your Partner,

And give it a horne-spoone, and a treene dish,

Bastard, and Beggars badges, with a blanket

For Dame the Doxie to march round the Circuit,

With bag, and baggage. *Com.* Thou malicious Knight,

Envious Sir *Mouth*, that eates on that which feeds thee,

And frets her goodnesse, that sustaines thy being;

What company of Mankind would owne thy brother-hood,

But as thou hast a title to her blood,

Whom thy ill nature hath chose out to insult on,

And vexeth us, for an Accident in her house,

As if it were her crime! Good innocent Lady,

Thou shew'st thy selfe a true corroding Vermine,

Such as thou art. *Int.* Why, gentle Mr. *Compasse*?

Because I wish you joy of your young Sonne,

And Heire to the house, you ha' sent us? *Com.* I ha' sent you?

I know not what I shall doe. Come in friends:

Madam, I pray you be pleas'd to trust your selfe

Vnto our company. *Lad.* I did that too late,

Which brought on this calamity upon me,

With all the infamy I hear, your Souldier,
That swaggering Guest. *Com.* Who is return'd here to you,
Your vowed friend, and servant, comes to sup with you,
So wee doe all, and 'll prove he hath deserv'd,
That speciall respect, and favour from you,
As not your fortunes, with your selfe to boote,
Cast on a Feather-bed, and spread o' th' sheets
Vnder a brace of your best Persian Carpets,
Were scarce a price to thanke his happy merit.

Int. What impudence is this? can you indure
To heare it sister? *Com.* Yes, and you shall heare it;
Who will indure it worse. What deserves he
In your opinion, Madam, or weigh'd Judgement,
That things thus hanging (as they doe in doubt)
Suspended, and suspected, all involv'd,
And wrapt in error, can resolve the knot?
Redintigrate the same, first of your house?
Restore your Ladiships quiet? render then
Your Neice a Virgin, and unviated?
And make all plaine, and perfect (as it was)
A practise to betray you, and your name?

Int. Hee speakes impossibilities. *Com.* Here he stands,
Whose fortune hath done this, and you must thanke him:
To what you call his swaggering, wee owe all this.
And that it may have credit with you Madam,
Here is your Neice, whom I have married, witnesse
These Gentlemen, the Knight, Captaine, and *Parson*,
And this grave Politique Tell-troth of the Court.

Lad. What's she that I call Neice then? *Com.* *Polishes Daughter*,
Her Mother Goodwy *Polish* hath confesse'd it
To Gramam *Keeps*, the Nurse, how they did change
The children in their Cradles. *Lad.* To what purpose?

Com. To get the portion, or some part of it,
Which you must now disburse intire to me, Sir,
If I but gaine her Ladiships consent.

Lad. I bid God give you joy, if this be true.

Com. As true it is, Lady, Lady, it's song:
The portion's mine, with interest Sir *Mouth*,
I will not 'bate you a single *Harrington*,
Of interest upon interest. In meane time,
I doe commit you to the Guard of *Ironside*.
My brother here, Captaine *Rudbudibras*,
From whom I will expect you, or your Ransome.

Int. Sir you must prove it, and the possibility,
Ere I beleev'e it. *Com.* For the possibility,
I leave to triall. Truth shall speake it selfe.
O Mr. *Practise*, did you meet the Coach?

Prs. Yes Sir, but empty. *Com.* Why, I sent it for you;
The busines is dispatch'd here, ere you come,
Come in, Ile tell you how: you are a man

Will looke for satisfaction, and must have it.

All. So doe wee all, and long to heare the right.

Chorus.

Dam. Troth, I am one of those that labour with the same longing, for it is almost pucker'd, and pull'd into that knor, by your Poet, which I cannot easily, with all the strength of my imagination, untie.

Boy. Like enough, nor is it in your office to be troubled or perplexed with it, but to sit still, and expect. The more your imagination busies it selfe, the more it is intangled, especially if (as I told, in the beginning) you happen on the wrong end.

Pro. He hath said sufficient, Brother *Damplay*, our parts that are the Spectators, or should heare a *Comedy*, are to await the processe, and events of things, as the *Poet* presents them, not as wee would corruptly fashion them. Wee come here to behold *Playes*, and censure them, as they are made, and fitted for us; not to beslave our owne thoughts, with censorious spitle; tempering the *Poets* clay, as wee were to mould every *Scene* anew: That were a meere *Plastick*, or *Potters* ambition, most unbecomming the name of a *Gentleman*. No, let us marke, and not lose the busines on foot, by talking. Follow the right thred, or find it.

Dam. Why, here his *Play* might have ended, if hee would ha' let it, and have spar'd us the vexation of a fifth *Act* yet to come, which every one here knowes the issue of already, or may in part conjecture.

Boy. That conjecture is a kind of Figure-throwing, or throwing the Dice, for a meaning was never in the *Poets* purpose perhaps. Stay, and see his last *Act*, his *Catastrophe*, how hee will perplex that, or spring some fresh cheat, to entertaine the Spectators, with a convenient delight, till some unexpected, and new encounter breake out to rectifie all, and make good the Conclusion.

Pro. Which, ending here, would have showne dull, flat, and unpointed, without any shape, or sharpenesse, Brother *Damplay*.

Dam. Well, let us expect then: And wit be with us, o' the *Poets* part.

ACT V: SCENE I.

Needle. Dem.

Nee. **T**Roth Mr. *Item*, here's a house divided And quarter'd into parts, by your *Doctors* ingine! H' has cast out such aspersions on my Ladies! Neice here, of having had a Child; as hardly Will be wip'd off, I doubt. *Ise.* Why, is it not true?

Nee. True! did you thinke it? *Ise.* Was hee not in labour? The Mid-wife sent for? *Nee.* There's your errour now! Yo' ha' drunke o' the same water. *Ise.* Thee say'st And gave it out too. *Nee.* More you wrong'd the party;

She

The Magnetic Lady.

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She had no such thing about her, innocent creature!

Icm. What had she then? *only a fit of the Mother!*

They burnt old shoes, Goose-feathers, *Assa fatida*,
A few horne shavings, with a bone, or two,
And she is well againe, about the house;

Ite. Is't possible? *Nee.* See in, and then report it.

Ite. Our Doctors Vrinall Judgement is halfe crack'd then!

Nee. Crack'ti' the case, most hugely, with my Lady,
And sad Sir *Moath*, her brother, who is now
Vnder a cloud a little. *Ite.* Of what? Disgrace?

Nee. He is committed to *Rud-hudibras*,
The Captaine *Ironside*, upon displeasure,
From Mr. *Compassse*, but it will blow off.

Ite. The Doctor shall reverse his, instantly,
And set all right againe: if you'll assist
But in a toy; Squire *Needle*, comes; my noddle now.

Nee. Good, *Needle* and *Noddle*! what may'tbe? *I long for't.*

Ite. Why, but to goe to bed: faine a distemper
Of walking i' your sleepe, or talking in't
A little idly, but so much, as on't,
The Doctor may have ground, to raise a cure
For's reputation. *Nee.* Any thing, to serve
The worship o' the man I love and honour.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Polish. Pleasance. *Chaire.* Placentia. *Keefe.*

Pol. O! gi' you joy *Madamoiselle Compassse*!
You are his Whirle-pool now: all to be married;
Against your Mothers leave, and without counsell!
H' has fish'd faire, and caught a Frog, I feare it.
What fortune ha' you to bring him in dower?
You can tell stories now: you know a world
Of secrets to discover. *Ple.* I know nothing
But what is told me; nor can I discover
Anything. *Pol.* No, you shall not, Ile take order.
Goe, get you inthere: It is *Ember-weeke*!
Ile keepe you fasting from his flesh a while.

Cha. See, who's here? she has beene with my Lady; who kist her all
to kist her, twice or thrice.

Nee. And call'd her Neice againe, and view'd her Limbs.

Pol. You ha' done a Miracle, Mother *Chaire.* *Cha.* Not!
My Cawdle has done it. Thanke my Cawdle heartily.

Pol. It shall be thank'd, and you too, wisest Mothers,
You shall have a new, brave, four- pound Beaver hat,
Set with enamell'd studs, as mine is here;
And a right paire of Cristall Spectacles,
Cristall o' th' Rock, thou mighty Mother of Dames;
Huggin an Ivory Case, at a gold Belt,

And

And silver Bells to gingle, as you pass
Before your fiftie Daughters in procession
To Church, or from the Church. *Cha.* Thanks Mrs. *Polish.*

Ke. She does deserve as many pensions,
As there be peeces in a Maiden-head;
Were I a Prince to give 'hem. *Pol.* Come sweet Charge,
You shall present your selfe about the house, be confident, and beare up;
you shall be seene.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Compass. *Ironside.* *Practise.*

Com. What? I can make you amends, my learned Counsell,
And satisfie a greater Injury
To chafed Mr. *Practise.* Who would thinke
That you could be thus testie? *Iro.* A grave head!
Gi'n over to the study of our Lawes.

Com. And the prime honours of the Common-wealth.

Iro. And you to mind a wife. *Com.* What should you doe
With such a toy as a wife, that might distract you,
Or hinder you i' your Course? *Iro.* He shall not thinke on't.

Com. I will make ower to you my Possession,
Of that same place is false (you know) to satisfie
Surveyor of the Projects generall.

Iro. And that's an office, you know how to stirre in.

Com. And make your profits of. *Iro.* Which are (indeed)
The ends of a gown'd man: Shew your activity,
And how you are built for busines. *Pra.* I accept it
As a Possession, be't but a Reversion.

Com. You first told me 'twas a Possession. *Pra.* I,
I told you that I heard so. *Iro.* All is one,
Hee'll make Reversion a Possession quickly.

Com. But I must have a generall Release from you.

Pra. Doe one, Ile doe the other. *Com.* It's a match
Before my brother *Ironside.* *Pra.* 'Tis done.

Com. Wee two are reconcil'd then. *Iro.* To a Lawyer,
That can make use of a place, any halfe title,
Is better then a wife. *Com.* And will save charges
Of Coaches, Vellute Gownes, and cut-worke Smocks.

Iro. Hee is to occupie an office wholly.

Com. True, I must talke with you neerer, Mr. *Practise*,
About recovery o' my wifes portion,
What way I were best to take. *Pra.* The plainest way.

Com. What's that, for plainnesse? *Pra.* Sue him at Common-Law;
Arrest him on an Action of Choke-balle,
Five hundred thousand pound, it will affright him,
And all his sureties. You can prove your marriage? *Com.* Yes,
Wee'll talke of it within, and heare my Lady.

Act V

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Interest. Lady. Ros. Item.

Int. I am sure, the Rogue o' the house went all that way;
She was with Child, and Mr. Compassse got it.
Lad. Why, that you see, is manifestly false,
H' has married the other; our true Neice he sayes:
He would not wooe 'hem both: hee is not such
A Stallion, to leape all. Againe, no Child
Appeares, that I can find with all my search,
And strictest way of Inquiry, I have made
Through all my family. A fire the Mother,
The women say she had, which the Mid-wife cur'd,
With burning bones and feathers: Here's the Doctor.

Enter Doctor.

Int. O noble Doctor, did not you, and your Item,
Tell me our Neice was in labour? *Ros.* If I did,
What followes? *Int.* And that Mother Mid-night
Was sent for? *Ros.* So she was, and is i' the house still.

Int. But here has a noise beene since, she was deliver'd
Of a brave boy, and Mr. Compassse's getting.

Ros. I know no rattle of Gossips, nor their noyses.
I hope you take not me for a Pimp or errant,
To deale in smock Affaires? Where's the Patient?
The infirme man, I was sent for, Squire Needle?

Lad. Is Needle sick? *Ros.* My Potheary tells me
Hee is in danger, how is't *Tim?* where is he?

Enter Tim.

He. I cannot hold him downe. Hee's up, and walkes,
And talkes in his perfect sleepe, with his eyes shut,
As sensibly, as he were broad awake.

Ros. See, here he comes. Hee's fast asleepe, observe him.

Ros. Hee'll tell us wonders: What doe these women here?

ACT V. SCENE V.

Ros. Needle. Interest. Item. Lady. Polish. Chaire.

Keepe. Placentia.

Hunting a man halfe naked? you are fine beagles!
You'd have his dousers, *Nee.* I ha' linnen brecks on.

Ros. He heares, but hee sees nothing. *Nee.* Yes, I see
Who hides the treasure yonder. *Int.* Ha? what treasure?

Ros. If you aske questions, he' wakes presently:
And then you'l heare no more, till his next fit.

Nee. And whom she hides it for. *Ros.* Doe you marke Sir? list.

Nee. A fine she spirit it is, an Indian Mag-pie.
She was an Aldermans Widow, and fell in love
With our Sir Moath, my Ladies brother. *Ros.* (Heare you?)

Nee. And she has hid an Aldermans estate;

Dropt

Dropt through her bill in little holes, i' the Garden,
And scrapes earth over 'hem; where none can spy
But I, who see all by the Glow wormes light,
That creeps before. *Pol.* I knew the Gentlewoman;
Alderman *Parrots* Widow, a fine Speaker,
As any was i' the Clothing, or the Bevy;
She did become her scarlet, and black Velvet,
Her Greene, and purple—*Rut.* Save thy colours, *Rainbow*;
Or she will run thee over, and all thy lights.

Pol. She dwelt in *Doo-little Lane*, at top o' the hill there,
I' the round Cage, was after Sir *Chime Squirrell's*,
Shee would eate nought but Almonds, I assure you.

Rut. Would thou had'st a dose of pilles, a double dose,
O' the best purge, to make thee turne tale, tother way.

Pol. You are a foule mouth'd, purging, absurd Doctor,
I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you.

You ha' spread a scandall i' my Ladies house here,
On her sweet Neice, you never can take off

With all your purges, or your plaister of Oathes;
Though you distill your Dam-me, drop by drop,

I' your defence. That she hath had a Child,
Here she doth spit upon thee, and defie thee;

Or I do't for her. *Rut.* Madam, pray you bind her
To her behaviour. Tye your Gossip up,

Or send her unto *Bei'lem*. *Pol.* Goe thou thither,
That better hast deserv'd it, shame of Doctors:

Where could she be deliver'd: by what charme?
Restor'd to her strength so soone: who is the Father?

Or where the Infant? Aske your Oracle;
That walkes, and talkes in his sleepe. *Rut.* Where is he? gone:

You ha' lost a fortune listning to her, to her Tabour.
Good Madam lock her up. *Lad.* You must give loofers

Their leave to speake, good Doctor. *Rut.* Follow his footing
Before he get to his bed: This rest is lost else.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Compasse. Practise. Ironside. Polish. Lady.

Com. Where is my wife? what ha' you done with my wife,
Gossip o' the Counsels. *Pol.* I, sweet Mr. *Compasse*?

I honour you, and your wife. *Com.* Well, doe so still.
I will not call you Mother tho', but *Polish*.

Good Gossip *Polish*, where ha' you hid my wife?

Pol. I hide your wife. *Com.* Or she's run away.

Lad. That would make all suspected, Sir, a fresh.
Come we will find her, if she be i' the house.

Pol. Why should I hide your wife, good Mr. *Compasse*?

Com. I know no cause, but that you are good y *Polish*,
That's good at malice; good at mischief, all

That

That can perplexe, or trouble a busines, throughly.

Pol. You may say what you will: yo' are Mr. *Compass*,
And carry a large sweep, Sir, i' your Circle.

Lad. Ile sweep all corners, Gossip, to spring this.
If't be above ground, I will have her cry'd,
By the Common-cryer, through all the Ward,
But I will find her. *Iro.* It will be an A&
Worthy your justice, Madam. *Pra.* And become
The integrity, and worship of her name.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Rut. Interest. Item. Needle.

Rut. 'Tis such a Fly, this Gossip, with her buz,
Shee blowes on every thing, in every place!

Int. A busie woman, is a fearefull grievance!
Will hee not sleepe againe? *Rut.* Yes instantly,
As soone as he is warme. It is the nature
Of the disease, and all these cold dry fumes,
That are melancholicke, to worke at first,
Slow, and insensibly in their ascent,
Till being got up, and then distilling downe
Vpo' the braine; they have a pricking quality
That breeds this restless rest, which we, the sonnes
Of Physick, call a walking in the sleepe,
And telling mysteries, that must be heard.
Softly, with art, as we were sowing pillowes
Vnder the Patients elbowes, else they'd fly
Into a phrensie, run into the Woods,
Where there are Noises, huntings, shoutings, hallowings,
Amidst the brakes, and furzes, over bridges
Fall into waters: Scratch their flesh! Sometimes
Drop downe a pracipice, and there be lost.
How now! what does her? *Iro.* He is up againe,
And' gins to talke. *Int.* O' the former matter, *Item?*

Ite. The treasure, and the Lady. That's his argument.

Int. O mee, happy man! he cannot off it.
I shall know all then. *Rut.* With what appetite
Our owne desires delude us! Heare you *Tim*?
Let no man interrupt us. *Ite.* Sir *Diaphanous*,
And Mr. *Bias*, his Court-friend's, desire
To kisse his Neices hands, and gratulate
The firme recovery of her good fame,
And honour—*Int.* Good, say to 'hem, Mr. *Item*,
My Neice is on my Ladies side; they'll find her there.
I pray to be but spar'd, for halfe an houre:
Ile see 'hem presently. *Rut.* Doe, put 'hem off, *Tim*,
And tell 'hem the importance of the busines.
Here, he is come! sooth, and have all out of him.

Nee. How doe you Lady-bird? so hard at worke, still?

What's that you say? Doe you bid me walke, sweet Bird?
 And tell our Knight: I will. How? walke knave, walke?
 I thinke y' are angry with me *Pol.* Fine *Pol!*
Pol's a fine bird! O fine Lady *Pol!*
 Almond for Parrat; Parrat's a brave bird:
 Three hundred thousand peeces ha' you stuck,
 Edge-long into the ground, within the Garden?
 O' bounteous Bird! *Int.* And me, most happy creature.

Rut. Smother your joy. *Nec.* How? and drop'd twice so many—

Int. Ha! where? *Rut.* Containe your selfe. *Nec.* I' the old Well?

Int. I cannot, I am a man of flesh, and blood:

Who can containe himselfe, to heare the Ghost

Of a dead Lady, doe such workes as these?

And a Citie Lady too, o' the streight waste?

Rut. Hee's gone. *Nec.* I will goe try the truth of it.

Rut. Follow him, *Tim.* See what he does, if he bring you

A flay of it now. *Int.* He say hee's a rare fellow:

And has a rare disease. *Rut.* And I will worke

As rare a cure upon him. *Int.* How, good Doctor?

Rut. When he hath utter'd all, that you would know of him;

He clense him with a pill (as small as a pease)

And stop his mouth: for there his issue lies,

Betweene the Muscles o' the tongue. *Int.* Hee's come.

Rut. What did he, *Item?* *Int.* The first step he stept

Into the Garden, he pull'd these five peices

Vp, in a fingers bredth one of another.

The durt sticks on 'hem still. *Int.* I know enough.

Doctor, proceed with your Cure, He make thee famous,

Famous among the sonnes of the Physicians,

Machaon, Podalirius, Esculapins;

Thou shalt have a golden beard, as well as he had;

And thy *Tim Item* here, have one of silver:

A livery beard. And all thy 'Pothecaries

Belong to thee. Where's Squire Needle? gone?

Int. Hee's prick'd away, now he has done the worke.

Rut. Prepare his pill, and gi' it him afore Supper.

Int. He send for a dozen o' labourers to morrow,

To turne the surface o' the Garden up.

Rut. In mould? bruise every clod? *Int.* And have all sifted;

For He not loose a peice o' the Birds bounty,

And take an Inventory of all. *Rut.* And then

I would goe downe into the Well—*Int.* My selfe;

No trusting other hands: Sixe hundred thousand,

To the first three; nine hundred thousand pound—

Rut. 'Twill purchase the whole Bench of Aldermanity,

Stript to their shirts. *Int.* There never did accrew,

So great a gift to man, and from a Lady

I never saw but once; now I remember

Wee met at Merchants Taylors hall, at dinner,

In Thred-needle Street. *Rut.* Which was a signe Squire Needle

Should

Should have the threding of this thred. *Int.* 'Tis true,
I shall love Parrots better, while I know him.

Rut. Il'd have her statue cut, now in white marble.

Int. And have it painted in most orient colours.

Rut. That's right! all Citie statues must be painted:
Else, they be worth nought i' their subtile Judgements.

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

Interest, Bias, Rut, Palate.

Int. My truest friend in Court, deare Mr. *Bias*;
You heare o' the recovery of our Neice
In fame, and credit? *Bia.* Yes, I have beene with her,
And gratulated to her; but I am fory
To find the Author o' the fowle aspersiō
Here i' your company, this insolent Doctor.

Int. You doe mistake him: He is cleare got off on't.
A Gossips Jealousie first gave the hint.

He drives another way, now, as I would have him.

Hee's a rare man, the Doctor, in his way.

H' has done the noblest cure here, i' the house;

On a poore Squire, my sisters Taylor, *Needle*

That talk'd in's sleepe; would walke to Saint *John's* wood;

And *Waltham* Forrest, scape by all the ponds;

And pits i' the way; run over two-inch bridges;

With his eyes fast, and i' the dead of night!

He ha' you better acquainted with him. Doctor,

Here is my deare, deare, dearest friend in Court;

Wife, powerfull Mr. *Bias*; pray you salute

Each other, not as strangers, but true friends.

Rut. This is the Gentleman you brought to day,

A Suitor to your Neice? *Int.* Yes. *Rut.* You were

Agreed, I heard; the writings drawne betweene you?

Int. And feald. *Rut.* What broke you off? *Int.* This rumour of here?

Was it not Mr. *Bias*? *Bia.* Which I find

Now false, and therefore come to make amends

I' the first place. I stand to the old conditiōs.

Rut. Faith give 'hem him, Sir *Moash*, what ere they were.

You have a brave occasion now, to crosse

The flanting Mr. *Compasse*, who pretends

Right to the portion, by th' other Intaile.

Int. And claimes it. You doe heare he's married?

Bia. We heare his wife is run away from him,

Within: She is not to be found i' the house,

With all the Hue, and Cry is made for her,

Through every roome; the Larders ha' beene search'd,

The Bak-houses, and Boulting-tub, the Ovens,

Wash-house, and Brew-house, say the very Fornace;

And yet she is not heard of. *Int.* Be she nere heard of,

H^a

The

The safety of Great Brittain lyes not on't.
 You are content with the ten thousand pound,
 Defalking the foure hundred garnish moncy?
 That's the condition here, afore the Doctor,
 And your demand, friend *Bias*. *Bia.* It is Sir *Moath*. *Enter Palate.*
Rut. Here comes the *Parson* then, shall make all sure.
Int. Goe you with my friend *Bias*, *Parson Palate*,
 Vnto my Neice, assure them wee are agreed.
Pal. And Mrs. *Compasse* too, is found within.
Int. Where was she hid? *Pal.* In an old Botle-house,
 Where they scrap'd trenchers, there her mother had thrust her.
Rut. You shall have time, Sir, to triumph on him,
 When this fine feate is done, and his *Rud-Ironside*.

ACT V. SCENE IX.

Compasse. Pleasance. Lady. Ironside. Practise.
Polish. Chaire. Keepe. &c.

Com. Was ever any Gentlewoman us'd
 So barbarously by a malitious Gossip,
 Pretending to be Mother to her too?
Pol. Pretending! Sir, I am her Mother, and challenge
 A right, and power for what I have done. *Com.* Out, Hag.
 Thou that hast put all nature off, and woman:
 For fordid gaine, betray'd the trust committed
 Vnto thee by the dead, as from the living:
 Chang'd the poore innocent Infants in their Cradles:
 Defrauded them o' their parents, chang'd their names,
 Calling *Placentia*, *Pleasance*, *Pleasance*, *Placentia*.
Pol. How knowes he this? *Com.* Abus'd the neighbour-hood,
 But most this Lady. Did't enforce an oath,
 To this poore woman, on a pious booke,
 To keepe close thy impiety. *Pol.* Ha' you told this?
Kee. I told it? no, he knowes it, and much more,
 As he's a cunning man. *Pol.* A cunning toole,
 If that be all. *Com.* But now to your true daughter,
 That had the Child, and is the proper *Pleasance*,
 Wee must have an account of that too, Gossip.
Pol. This's like all the rest of Mr. *Compasse*.

ACT V. SCENE X.

Enter to them running, Rut.

Rut. Helpe, helpe for Charity, Sir *Moath* interest
 Is false into the Well. *Lad.* Where? where? *Rut.* In the Garden.
 A rope to save his life. *Com.* How came he there?
Rut. He thought to take possession of a fortune,
 There newly drop't him, and the old Chaine broke,
 And downe fell hee in the Bucket. *Com.* Is it deepe?

[*Rut.*]

The Magnetick Lady.

81

Rut. We cannot tell. A rope : helpe with a rope.

Sil. He is got out againe. The Knight is sav'd.

Iro. A little sows'd i' the water : *Needle* sav'd him.

Ite. The water sav'd him, 'twas a faire escape.

Nee. Ha' you no hurt? *Int.* A little wet. *Nee.* That's nothing.

Rut. I wish'd you stay Sir till to morrow : And told you,

It was no lucky houre : since fixe a Clock

All starres were retrograde. *Lad.* I' the name

Of fate, or folly how came you i' the Bucket?

Int. That is a *Quere* of another time, sister,

The Doctor will resolve you : who hath done

The admirable 'st cure upon your *Needle*!

Gi' me thy hand good *Needle* : thou cam'st timely.

Take off my hood and coat. And let me shake

My selfe a little. I have a world of busines.

Where is my Nephew *Bias*? and his wife?

Who bids God gi' them joy? Here they both stand

As sure affianced, as the *Parson*, or words

Can tie 'hem. *Rut.* Wee all wish 'hem joy, and happinesse.

Silk. I saw the Contract, and can witness it.

Int. He shall receive ten thousand pounds to morrow.

You look'd for't, *Compasse*, or a greater summe,

But 'tis dispos'd of, this another way.

I have but one *Neice*, verely *Compasse*.

Com. Ile find another. *Varlet*, doe your office.

Var. I doe arrest your body, Sir *Moath Interest*,

In the Kings name : At suite of Mr. *Compasse*,

And Dame *Placentia* his wife. The Action sentred,

Five hundred thousand pound. *Int.* Heare you this, sister?

And hath your house the eares, to heare it too?

And to resound the affront? *Lad.* I cannot stop

The Lawes, or hinder Justice. I can be

Your Baile, if't may be taken. *Com.* With the *Captaines*,

I aske no better. *Rut.* Here are better men.

Will give their Baile. *Com.* But yours will not be taken,

Worshipfull Doctor, you are good security

For a suit of clothes, to th' Taylor, that dares trust you.

But not for such a summe, as is this Action.

Varlet, You know my mind. *Var.* You must to prison, Sir,

Vnlesse you can find Baile the *Creditor* likes.

Int. I would faine find it, if you'd shew me where.

Silk. It is a terrible Action, more indeed,

Then many a man is worth. And is call'd *Fright-Baile*.

Iro. Faith I will baile him, at mine owne apperill.

Varlet, be gone : Ile once in the reputation,

To be security for such a summe.

Bear up Sir *Moath*. *Rut.* He is not worth the Buckles

About his Belt, and yet this *Varlet* chafes.

Int. Peace, lest he heare you Doctor, wee'll make use of him.

What doth your brother *Compasse*, *Captaine Ironside*,

Enter *Silke-*
worme. *Iron-*
side. *Item*.
Needle, and
Interest. *Rut*.

Lady.

Bias.
Placentia.
Palace.

Varlet.

De-

Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus?

Iro. Your Neice's portion, in the right of his wife.

Int. I have assur'd one portion, to one Neice,

And have no more t'account for, that I know of:

What I may doe in charity—if my sister,

Will bid an Offring for her maid, and him,

As a Benevolence to 'hem, after Supper,

He spit into the Bason, and intreat

My friends to doe the like. *Com.* Spit out thy gall,

And heart, thou Viper: I will now no mercy,

No pity of thee, thy false Neice, and Needle,

Bring forth your Child, or I appeale you of murder,

You, and this Gossip here, and Mother *Chaire*.

Cha. The Gentleman's false mad! *Fla.* No, Mrs. Midwife.

I saw the Child, and you did give it me,

And put it i' my armes, by this ill token,

You wish'd me such another, and it cry'd.

Pra. The Law is plaine, if it were heard to cry,

And you produce it not, hee may indict

All that conceale't, of Felony, and Murder.

Com. And I will take the boldnesse, Sir, to doe it:

Beginning with Sir *Mouth* here, and his Doctor.

Silk. Good faith this same is like to turne a busines.

Pal. And a shrewd busines, marry: they all start at't.

Com. I ha' the right thred now, and I will keepe it.

You good'y *Keepe*, confesse the truth to my Lady,

The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.

Pol. I scorn to be prevented of my glories.

I plotted the deceit, and I will owne it,

Love to my Child, and lucre of the portion

Provok'd me, wherein though th'event hath fail'd

In part, I will make use of the best side.

This is my Daughter, and she hath had a Child

This day, (unto her shame, I now professe it.)

By this meere false-stick Squire *Needle*, but

Since this wise Knight, hath thought it good to change

The foolish Father of it, by assuring

Her to his deare friend, Mr. *Bias*, and him

Againe to her, by clapping of him on

With his free promise of ten thousand pound,

Afore so many witnesses, *Silk.* Whereof I

Am one. *Pal.* And I another. *Pol.* I should be unnatural

To my owne flesh, and blood, would I not thanke him.

I thanke you Sir: and I have reason for it.

For here your true Neice stands, fine Mrs. *Compass*.

(He tell you truth, you have deserv'd it from me.)

To whom you are by bond engag'd to pay

The sixteene thousand pound, which is her portion,

Due to her husband, on her marriage-day

I speake the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Pleasance
steps out.

Iro. You'll pay it now, *Sir Mouth*, with interest?
You see the truth breaks out on every side of you.

Int. Into what nets of cou's'nage am I cast
On ev'ry side? each thred is growne a noose:
A very mesh: I have run my selfe into
A double breake, of paying twice the money.

Bia. You shall be releas'd, of paying me a penny,
With these conditions. *Pol.* Will you leave her then?

Bia. Yes, and the summe, twice told, ere take a wife,
To pick out Mounseur *Needles* basting threds;

Com. Gossip you are paid: though he be a fit nature,
Worthy to have a Whore justly put on him;
He is not bad enough to take your Daughter,
On such a cheat. Will you yet pay the portion?

Int. What will you 'bate? *Com.* No penny the Law gives.

Int. Yes, *Bias's* money. *Com.* What? your friend in Court?
I will not rob you of him, nor the purchase,
Nor your deare Doctor here, stand altogether.
Birds of a nature all, and of a feather.

Lad. Well, wee are all now reconcil'd to truth.

There rests yet a Gratuite from me,
To be conferr'd upon this Gentleman;
Who (as my Nephew *Compassse* sayes) was cause,
First of th' offence, but since of all th' amends,
The Quarrell caus'd th' affright, that fright brought on
The travell, which made peace, the peace drew on
This new discovery, which endeth all
In reconcilment. *Com.* When the portion

Is tender'd, and receiv'd. *Int.* Well, you must have it,
As good at first as last. 'Tis well said brother.

And I, if this good Capitaine will accept me,
Give him my selfe, endow him with my estate,
And make him Lord of me, and all my fortunes:
He that hath sav'd my houre, though by chance,
Ile really study his, and how to thanke him.

Iro. And I embrace you, Lady, and your goodnesse,
And vow to quit all thought of warre hereafter;
Save what is fought under your colours, Madam.

Pol. More worke then for the *Parson*; I shall cap
The Leadstone with an Ironside, I see.

Iro. And take in these, the forlorne Couple, with us,
Needle, and's *Thred*, whose portion I will thinke on;
As being a busines, waiting on my bounty:
Thus I doe take possession of you, Madam,
My true Magnetick Mistris, and my Lady.

The end.

CHORVS.

CHORUS

Changed into an EPILOGUE:

To the KING.

Well, Gentlemen, I now must under seale,
 And th' Authors charge, waive you, and make my appeale
 To the supremest power, my LORD, the KING;
 Who best can judge of what wee humbly bring.
 Since knowes our weaknesse, and the Poets faults;
 Where he doth stand upright, see firme, or balts;
 And hee will doome him. To which voice he stands;
 And prefers that, 'fore all the Peoples hands.

A T A L E
OF
A T U B.

A COMEDY composed

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

Catul.—*Inficeto & inficetior rure.*

LONDON,
Printed M.DC.XL.

A T A L E

OF

A T U B

A COMEDY composed

By J. JOHNSON

Printed by J. JOHNSON

LONDON

Printed M. D. C. XL

The Persons that act.

CHAN HVGH,	<i>Vicar of Pancrace, and Capitaine Thums.</i>
SQVIRE TVB,	<i>of Totten-Court, or Squire TRIPOLT.</i>
BASKETHILTS,	<i>His man, and Governour.</i>
IYST: PREAMBLE,	<i>Of Maribone, alias BRANDER.</i>
MILES METAPHOR,	<i>His Clarke.</i>
LADY TVB,	<i>of Totten, the Squires Mother.</i>
POL-MARTEN,	<i>Her Haishur. DIDD: WISE: her woman.</i>
TOBIE TVRFE,	<i>High Constable of Kentish Towne.</i>
DA: SIBIL TVRFE	<i>His Wife.</i>
Mrs. AWDREY TVRFE,	<i>Their Daughter the Bride.</i>
IOHN CLAY,	<i>of Kilborne Tile-maker, the appointed Bride-groome.</i>
IN-AND-IN.MEDLAY,	<i>of Ilington, Cooper and Headborough.</i>
RASI:CLENCH,	<i>of Hamsted, Farrier, and petty Constable.</i>
TO-PAN,	<i>Tinker, or Metall-man of Belhuse, Thirdborough.</i>
DOGE: SCRIBEN,	<i>of Chalcot the great Writer.</i>
BALL PVPPY,	<i>The high Constables man.</i>
FATHER ROSIN,	<i>The Minstrell, and His 2 Boyes.</i>
IONE, IOYCE	{ <i>Maids of the Bridall.</i>
MADGE, PARNEL,	
GRISELL, KATE.	{ <i>The Lady Tubs Butler.</i>
BLACK IACK,	
<i>2 Groomes.</i>	

The Scene, Finsbury-hundred.

PROLOGVE.

NO State-affaires, nor any politique Club,
 Pretend wee in our Tale, here, of a Tub.
 But acts of Clownes and Constables, to day
 Stuffle out the Scenes of our ridiculous Play.
 A Coopers wit, or some such busie Sparke,
 Illumining the high Constable, and his Clarke.
 And all the Neighbour-hood, from old Records,
 Of antick Proverbs, drawne from Whifson-Lord's,
 And their authorities, at Wakes and Ales,
 With countrey precedents, and old Wives Tales;
 Wee bring you now, to shew what different things
 The Cotes of Clownies, are from the Courts of Kings:

● **TALE**

A T A L E OF A T U B.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir Hugh. Tub. Hilts.

Hug. **N**OW o' my faith, old Bishop *Valentine*,
You' ha' brought us nipping weather: *February*
Doth cut and sheare, your day, and diocesse
Are very cold. All your Parishioners;
As well your Layicks, as your Quiristers;
Had need to keepe to their warme Fether-beds,
If they be sped of loyes: this is no season,
To seeke new Makes in; though Sir *Hugh* of *Pancrace*,
Behither come to *Totten*, on intelligence,
To the young Lord o' the Mannor, Squire *Tripoly*,
On such an errand as a Mistris is.
What, Squire! I say: *Tub*, I should call him too:
Sir *Peter Tub* was his father, a Salt-peeter-man;
Who left his Mother, Lady *Tub* of *Totten-
Court*, here, to revell, and keepe open house in;
With the young Squire her sonne, and's Governour *Baskets-
Hilts*, both by sword, and dagger: *Domine*,
Armiger Tub, Squire *Tripoly*, *Expergiscere*.
I dare not call aloud, lest she should heare me;
And thinke I conjur'd up the spirither, sonne,
In Priests-lack-latine: O shee is jealous
Of all man-kind for him: *Tub*. Chanon, i'ft you?

Hug. The Vicar of *Pancrace*, Squire *Tub*! wa' hoh! *At the Win-*

Tub. I come, I stoop unto the call; Sir *Hugh*! *He comes*

Hug. He knowes my lure is from his Love: faire *Audrey*, *night Gowne.*

Th'high Constables Daughter of *Kentish Towne*, here Mr.

Tobias Tarfe. Tub. What newes of him? *Hug.* He has wak'd me,

An houre before I would, Sir. And my duty,

To the young worship of *Totten-Court*, Squire *Tripoly*;

Who hath my heart, as I have his: your Mrs.

Is to be made away from you, this morning,

Saint *Valentines* day: there are a knot of Clownes;

The Counsell of *Finsbury*, so they are y-styl'd,

Met at her Fathers; all the wife o' th' hundred;

Old *Basi Clench* of *Hamsfed*, petty Constable;

In-and-

In-and-In Medley, Cooper of *Islington*,
And *Headborough*, with lowd *To-Pan* the Tinker,
Or *Mettall-man* of *Belfse*, the Third-borough:
And *D'ogenes Scriben*, the great Writer of *Chalcot*.

Tub. And why all these? *Hug*. Sir to conclude in Counsell,
A Husband, or a Make for Mrs. *Awdrey*,
Whom they have nam'd, and prick'd downe, *Clay* of *Kilborne*,
A tough young fellow, and a Tile-maker.

Tub. And what must he doe? *Hugh*. Cover her, they say:
And keepe her warme Sir: Mrs. *Awdrey Turfe*,
Last night did draw him for her *Valentine*,
Which chance, it hath so taken her Father, and Mother,
(Because themselves drew so, on *Valentine's* Eve
Was thirty yeare) as they will have her married
To day by any meanes, they have sent a Messenger
To *Kilborne*, post, for *Clay*, which when I knew,
I posted with the like to worshipfull *Tripoly*,
The Squire of *Totten*: and my advise to cross it.

Tub. What is't Sir *Hugh*? *Hugh*. Where is your Governour *Hills*?
Basquet must doe it. *Tub*. *Basquet* shall be call'd:
Hills, can you see to rise? *Hil*. Cham nor blind Sir
With too much light. *Tub*. Open your tother eye,
And view if it be day. *Hil*. Che can spy that
At's little a hole, as another, through a Millstone.

Tub. Hee will ha' the last word, though he talke Bilke for't.

Hugh. Bilke? what's that? *Tub*. Why nothing, a word signifying
Nothing; and borrow'd here to expresse nothing.

Hugh. A fine device! *Tub*. Yes, till we heare a finer.
What's your device now, Chanon *Hugh*? *Hugh*. In private.
Lend it your care, I will not trust the ayre with it,
Or scarce my Shirt; my Cassock ma' not know it,
If I thought it did, Ile burne it. *Tub*. That's the way,
You ha' thought to get a new one, *Hugh*: Is't worth it?
Let's heare it first. *Hugh*. Then hearken, and receive it.

They whisper-
Hills enters,
and walks by,
making him-
selfe ready:

This 'tis Sir, doe you relish it? *Tub*. If *Hills*
Be close enough to carry it, there's all.

Hil. It i' no sand: nor Butter-milke: If't be,
Ich'am no zive, or watring pot, to draw
Knots i' your 'cations. If you must me, zo:
It not, praforme it your zelves. Cham no mans wife,
But resolute *Hills*: you'll vind me i' the Buttry.

Tub. A testie Clowne: but a tender Clowne, as wooll:
And melting as the Weather in a Thaw:
Hee'll weepe you, like all *April*: But he'll roare you
Like middle *March* afore: He will be as mellow,
And tipple too, as *October*: And as grave,
And bound up like a frost (with the new yeare)
In *January*, as rigid, as he is rusticke.

Hug. You know his nature, and describe it well,
Ile leave him to your fashioning. *Tub*. Stay, Sir *Hugh*;

Take a good Angell with you, for your Guide;
And let this guard you home-ward, as the blessing,
To our devise. *Eng.* I thank you Squire, worshipping,
Most humbly (for the next, for this I am sure of.)
O for a Quire of these voices, now,
To chime in a mans pocket, and cry chinke!
One doth not chirpe: it makes no harmony.
Grave Justice *Bramble*, next must contribute,
His charity must offer at this wedding:
He bid more to the Bason, and the Bride-ale;
Although but one can beare away the Bride.
I smile to thinke how like a Lottery
These Weddings are. *Clay* hath her in possession;
The Squire he hopes to circumvent the Tile-Kill:
And now, if Justice *Bramble* doe come off,
'Tis two to one but *Tub* may loose his borome.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Clench. Medlay. Scriben. Pan. Puppy.

Cle. Why, 'tis thirty yeare, eene as this day now:
Zin Valentine day, of all dayes enfin'd, looke you;
And the same day o' the moneth, as this *Zin Valentine*,
Or I am vovly deceiv'd. *Med.* That our High Constable,
Mr. *Tobias Turfe*, and his Dame were married:
I thinke you are right. But what was that *Zin Valentine*?
Did you ever know 'um, Good-man *Clench*? *Cle.* *Zin Valentine*,
Hee was a deadly *Zin*, and dwelt in *High-gate*,
As I have heard, but 't was avore my time:
Hee was a Cooper too, as you are. *Medlay*,
An In-an-In: A woundy, bragg young yellow:
As thi' port went o' hun, then, and i' those dayes,
Seri. Did he not write his name, *Sin Valentine*?
Vor I have met no *Sin* in *Finsbury* bookes;
And yet I have writ 'hem fixe or seven times over.
Pan. O' you mun looke for the nine deadly *Sins*,
I' the Church bookes, *Dogs*; nor the high Constables,
Nor i' the Counties: Zure, that same *Zin Valentine*,
Hee was a stately *Zin*; an hee were a *Zin*,
And kept brave house. *Cle.* At the Cock and Hen, in *High-gate*,
You ha' fresh'd my remeinory well in't! neighbour *Pan*!
He had a place, in last King *Harri's* time,
Of sorting all the young couples, joyning 'hem,
And putting 'hem together, which is yet,
Praform'd, as on his day — *Zin Valentine*,
As being the *Zin* o' the shire, or the whole Countie:
I am old Rivet still, and beare a braine,
The *Clench*, the Varrier, and true Deach of *Harnessed*.

Pan. You are a shrewd antiquity, neighbour *Clench*! And a great Guide to all the Parishes! The very Bel-wether of the Hundred, here, As I may say. *Mr. Tobias Turfe*, High Constable, would not misse you, for a score on us, When he doe' scourse of the great Charty to us.

Pup. What's that, a Horle? Can' scourse nought but a Horle? I neere reado' hun, and that in *Smith-veld* Chartie: I' the old *Fabians* Chronicles: nor I thinke In any new. He may be a Giant there, For I ought I know. *Scri.* You should doe well to study Records, Fellow *Ball*, both Law and Poetry.

Pap. Why, all's but writing, and reading, is it *Scriben*? An't be any more, it's meere cheating zure. Vlat cheating: all your Law, and Poets too.

Pan. Mr. High Constable comes. *Pap.* Ile zay't avore 'hun.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Turfe. Clench. Medlay. Scriben. Puppy. Pan.

Tur. Whar's that, makes you all so merry, and lowd, Sirs, ha? I could ha' heard you to my privie walke.

Cle. A Contervarfic, 'twixt your two learn'd men here: *Annibal Puppy* sayes, that Law and Poetry Are both flat cheating; All's but writing and reading, He sayes, be't verse or prose. *Tur.* I thinke in conziencie, He do' zay true? Who is't doe thwart 'un, ha?

Med. Why my friend *Scriben*, and t please your worship.

Tur. Who *D'oge*? my *D'ogenes*? a great Writer, marry! Hee'll vace mee down, mee my selfe sometimes, That verse goes upon vete, as you and I doe: But I can gi' 'un the hearing, zit me downe, And laugh at 'un, and to my selfe conclude, The greatest Clarks, are not the wisest men Ever. Here they are both! What Sirs, disputin, And holdin Arguments of verse, and prose: And no greene thing afore the Door, that shewes, Or speakes a wedding? *Scri.* Those were verses now, Your worship spake, and run upon vive feet.

Tur. Feet, vrom my mouth, *D'oge*? Leave your zurd uppimons; And get me in some boughes. *Scri.* Let 'hem ha' leaves first. There's nothing greene but Bayes, and Rosemary.

Pup. And they're too good for strewings, your Maids say.

Tur. You take up 'dority still, to vouch against me. All the twelve smocks i' the house, zur, are your Authors. Get some fresh hay then, to lay under foot: Some Holly and Ivie, to make vine the posts: Is't not Sonne *Valentines* day? and Mrs. *Andrey*, Your young Dame to be married? I wonder *Clay*

Should

Should be so tedious: Hee's to play *Sonne Valentine*!
And the Clowne fluggard's not come fro' *Kilborne* yet?

Med. Do you call your Son i' Law Clowne, and't please your worship?

Tur. Yes, and vor worship too; my neighbour *Medley*,

A *Middlesex* Clowne; and one of *Finsbury*:

They were the first Colon's o' the kingdome here:

The Primitory Colon's; my *D'ogenes* sayes.

Where's *D'ogenes*, my Writer now? What were those

You told me, *D'ogenes*, were the first Colon's

O' the Countrey? that the *Romans* brought in here?

Scr. The *Coloni*. Sir, *Colonus* is an Inhabitant:

A Clowne originall: as you'd zay a Farmer, a Tiller o' th' Earth,

Ere sin' the *Romans* planted their Colonie first,

Which was in *Middlesex*.

Tur. V hy so, I thanke you heartily, good *D'ogenes*, you ha' zertified me!

I had rather be an ancient Colon, (as they zay) a Clowne of *Middlesex*:

A good rich Farmer, or high Constable.

I'd play hun' gaine a Knight, or a good Squire,

Or Gentleman of any other Countie

I' the Kindome. *Pan.* Out-cept *Kent*, for there they landed

All Gentlemen, and came in with the Conquerour,

Mad *Iulius Cesar*; who built *Dover-Castle*:

My Ancestor *To-Pan*, beat the first Kettle-drum,

Avore' hun, here vrom *Dover* on the March:

Which peice of monumentall copper hangs

Vp, scourd, at *Hammer-smith* yet; for there they came

Over the *Thames*, at a low water marke;

Vore either *London*, I, or *Kingston Bridge*—

I doubt were kurfind. *Tur.* Zee, who is here: *John Clay*!

Zonne Valentine, and Bride-groome! ha' you zcene

Your Valentine-Bride yet, sin' you came? *John Clay*?

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Clay.

To them.

Clay. No wusse. Che lighted, I, but now i' the yard:

Puppy ha' scarce unswadled my legges yet.

Tur. What? wispes o' your wedding day, zonne? This is right

Originous *Clay*: and *Clay* o' *Kilborne* too!

I would ha' had bootes o' this day, zure, zonne *John*.

Clay. I did it to save charges: we mun dance,

O this day, zure: and who can dance in boots?

No, I got on my best straw-coloured stockins;

And swaddeld hem over to save charges; I.

Tur. And his new shamois Doublet too with points;

I like that yet: and his long sawsedge-hose;

Like the Commander of foure smoaking Tile-kils,

Which he is Captaine of, Captaine of *Kilborne*:

Clay with his hat turn'd up, o' the leere side, too:

As if he would leape my Daughter yet ere night,

And spring a new *Turf* to the old house:

Looke, and the wenches ha' not vound un our,

And doe parzent un, with a van of *Rosemary*,

And Bayes, to villa Bow-pot, trim the head
Of my best vore-horse: wee shall all ha' Bride-laces,
Or points, I zee; my Daughter will be valiant;
And prove a very *Mary Ambry* i' the busines.

Cle. They zaid, your worship had sur'd her to *Squire Tub*
Of *Totten-Court* here; all the hundred rings on't.

Tur. A Tale of a Tub, Sir; a meere tale of a Tub.

Lend it no care I pray you: The *Squire Tub*

Is a fine man, but he is too fine a man,

And has a Lady *Tub* too to his Mother:

He deale with none o' these vine filken *Tubs*.

John Clay, and Cloath-breech for my money, and Daughter.

Here comes another old Boy too, vor his colours

Enter Father
Rosin.

Will stroake downe my wives udder of purses, empty

Of all her milke money, this Winter Quarter;

Old *Father Rosin*, the chiefe Minstrell here:

Chiefe Minstrell too of *High gate*: she has hir'd him

And all, his two Boyes for a day and a halfe,

And now they come for Ribbanding, and *Rosemary*;

Give 'hem enough *Girles*, gi' 'hem enough, and take it

Out in his tunes anon. *Cle.* I'll ha' *Tom Tiler*,

For our *John Clay*'s sake, and the *Tile* kills, zure.

Med. And I the jolly Joyner, for mine owne sake.

Pan. He ha' the joviall *Tinker* for *To. Pans* sake.

Tur. Wee'll all be jovy this day, vor sonne *Valentine*.

My sweet sonne *John*'s sake. *Scri.* There's another reading now:

My Mr. reads it *Sonne*, and not *Sinne Valentine*.

Pup. Nor *Zim*: And hee is i' the right: He is high Constable.

And who should reade above un, or a vore 'hun?

Tur. Sonne *John* shall bid us welcome all, this day:

Wee'll zerve under his colours: Leade the troop *John*,

And *Puppy*, see the Bels ring. Presse all noises

Of *Finsbury*, in our name, *Dogenes Scriben*

Shall draw a score of warrants vor the busines.

Do's any wight parzent hir Majesties person,

This Hundred, bove the high Constable? *All.* No, no.

Tur. Vse our Authority then, to the utmost on't.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Hugh. Preamble. Metaphor.

Hugh. So, you are sure Sir to prevent 'hem all,
And throw a block i' the Bride-groomes way, *John Clay*,

That he will hardly leape ore. *Pre.* I conceive you,

Sir *Hugh*, as if your Rhetoricke would say,

Whereas the Father of her is a *Turfe*,

A very superficies of the earth,

Hee aimes no higher, then to match in *Clay*,

And there hath pitch'd his rest. *Hug.* Right Justice *Drumble*!

You ha' the winding wit, compassing all.

Pre.

Pre. Subtile Sir *Hugh*, you now are i' the wrong,
And erre with the whole Neighbour-hood, I must tell you;
For you mistake my name. *Justice Preamble*

I write my selfe; which with the ignorant Clownes, here
(Because of my profession of the Law,
And place o' the peace) is taken to be *Bramble*.

But all my warrants Sir, doe run *Preamble*:

Richard Preamble. *Hugh.* Sir I thanke you for't.

That your good worship, would not let me run
Longer in error, but would take me up thus—

Pre. You are my learned, and canonick neighbour:

I would not have you stray; but the incorrigible
Knot-headed beast, the Clownes, or Constables,
Still let them graze; eat Sallads; chew the Cud:

All the Towne-musicke will not move a log;

Hug. The Beetle and Wedges will, where you will have 'hem.

Pre. True, true Sir *Hugh*, here comes *Miles Metaphore*,

My Clarke: Hee is the man shall carry it, Chanon,

By my instructions. *Hug.* Hee will do't ad unguem,

Miles Metaphore: Hee is a pretty fellow.

Pre. I love not to keepe shadowes, or halfe-wits,

To foile a busines. *Metaphore*! you ha' scene

A King ride forth in state. *Met.* Sir that I have:

King *Edward* our late Leige, and soveraigne Lord:

And have set downe the pompe. *Pre.* Therefore I ask'd you,

Ha' you observ'd the Messengers o' the Chamber?

What habits they were in? *Met.* Yes, Minor Coats.

Vnto the Guard, a Dragon, and a Grey-hound,

For the supporters of the Armes. *Pre.* Well mark'd;

You know not any of 'hem? *Met.* Here's one dwels

In *Maribone*. *Pre.* Ha' you acquaintance with him?

To borrow his coat an houre? *Hug.* Or but his badge,

'Twill serve: A little thing he weares on his brest.

Pre. His coat, I say, is of more authority:

Borrow his coat for an houre. I doe love

To doe all things complearely, Chanon *Hugh*,

Borrow his coat, *Miles Metaphore*, or nothing.

Met. The Taberd of his office, I will call it,

Or the Coat-Armour of his place: and so

Insinuate with him by that Trope—

Pre. I know your powers of Rhetorick, *Metaphore*.

Fetch him off in a fine figure for his coat I say.

Hug. Ile take my leave Sir of your worship too:

Bycause I may expect the issue anon.

Pre. Stay my diviner Counsell, take your fees,

Wee that take fees, allow 'hem to our Counsell,

And our prime learned Counsell, double fees:

There are a brace of Angels to support you

I' your foot-walks this frost, for feare of falling,

Or spraying of a point of Matrimony,

Preamble goes
out.

When you come at it. *Hug.* I' your worships service;
That the exploit is done, and you possess
Of Mrs. *Awdrey Turfe*—*Pre.* I like your project.

Hug. And I, of this effect of two to one;
It worketh in my pocket, 'gainst the Squire,
And his halfe bottome here, of halfe a peice:
Which was not worth the stepping ore the stile for:
His Mother has quite marr'd him: *Lady Tub*,
She's such a vessell of *feces*: all dry'dearth!
Terra damnata, not a drop of salt!
Or *Peeter* in her! All her Nitre is gone.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Lady Tub. Pol-Marten.

Lad. Is the Nag ready *Marten*? call the Squire.
This frosty morning wee will take the aire,
About the fields: for I doe meane to be
Some-bodies *Valentine*, i' my Velvet Gowne,
This morning, though it be but a beggar-man.
Why stand you still, and doe not call my sonne?

Pol. Madam, if he had couched with the Lambe,
He had no doubt beene stirring with the Larke:
But he sat up at Play, and watch'd the Cock,
Till his first warning chid him off to rest.
Late Watchers are no early Wakers, Madam;
But if your Ladiship will have him call'd—

Lad. Will have him call'd? Wherefore did I, Sir, bid him
Be call'd, you *Weazel*, Vermin of an Huilher;
You will returne your wit to your first stile
Of *Marten Polcat*, by these stinking tricks,
If you doe use 'hem: I shall no more call you
Pol-marten, by the title of a Gentleman,

Pol-marten
goes out.

If you goe on thus—*Pol.* I am gone. *Lad.* Be quick then,
I' your come off: and make amends you Storc!
Was ever such a Full-mart for an Huilher,
To a great worshipfull Lady, as my selfe,
Who, when I heard his name first, *Martin Polcat*,
A stinking name, and not to be pronounc'd
In any Ladies presence, my very heart cene earn'd, seeing the Fellow
Young, pretty and handsome, being then I say,
A Basket-Carrier, and a man condemn'd
To the Salt-peeter workes, made it my suit
To Mr. *Peeter Tub*, that I might change it;
And call him as I doe now, by *Pol-marten*,
To have it sound like a Gentleman in an Office,
And made him mine owne Fore-man, daily waiter,
And he to serve me thus! Ingratitude!
Beyond the Courfenes yet of any Clownage,

Without a
reverence.

endW

Shew

Shewen to a Lady: what now, is he stirring?

He returns.

Pol. Stirring betimes out of his bed, and ready.

Lad. And comes he then? Pol. No Madam, he is gone.

Lad. Gone? whither? aske the Porter: Where's he gone?

Pol. I met the Porter, and have ask'd him for him;

He sayes he let him forth an houre agoe.

Lad. An houre agoe! what buhnes could he have,

So early? where is his man, grave Basket Hills?

His Guide, and Governour? Pol. Gone with his Master.

Lad. Is he gone too? O that same surly knave,

Is his right hand: and leads my sonne amisse.

He has carried him to some drinking match, or other:

Pol-marten, I will call you so againe;

I am friends with you now. Goe get your horse, and ride

To all the Townes about here, where his haunts are;

And crosse the fields to meet, and bring me word;

He cannot be gone farre, being a foot.

Be curious to inquire him: and bid Wispe

My woman come, and waite on me. The love

Wee Mothers beare our Sonnes, we ha' bought with paine;

Makes us oft view them, with too carefull eyes,

And over-looke 'hem with a jealous feare,

Out-fitting Mothers.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

Lady Tub. Wispe.

Lad. How now Wispe? Ha' you

A Valentine yet? I'm taking th'aire to choose one.

Wis. Fate send your Ladship a fit one then.

Lad. What kind of one is that? Wis. A proper man,

To please your Ladship. Lad. Out o' that vanity,

That takes the foolish eye: Any poore creature,

Whose want may need my almes, or courtesie;

I rather wish, so Bishop *Valentine*,

Left us example to doe deeds of Charity,

To feed the hungry; cloath the naked, visit

The weake, and sicke; to entertaine the poore;

And give the dead a Christian Funerall;

These were the workes of piety he did practise,

And bad us imitate; not looke for Lovers,

Or handsome Images to please our senses.

I pray thee Wispe, deale freely with me now:

Wee are alone, and may be merry a little:

Tho' art none o' the Court-glories; nor the wonders

For wit, or beauty i' the Citie: tell me,

What man would satisfiethy present phansie?

Had thy ambition leave to choose a Valentine,

Within the Queenes Dominion, for subject.

Wis.

Wif. Yo' ha' gi' me a large scope, Madam, I confesse,
 And I will deale with your Ladiship sincerely:
 I'll utter my whole heart to you. I would have him,
 The bravest, richest, and the properest man
 A Taylor could make up; or all the Poets,
 With the Perfumers: I would have him such,
 As not another woman, but should spite me!
 Three Citie Ladies should run mad for him:
 And Countri-Madams infinite. *Lad.* You'd spare me;
 And let me hold my wits? *Wif.* I should with you—
 For the young Squire, my Masters sake, dispense
 A little; but it should be very little.
 Then all the Court-wives I'd ha' jealous of me;
 As all their husbands jealous of them:
 And not a Lawyers Pusle of any quality,
 But lick her lips, for a snatch in the Terme time. *Lad.* Come,
 Let's walke: wee'll heare therest as we goe on:
 You are this morning in a good veine, *Dido*:
 Would I could be as merry. My sonnes absence
 Troubles me not a little: though I seeke
 These wayes to put it off, which will not helpe:
 Care that is entred, once into the brest,
 Will have the whole possession, ere it rest.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Turfe. Clay. Medlay. Clench. To. Pan. Scriben. Puppy.

Tur. **Z**onne Clay, cheare up, the better leg avore:
 This is a veat is once done, and no more.

Cle. And then 'tis done vorever, as they say.

Med. Right! vor a man ha' his houre, and a dog his day.

Tur. True neighbour *Medlay*, yo' are still *In-and-In*.

Med. I would be Mr. Constable, if 'ch' could win.

Pan. I zay, *John Clay*, keepe still on his old gate:
 Wedding, and hanging, both goe at a rate.

Tur. Well said *To-Pan*: you ha' still the hap to hit
 The naile o' the head at a close: I thinke there ne ver
 Marriage was manag'd with a more a visemet,
 Then was this mariage, though I say 't, that should nor,
 Especially 'gain' mine owne flesh, and blood,
 My wedded Wife. Indeed my Wife would ha' had
 All the young Batchelers and Maids, forsooth,
 O' the xixe Parishes hereabout: But I
 Cry'd none, sweet *Sybil*: none o' that gearc, I:
 It would lick salt, I told her, by her leave.
 No, three, or voure our wife, about honest neighbours:
 Vpstantiall persons: men that ha' borne office:

And mine owne Family, would bee inough
To eat our dinner. What? Deare meate's a theife:
I know it by the Butchers, and the Mercat-volke;
Hum drum I cry. No halfe-Oxe in a Pic:
A man that's bid to Bride-ale, if hee ha' cake,
And drinke enough, hee need not veare his stake.

Cle. Tis right: he has spoke as true as a Gun; beleeeve it.

Tur. Come *Sybil*, come: Did not I tell you o' this?
This pride, and muster of women would marre all:
Sixe women to one Daughter, and a Mother!
The Queene (God save her) ha' no more her selfe.

D. Tur. Why, if you keepe so many, Mr. *Turfe*,
Why, should not all present our service to her?

Tur. Your service? good! I thinke you'll write to her shortly,
Your very loving and obedient Mother.

Tur. Come, send your Maids off, I will have 'hem sent
Home againe wife: I love no traines o' *Kent*,
Or Christendome, as they say. *Sc.* Wee will not back,
And leave our Dame. *Mad.* Why should her worship lack
Her taile of Maids, more then you doe of men?

Tur. What, mutinin *Madge*? *Io.* Zend back your C'lonsagen.
And wee will vollow. *All.* Else wee'll guard our Dame.

Tur. I ha' zet the nest of waspes all on a flame.

D. Tur. Come, you are such another Mr. *Turfe*:
A Clod you should be call'd, of a high Constable:
To let no musicke goe afore your child,
To Church, to cheare her heart up this cold morning.

Tur. You are for Father *Rosin*, and his consort
Of fidling Boyes, the great *Feates*, and the lesse:
Bycause you have entertain'd 'hem all from *High-gate*.
To shew your pompe, you'd ha' your Daughter, and Maids
Dance ore the fields like Faies, to Church this frost:
Ile ha' no rondels, I, i' the Queenes pathes,
Let 'un scrape the Gut at home, where they ha' fill'd it
At after-noone. *D. Turfe.* Ile ha' 'hem play at dinner.

He. She is i' th' right, Sir, vor your wedding dinner
Is starv'd without the Musicke. *Med.* If the *Pies*
Come not in piping hot, you ha' lost that Proverbe.

Tur. I yield to truth: wife are yon sufficed?

Par. A right good man! when he knowes right, he loves it.

Scri. And he will know't, and shew't too by his place
Of being high Constable, if no where else.

Act II. Scene II.

To them,

Hils bearded, booted and spur'd.

Hil. Well over-taken, *Gentlemen*! I pray you,
Which is the Queenes High Constable among you?

Pop.

Pup. The tallest man: who should be else, doe you thinke?

Hil. It is no matter what I thinke, young Clowne:
Your answer favours of the Cart: *Pup.* How? Cart?
and Clowne? Doe you know whose teame you speake to?

Hil. No: nor I care not: Whose Jade may you be?

Pup. Jade? Cart? and Clowne? O for a lash of whip-cord!
Three-knotted coard! *Hil.* Doe you mutter? Sir, snorle this way,
That I may heare, and answer what you say,
With my schoole-dagger, 'bout your Costard Sir.
Looke to't, young growse: Ile lay it on, and sure,
Take't off who's wull. *Cle.* Nay, pray you Gentleman—

Hil. Goetoo: I will not bate him anace on't.
What? Rowle-powle? Maple-face? All fellowes?

Pup. Doe you heare friend, I wou'd wish you, vor your good,
Tie up your brended Bitch there, your dun rustie
Pannier-hilt poinard: and not vex the youth
With shewing the teeth of it. Wee now are going
To Church, in way of matrimony, some on us:
Tha' rung all in a ready, If it had not,
All the horne beasts are grazing i' this clofe,
Sould not ha' pull' me hence, till this Ash-plant
Had rung noone o' your pate, Mr. Broome-beard.

Hil. That would I faine see, quoth the blind *George*
Of *Holloway*: Come Sir. *Awd.* O their naked weapons!

Pan. For the passion of man, hold Gentleman, and *Puppy*.

Cla. Murder, O Murder! *Awd.* O my Father, and Mother!

D. Tur. Husband, what doe you meane? Sonne *Clay* for Gods sake—

Tur. I charge you in the Queenes name, keepe the peace.

Hil. Tell me o' no Queene, or *Keyfar*: I must have
A legge, or a hanch of him, ere I goe. *Med.* But zir,
You must obey the Queenes high Officers.

Hil. Why must I, Good-man *Must*? *Med.* You must, an' you wull.

Tur. Gentleman, I am here for fault, high Constable—

Hil. Are you zo? what then? *Tur.* I pray you Sir put up
Your weapons; doe, at my request: For him,
On my authority, he shall lie by the heeles,
Verbatim continente, an' I live.

D. Tur. Out on him for a knave, what a dead fright
He has put me into? Come *Awdrey*, doe not shake.

Awd. But is not *Puppy* hurt? nor the tother man?

Cla. No Bun, but had not I cri'd Murder, I wusse—

Pup. Sweet Good-man *Clench*, I pray you revise my Mr.
I may not zit i' the stocks, till the wedding be past

Dame. Mrs. *Awdrey*: I shall breake the Bride-cake else.

Cle. Zomething must be; to save authority, *Puppy*.

D. Tur. Husband—*Cle.* And Gossip—*Awd.* Father—*Tur.* 'Treat
mee not.

It is i' vaine. If he lye not by the heeles,
Ile lie there for 'hun. Ile teach the Hine,
To carry a tongue in his head, to his subperiors.

Hil. This's a wife Constable! where keepes he schoole?

Cle. In *Kentish Towne*, a very survere man,

Hil. But as survere as he is; Let me Sir tell him,
He sha' not lay his man by the heeles for this.
This was my quarrell: And by his office leave,
If't carry 'hun for this, it shall carry double,
Vor he shall carry me too. *Tur.* Breath of man!
Het is my chattell, mine owne hired goods:
An' if you doe abet 'un in this matter,
Ile clap you both by the heeles, ankle to ankle.

Hil. You'll clap a dog of waxe as soone, old *Blurt*?
Come, spare not me, Sir, I am no mans wife:
I care not, I, Sir, not three skips of a Lowse for you,
And you were ten tall Constables, nor I.

Tur. Nay, pray you Sir, be not angry; but content:
My man shall make you, what amends you'll aske 'hun.

Hil. Let 'hun mend his manners then, and know his betters:
It's all I aske 'hun: and 'twill be his owne,
And's Masters too, another day. Che vore 'hun.

Med. As right as a Club, still. Zure this angry man
Speakes very neere the marke, when he is pleas'd.

Pup. I thanke you Sir, an' I meet you at *Kentish Towne*,
I ha' the courtesie o' hundred for you.

Hil. Gramercy, good high Constables Hine! But hear you!

Mass: Constable, I have other manner o' matter,
To bring you about; then this. And so it is,
I doe belong to one o' the *Queenes* Captains;
A *Genl* man o' the Field, one *Captaine Thum's*:
I know not, whether you know 'hun, or no: It may be
You doe, and't may be you doe not againe.

Tur. No, I assure you on my Constable-ship,
I doe not know 'hun. *Hil.* Nor I neither i' faith.
It skils not much; my *Captaine*, and my selfe,
Having occasion to come riding by, here,
This morning, at the corner of *Saint Iohn's* wood,
Some mile o' this Towne, were set upon
By a sort of countrey fellowes: that not onely
Beat us, but rob'd us, most sufficiently,
And bound us to our behaviour, hand and foot;
And so they left us. Now, *Don Constable*,
I am to charge you in her Majesties name,
As you will answer it at your apperill:
That forth-with you raise Hue and Cry i' the Hundred,
For all such persons as you can dispect,
By the length and bredth, o' your office: vor I tell you,
The losse is of some vawew, therefore looke to't.

Tur. As *Fortune* mend me, now, or any office
Of a thousand pound, if I know what to say,
Would I were dead, or vaire hang'd up at *Tiburne*;
If I doe know what course to take; or how

To turne my selfe; just at this time too, now,
My Daughter is to be married: Ile but goe
To *Pancridge* Church, hard by, and returne instantly,
And all my Neighbour-hood shall goe about it.

Hil. Tut, *Pancridge* me no *Pancridge*, if you let it
Slip, you will answer it, and your Cap be of wooll;
Therefore take heed, you'll feele the smart else, Constable.

Tur. Nay, good Sir stay. Neighbours! what thinke you o' this?

D. Tur. Faith, Man—. Odd pretious woman, hold your tongue;
And mind your pigs o' the spir at home; you must
Have Ore in every thing. Pray you Sir, what kinde
Of fellows were they? *Hil.* Theev's kind, I ha' told you.

Tur. I meane, what kind of men? *Hil.* Men of our make.

Tur. Nay, but with patience, Sir, we that are Officers
Must 'quire the speciall markes, and all the tokens
Of the despected parties, or perhaps— else,
Be nere the nere of our purpose in 'prehending 'hem.
Can you tell, what 'parrell any of them wore?

Hil. Troth no: there were so many o' hun, all like
So one another: Now I remember me,
There was one busie fellow, was their Leader;
A blunt squat swad, but lower then your selfe,
He' had on a Lether Doublet, with long points.
And a paire of pin'd-up breech's, like pudding bags:
With yellow stockings, and his hat turn'd up
With a silver Claspe, on his leere side. *D. Tur.* By these
Markes it should be *John Clay*, now blesse the man!

Tur. Peace, and be nought: I thinke the woman be phrenfick.

Hil. *John Clay*? what's he, good Mistris? *And.* He that shall be
My husband— *Hil.* How! your husband, pretty one?

And. Yes, I shall anone be married: That's he.

Tur. Passion o' me, undone! *Pup.* Blesse Masters sonne!

Hil. O you are well 'prehended: know you me Sir?

Clay. No's my record: I never zaw you avore.

Hil. You did not? where were your eyes then? out at washing?

Tur. What should a man say? who should he trust
In these dayes? Harke you *John Clay*, if you have
Done any such thing, tell troth, and shame the Divell.

Cle. Vaith doe: my Gossip *Turfe* zaies well to you *John*.

Med. Speake man, but doe not convesse, nor be avraid.

Pan. A man is a man, and a beast's a beast, looke to't.

D. Tur. I' the name of men, or beasts! what doe you doe?
Hare the poore fellow out on his five wits,
And seven senses: Doe not weepe *John Clay*.
I sweare the poore wretch is as guilty from it,
As the Child was, was borne this very morning.

Cl. No, as I am a kyrfin soule, would I were hang'd
If ever I—alasse I! would I were out
Of my life, so I would I were, and in againe—

Pup. Nay, Mrs. *Andrey* will say nay to that,

No, In-and-out? an' you were out o' your life;
How should she doe for a husband? who should fall
Aboard o' her then, *Ball*? He's a *Puppy*?
No, *Hanniball* has no breeding: well! I say little;
But hitherto all goes well, pray it prove no better.

Awd. Come Father, I would wee were married: I am a cold.

Hil. Well, Mr. Constable, this your fine Groome here,
Bride-groome, or what Groome else, soere he be,
I charge him with the felonie, and charge you
To carry him back forthwith to *Paddington*,
Vnto my Captaine, who staies my returne there:
I am to goe to the next Justice of peace,
To get a warrant to raise *Huy* and *Cry*,
And bring him, and his fellowes all afore 'hun.
Fare you well Sir, and looketo 'hun I charge you,
As yo'll answer it. Take heed, the busines
If you deferre, may prejudiciall you
More then you thinke-for, say I told you so.

Hilts goes out

Tur. Here's a Bride-ale indeed! Ah zonne *John*, zönnne *Clay*!
I little thought you would ha' prov'd a peece
Of sich false mettall. *Gla.* Father, will you beleeeve me?
Would I might never stirre i' my new shoes,
If ever I would doe so voule a fact.

Tur. Well Neighbours, I doe charge you to assist me
With 'hun to *Paddington*. Be he a true man, so:
The better for 'hun. I will doe mine office,
An' he were my owne begotten a thousand times.

D. Tur. Why, doe you heare man? Husband? Mr. *Twife*!
What shall my Daughter doe? *Puppy*, stay here.

*She follows
her husb. and
neighbours.*

Awd. Mother, Ile goe with you, and with my Father.

Act II. Scene III.

Puppy. Andrey. Hilts.

Pup. Nay, stay sweet Mrs. *Andrey*: here are none
But one friend (as they zay) desires to speake
A word, or two, cold with you: How doe you veele
Your selfe this frosty morning? *Awd.* What ha' you
To doe to aske, I pray you? I am a cold.

Pup. It seemes you are hot, good Mrs. *Andrey*.

Awd. You lie, I am as cold as Ice is: Feele else.

Pup. Nay, you ha' coold my courage: I am past it,
I ha' done feeling with you. *Awd.* Done with me?
I doe desie you. So I doe, to say
You ha' done with me: you are a sawcy *Puppy*.

Pup. O you mistake! I meant not as you meane.

Awd. Meant you not knavery, *Puppy*? No: not I.
Clay meant you all the knavery, it seemes,

Who rather, then he would be married to you,
Chose to be wedded to the Gallows first.

Awd. I thought he was a dissembler, he would prove
A slippery Merchant i' the frost. Hee might
Have married one first, and have beene hang'd after,
If hee had had a mind to't. But you men,
Fie on you. *Pup.* Mrs. *Awdrey*, can you vind,
I your heart to fancie *Puppy*? me poore *Ball*?

Enter *Hilts*.

Awd. You are dispos'd to jeere one, Mr. *Hanniball*.
Pitty o' me! the angry man with the beard!

Hil. Put on thy hat, I looke for no defect.
Where's thy Master? *Pup.* Marry, he is gone
With the picture of despaire, to *Paddington*.

Hil. Pr'y thee run after 'hun, and tell 'hun he shall
Find out my Captaine, lodg'd at the red-*Lyon*
In *Paddington*, that's the Inne. Let 'un aske
Vor Captaine *Thum's*; And take that for thy paines:
He may seeke long enough else. Hie thee againe.

Pup. Yes, Sir you'll looke to Mrs. Bride the while?

Hil. That I will: prethee haste. *Awd.* What *Puppy*? *Puppy*?

Hil. Sweet Mrs. Bride, Hee'll come againe presently.

Here was no subtil device to get a wench.

This Chanon has a brave pate of his owne!

A shaven pate! And a right monger, y' vaith!

This was his plot! I follow Captaine *Thum's*?

Wee rob'd in Saint *Iohn's* wood? I' my tother hose!

I laugh, to thinke what a fine fooles finger they have

O this wise Constable, in pricking out

This Captaine *Thum's* to his neighbours: you shall see

The Tile-man too set fire on his owne *Kill*,

And leap into it, to save himsele from hanging.

You talke of a Bride-ale, here was a Bride-ale broke,

I' the nick. Well: I must yet dispatch this Bride,

To mine owne master, the young Squire, and then

My taske is done. Gen' woman! I have in sort

Done you some wrong, but now Ile doe you what right

I can: It's true, you are a proper woman;

But to be cast away on such a Clowne-pipe

As *Clay*, me thinkes, your friends are nor so wise

As nature might have made 'hem, well, goe too:

There's better fortune comming toward you,

As you doe not deject it. Take a voole's

Counsell, and doe not stand i' your owne light.

It may prove better then you thinke for: Looke you.

Awd. Alas Sir, what is't you would ha' me doe?

I'd faine doe all for the best, if I knew how.

Hil. Forsake not a good turne, when 'tis offered you;

Faire Mistris *Awdrey*, that's your name, I take it.

Awd. No Mistris, Sir, my name is *Awdrey*.

Hil. Well, so it is, there is a bold young Squire,

The blood of *Totten, Tub, and Tripoly*—

Awd. Squire *Tub*, you meane: I know him: he knowes me too,

Hil. He is in love with you: and more, he's mad for you,

Awd. I, so he told me: in his wits, I thinke.

But hee's too fine for me; and has a Lady

Tub to his Mother. Here he comes himselfe!

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Tub. Hilts. Awdrey.

Tub. O you are a trusty Governour! *Hil.* What ailes you? You do not know when yo' are well, I thinke: You'd ha' the Calfe with the white face, Sir, would you? I have her for you here; what would you more?

Tub. Quietnes, *Hilts*, and heare no more of it.

Hil. No more of it, quoth you? I doe not care, If some on us had not heard so much of't, I tell you true; A man must carry, and vetch, Like *Bungy's* dog for you. *Tub.* What's he? *Hil.* A Spaniel. And scarce be spit i' the mouth for't. A good Dog Deserves, Sir, a good bone, of a free Master: But, an' your turnes be serv'd, the divell a bit You care for a man after, ere a Lard of you. Like will to like, y-faith, quoth the scab'd Squire. Toth' mangy Knight, when both met in a dish Of butter'd vish. One bad, there's nere a good, And not a barrell better Hering among you.

Tub. Nay *Hilts*! I pray thee grow not fram-pull now, Turne not the bad Cow, after thy good soape. Our plot hath hitherto ran good effect: And should it now be troubled, or stop'd up, 'Twould prove the utter ruine of my hopes. I pray thee haste to *Pantridge*, to the Chanon: And gi' him notice of our good successe; Will him that all things be in readinesse, Faire *Awdrey*, and my selfe, will crosse the fields, The nearest path. Good *Hilts*, make thou some haste, And meet us on the way. Come gentle *Awdrey*.

Hil. Vaith, would I had a few more geans on't: An' you say the word, send me to *Jericho*. Out-cept a man were a Post-horse, I ha' not knowne The like on't; yet, an' he had kind words, 'Twould never irke 'hun. But a man may breake His heart out i' these dayes, and get a flap With a fox-tail, when he has done. And there is all.

Tub. Nay, say not so *Hilts*: hold thee, there are *Crowns*— My love bestowes on thee, for thy reward.

If Gold will please thee, all my land shall drop
In bounty thus, to recompence thy merit.

Hil. Tut, keepe your land, and your gold too Sir: I
Seeke neither—nother of 'hun. Learne to get
More: you will know to spend that sum you have
Early enough: you are assur'd of me.
I love you too too well, to live o' the spoyle:
For your owne sake, were there were no worse then I.
All is not Gold that glisters: Ile to *Pantridge*.

Tub. See, how his love doth melt him into Teares!
An honest faithfull servant is a Jewell.

Now th' adventurqus Squire hath time, and leisure,
To aske his *Andrey* how she do's, and heare
A gratefull answer from her. Shee not speakes:

Hath the proud Tiran, Frost, usurp'd the seate
Of former beauty in my Loves faire cheek;
Staining the roseat tincture of her blood,
With the dull die of blew-congealing cold:

No, sure the weather dares not so presume
To hurt an object of her brightnesse. Yet,
The more I view her, shee but lookes so, so.

Ha: gi' me leave to search this mysterie!

O now I have it: Bride, I know your grieve;
The last nights cold, hath bred in you such horror
Of the assigned Bride-groomes constitution,
The *Kilborne* Clay-pit; that frost-bitten marle;
That lump in courage melting cake of Ice;
That the conceit thereof hath almost kill'd thee,
But I must doe thee good wench, and refresh thee.

Awd. You are a merry man, Squire *Tub*, of *Torren*!
I have heard much o' your words, but not o' your deeds.

Tub. Thou sayest true, sweet, I ha' beene too slack in deeds.

Awd. Yet, I was never so straight-lac'd to you, Squire.

Tub. Why, did you ever love me, gentle *Andrey*?

Awd. Love you? I cannot tell; I must hate no body,

My Father sayes. *Tub.* Yes, *Clay*, and *Kilburue*, *Andrey*.

You must hate them. *Awd.* It shall be for your sake then.

Tub. And for my sake, shall yield you that granurie.

Awd. Soft, and faire, Squire, there goe two word's to a bargaine.

Tub. What are those *Andrey*? *Awd.* Nay, I cannot tell.

My Mother said, zure, if you married me,

You'd make me a Lady the first weeke: and put me

In, I know not what, the very day. *Tub.* What was it?

Speake gentle *Andrey*, about that have it yet.

Awd. A velvet dressing for my head, it is,

They say will make one brave: I will not know

Besse Moale, nor *Margery Turne-up*: I will looke

Another way upon 'hem, and be proud.

Tub. Troth I could wish my wench a better wit;

But what she wanteth there, her face supplies.

He offers to
kisse her.
She puts him
back.

There

There is a pointed lustre in her eye
Hath shot quite through me, and hath hit my heart:
And thence it is, I first receiv'd the wound,
That rankles now, which only thee can cure.
Faine would I worke my selfe, from this conceit;
But, being flesh, I cannot. I must love her,
The naked truth is: and I will goe on,
Were it for nothing, but to crosse my Rivall's.
Come *Andrey*: I am now resolv'd to ha' thee.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Preamble. Metaphore. Tub. Andrey.

Pre. Nay, doe it quickly, *Miles*; why shak'st thou man?
Speake but his name: Ile second thee my selfe.

Met. What is his name? *Pre.* Squire *Tripoly* or *Tub*.
Any thing—*Met.* Squire *Tub*, I doe arrest you
I' the Queenes Majesties name, and all the Councels.

Tub. Arrest me, Varlet? *Pre.* Keepe the peace I charge you.

Tub. Are you there, Justice *Bramble*? where's your warrant?

Pre. The warrant is directed here to me,
From the whole table; wherefore I would pray you
Be patient Squire, and make good the peace.

Tub. Well, at your pleasure, Justice. I am wrong'd:
Sirrah, what are you have arrested me?

Pre. He is a Pursy'vant at Armes, Squire *Tub*.

Met. I am a Purs'yvant, see, by my Coat else.

Tub. Well Purs'yvant, goe with me: Ile give you baile:

Pre. Sir he may take no baile. It is a warrant,
In speciall from the Councell, and commands
Your personall appearance. Sir, your weapon
I must require: And then deliver you
A Prisoner to this officer, Squire *Tub*.

I pray you to conceive of me no other,
Then as your friend, and neighbour. Let my person
Be sever'd from my office in the fact,

And I am cleare. Here Purs'yvant, receive him
Into your hands; And use him like a Gentleman.

Tub. I thanke you Sir: But whither must I goe now?

Pre. Nay, that must not be told you, till you come
Vnto the place assign'd by his instructions.
Ile be the Maidens Convoy to her father,
For this time, Squire. *Tub.* I thanke you Mr. *Bramble*.
I doubt, or feare, you will make her the ballance
To weigh your Justice in. Pray yee doe me right,
And lead not her, at least out of the way.
Justice is blind, and having a blind Guide,
She may be apt to slip aside. *Pre.* Ile see to her:

Tub.

Tub. I see my wooing will not thrive. Arrested !
 As I had set my rest up, for a wife :
 And being so faire for it, as I was. Well, fortune,
 Thou art a blind Bawd, and a Beggar too,
 To crosse me thus; and let my onely Rivall,
 To get her from me. That's the spight of spights :
 But most I muse at, is, that I, being none
 O' th' Court, am sent for thither by the Councell !
 My heart is not so light, as't was i' the morning.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Hilts Tub. Metaphor.

Hil. You meane to make a Hoiden, or a Hare
 O me, t' hunt Counter thus, and makes these doubles:
 And you meane no such thing, as you send about ?

Where's your sweet-heart now, I marle ? *Tub.* Oh *Hilts* !

Hil. I know you of old ! nere halt afore a Cripple.

Will you have a Cawdle ? where's your griefe, Sir, speake.

Met. Doe you heare friend ? Doe you serve this Gentleman ?

Hil. How then, Sir ? what if I doe ? peradventure yea :
 Peraventure nay, what's that to you Sir ? Say.

Met. Nay, pray you Sir, I meant no harme in truth :
 But this good Gentleman is arrested. *Hil.* How ?

Say me that againe. *Tub.* Nay *Basket*, never storme ;
 I am arrested here, upon command

From the Queenes Councell, and I must obey.

Met. You say Sir very true, you must obey !
 An honest Gentleman, in faith ! *Hil.* He must ?

Tub. But that which most tormenteth me, is this,
 That Justice *Bramble* hath got hence my *Awdrey*.

Hil. How ? how ? stand by a little, sirrah, you
 With the badge o' your brest. Let's know Sir what you are ?

Met. I am Sir (pray you doe not looke so terribly)

A Purs'yvant. *Hil.* A Purs'yvant ? your name Sir ?

Met. My name Sir—*Hil.* What is't ? speake. *Met.* *Miles Metaphor*,
 And Justice *Preambles Clarke*. *Tub.* What sayes he ? *Hil.* Pray you,
 Let us alone. You are a Purs'yvant ?

Met. No faith, Sir, would I might never stirre from you,
 I' is made a Purs'yvant against my will.

Hil. Ha ! and who made you one ? tell true, or my will
 Shall make you nothing, instantly. *Met.* Put up
 Your frightfull Blade, and your dead-doing looke,
 And I shall tell you all. *Hil.* Speake then the truth,
 And the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Met. My Master, Justice *Bramble*, hearing your Master,
 The Squire *Tub*, was coming on this way,
 With Mrs. *Awdrey*, the high Constables Daughter,
 Made me a Purs'yvant: and gave me warrant

To arrest him, so that hee might get the Lady,
With whom he is gone to *Panbridge*, to the Vicar,
Not to her Fathers. This was the device,
Which I beseeke you, doe not tell my Master.

Tub. O wonderfull! well *Basket*, let him rise:
And for my free escape, forge some excuse.
He post to *Paddington*, t' acquaint old *Turfe*,
With the whole busines, and so stop the mariage.

Hil. Well, blesse thee: I doe with thee grace, to keepe
Thy Masters secrets, better, or be hang'd.

Met. I thanke you, for your gentle admonition.
Pray you, let me call you God-father henceafter.
And as your God-sonne *Metaphore* I promise,
To keepe my Masters privities, seald up
I' the vallies o' my trust, lock'd close for ever,
Or let me be trufs'd up at *Tiburne* shortly.

Hil. Thine owne wish, save, or choake thee, Come away.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Turfe. Clench. Medlay. To Pap. Scriben. Clay.

Tur. **P**Assion of me, was ever man thus cross'd?
All things run *Arse-versie*, upside downe.
High Constable! Now by our Lady o' *Walsingham*.
I had rather be mark'd out *Tom Scavenger*:
And with a shovell make cleane the high wayes,
Then have this office of a Constable,
And a high Constable! The higher charge
It brings more trouble, more vexation with it.
Neighbours, good neighbours, vize me what to doe:
How wee shall beare us in this *Hum and Cry*.
We cannot find the Captaine, no such man
Lodg'd at the *Lion*, nor came thither hurt.
The morning wee ha' spent in privie search;
And by that meanes the Bride-ale is differr'd.
The Bride, shee's left alone in *Puppie's* charge;
The Bride-groome goes under a paine of suretics,
And held of all as a respected person.

How should we bussle forward: Gi' some counsell,
How to bestirre our stumps? these crosse wayes.

Cle. Faith Gossip *Turfe*, you have, you say *Remission*,
To comprehend all such, as are respected:
Now, would I make another privie search
Through this Towne, and then you have search'd two towns.

Med. Masters, take heed, let's not vind too many:
One's enough to stay the Hang-mans stomack.
There is *John Clay*, who is yvound already;
A proper man: A *Fils-man* by his trade:

A man as one would zay, moulded in clay:
 As spruce as any neighbours child among you:
 And he (you zee) is taken on conspition,
 And two, or three (they zay) what call you 'hem?
 Zuch as the Justices of *Coram nobis*
 Grant— (I forget their names, you ha' many on 'hem,
 Mr. High Constable they come to you.)
 I ha' it at my tongues end— Cunni-borroughes,
 To bring him straight avore the zessions houle.

Tur. O you meane warrens, neighbour, doe you not?

Med. I, I, thick same I, you know 'un well enough.

Tur. Too well, too well, wou'd I had never knowne 'hem.

Wee good Vree-holders cannot live in quiet,
 But every houre new purcepts, *Huy's* and *Cry's*,
 Put us to requisitions night and day:

What shud a man zay, shud we leave the zearch?

I am in danger, to reburse as much

As he was rob'd on; I, and pay his hurts,

If I should vollow it, all the good cheare

That was provided, for the wedding dinner

Is spoil'd, and lost. Oh there are two vat pigs,

A zinding by the vier: Now by Saint *Tomy*,

Too good to eate, but on a wedding day;

And then, a Goose will bid you all, Come cut me.

Zun *Clay*, zun *Clay* (for I must call thee so)

Be of good comfort; take my Muckinder;

And dry thine eyes. If thou beest true, and honest;

And if thou find'st thy conscience cleare vrom it,

Pluck up a good heart, wee'll doe well enough.

If not, confesse a truths name. But in faith

I durst be sworne upon all holy bookes,

John Clay would nere commit a Robberie

On his owne head. *Cl.* No, Truth is my rightfull Judge:

I have kept my hands, here hence, fro' evill speaking,

Lying, and slandering; and my tongue from stealing.

He doe not live this day can say, *John Clay*

I ha' zeene thee, but in the way of honesty.

Pan. Faith neighbour *Medley*, I durst be his burrough,

He would not looke a true man in the vace.

Cl. I take the towné to concord, where I dwell,

All *Kilburne* be my witnesse; If I were not

Begot in bathfulnessse, brought up in shamefastnesse:

Let 'un bring a dog, but to my vace, that can

Zay, I ha' beat 'hun, and without a vault;

Or but a cat, will sweare upon a booke,

I have as much as zet a vier her taile;

And Ile give him, or her a crowne for 'mends.

But to give out, and zay, I have rob'd a Captain!

Receive me at the latter day, if I

Ere thought of any such matter, or could mindin—

Med. No *Iohn*, you are come of too good personage,
I thinke my Gossip *Clench*, and Mr. *Turfe*
Both thinke, you would ra'tempt no such voule matter.

Tur. But how unhappily it comes to passe!
Just on the wedding day! I cry me mercy:
I had almost forgot the *Huy* and *Cry*:
Good neighbour *Pan*, you are the Third-burrow,
And *D'ogenes Scriben*, you my learned Writer,
Make out a new purcept—Lord, for thy goodnesse,
I had forgot my Daughter, all this while;
The idle knave hath brought no newes from her.
Here comes the sneaking *Puppy*, What's the newes?
My heart! my heart! I feare all is not well,
Some things mishap'd, that he is come without her.

ACT III. SCENE II.

To them,

Puppy. Da: Turfe.

Pup. Oh, where's my Master? my Master? my Master?

D. Tur. Thy Master? what would'st with thy Master, man?
There's thy Mr. *Tur.* What's the matter *Puppy*?

Pup. Oh Master! oh Dame! oh Dame! oh Master!

D. Tur. What sai'st thou to thy Master, or thy Dame?

Pup. Oh *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Tur.* What of *Iohn Clay*?

Med. Luck grant he bring not newes he shall be hang'd.

Cle. The world forsend, I hope, it is not so well.

Cla. Oh Lord! oh me! what shall I doe? poore *Iohn*!

Pup. Oh *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Cla.* Alas,

That ever I was borne! I will not stay by't,
For all the Tiles in *Kilburne*. *D. Tur.* What of *Clay*?

Speake *Puppy*, what of him? *Pup.* He hath lost, he hath lost.

Tur. For luck sake speake, *Puppy*, what hath he lost?

Pup. Oh *Awdrey*, *Awdrey*, *Awdrey*! *D. Tur.* What of my daughter
Awdrey?

Pup. I tell you *Awdrey*—doe you understand me?

Awdrey, sweet Master! *Awdrey*, my deare Dame—

Tur. Where is she? what's become of her, I pray thee?

Pup. Oh the serving-man! the serving-man! the serving-man!

Tur. What talk'st thou of the serving-man? where's *Awdrey*?

Pup. Gone with the serving-man, gone with the serving-man.

D. Tur. Good *Puppy*, whither is she gone with him?

Pup. I cannot tell, he bid me bring you word,

The Captaine lay at the *Door*, and before

I came againe, *Awdrey* was gone with the serving-man;

I tell you, *Awdrey*'s run away with the serving-man.

Tur. 'Od'socks! my woman, what shall we doe now?

D. Tur. Now, so you can doe not, man, I know not, I.

Tur. This was your pompe of Maids: I told you on't.

Six Maids to vollow you, and not leave one

To wait up' your Daughter : I zaid, Pride
Would be paid one day, her old vi'pence, wife.

Med. What of *John Clay*, *Ball Fuppy* ? *Pup.* He hath lost—

Med. His life for velonie ? *Pup.* No, his wife by villanie.

Tur. Now, villaines both ! oh that same *Huy* and *Cry* !

Oh neighbours ! oh that cursed serving-man !

O maids ! O wife ! But *John Clay*, where's he ?

How ! fled for veare, zay yee ? will he slip us now ?

Wee that are sureties, must require 'hun' out.

How shall wee doe to find the serving-man ?

Cocks bodikins ! wee must not lose *John Clay* :

Awdrey, my daughter *Awdrey* too ! let us zend

To all the townes, and zecke her ; but alas,

The *Huy* and *Cry*, that must be look'd unto.

*Clay's first
mist.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

To them.

Tub.

Tub. What, in a passion *Turfe* ? *Tur.* I good Squire *Tub*.
Were never honest Varmer thus perplext.

Tub. *Turfe*, I am privie to thy deepe unrest :

The ground of which, springs from an idle plot,

Cast by a Sutor, to your daughter *Awdrey*—

And thus much, *Turfe*, let me advertise you,

Your daughter *Awdrey*, met I on the way,

With Justice *Bramble* in her company :

Who meanes to marry her at *Pancridge Church* :

And there is Chanon *Hugh*, to meet them ready :

Which to prevent, you must not trust delay,

But winged speed must crosse their ille intent :

Then hie thee, *Turfe*, haste to forbid the Banes.

Tur. Hath Justice *Bramble* got my daughter *Awdrey* ?

A little while, shall he enjoy her, zure.

But O the *Huy* and *Cry* ! that hinders me :

I must prusue that, or neglect my journey :

He ene leave all : and with the patient Ass,

The over-laden Ass, throw off my burden,

And cast mine office, pluck in my large cares

Betimes, lest some dis-judge 'hem to be hornes :

I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoofe,

And ease my pasternes. He no more High Constables.

Tub. I cannot choose, but smile, to see thee troubled

With such a bald, halfe-hatched circumstance :

The Captaine was not rob'd, as is reported,

That trick the Justice craftily deviz'd,

To breake the mariage with the Tile-man *Clay*,

The *Huy*, and *Cry*, was meereley counseil :

The rather may you judge it to be such,

Because the Bride-groome, was describ'd to be
One of the theeves, first i' the velonic.

Which, how farre 'tis from him, your selves may guesse:
'Twas Justice *Bramble's* vetch, to get the wench.

Tur. And is this true Squire *Tub*? *Tub.* Beleeve me *Turfe*,
As I am a Squire: or lesse, a Gentleman.

Tur. I take my office back: and my authority,
Vpon your worships words. Neighbours, I am
High Constable againe: where's my zonne *Clay*?
He shall be zonne, yet, wife, your meat by leaseure:
Draw back the spits. *D. Tur.* That's done already man.

Tur. Ile breake this mariage off: and afterward,
She shall be given to her first betroth'd.
Looke to the meate, wife: looke well to the rost.

Tub. Ile follow him aloofe, to see the event.

Pup. Dame, Mistris, though I doe not turne the spit;
I hope yet the Pigs-head. *D. Tur.* Come up, Jack-sauce:
It shall beserv'd in to you. *Pup.* No, no service,
But a reward for service. *D. Tur.* I still tooke you
For an unmannerly *Puppy*: will you come,
And vetch more wood to the vier, Mr. *Ball*?

Pup. I wood to the vier: I shall pisse it out first:
You thinke to make me ene your oxe, or asse,
Or any thing. Though I cannot right my selfe
On you, Ile sure revenge me on your meat.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

La: Tub. Pol-Marten. Wispe. Puppy.

Pol. Madam, to *Kemish Towne*, wee are got at length;
But, by the way wee cannot meet the Squire:
Nor by inquiry can we heare of him.
Here is *Turfe's* house, the father of the Maid.

Lad. *Pol-Marten*, see, the streets are strew'd with herbes,
And here hath beene a wedding, *Wispe*, it seemes!
Pray heaven, this Bridall be not for my sonne!
Good *Marten*, knock: knock quickly: Aske for *Turfe*.
My thoughts misgive me, I am in such a doubt—

Pol. Who keeps the house here? *Pup.* Why the doore, and wals
Doe keepe the house. *Pol.* I aske then, who's within?

Pup. Not you that are without. *Pol.* Looke forth, and speake
Into the street, here. Come before my Lady.

Pup. Before my Lady? Lord have mercy upon me:
If I doe come before her, shee will see
The hand-som 'st man in all the Towne, pardee!
Now stand I vore her, what zaith velvet she?

Lad. Sirrah, whose man are you? *Pup.* Madam, my Masters.

Lad. And who's thy Master? *Pup.* What you tread on, Madam.

Lad.

Lad. I tread on an old Turfe. *Pup.* That *Turfe's* my Master.

Lad. A merry fellow! what's thy name? *Pup.* Ball Puppy
They call me at home: abroad, *Hanniball Puppy*.

Lad. Come hither, I must kisse thee, *Valentine Puppy*.

Wiske! ha' you got you a Valentine? *Wif.* None, Madam;

He's the first stranger that I saw. *Lad.* To me

Hee is so, and such. Let's share him equally.

Pup. Helpe, helpe good Dame. A reskue, and in time.
In stead of Bils, with Colstaves come; in stead of Speares, with Spits;
Your slices serve for slicing swords, to save me, and my wits:
A Lady, and her woman here, their Huisher eke by side,
(But he stands mute) have plotted how your *Puppy* to divide.

ACT III. SCENE V.

To them.

D. Turfe. Maids.

D. Turfe. How now? what noise is this with you, *Ball Puppy?*

Pup. Oh Dame! And fellowes o' the Kitchin! Arme,
Arme, for my safety; if you love your *Ball*:
Here is a strange thing, call'd a Lady, a Mad-dame:
And a device of hers, yclept her woman,
Have plotted on me, in the Kings high-way,
To steale me from my selfe, and cut me in halves,
To make one *Valentine* to serve 'hem both,
This for my right-side, that my left-hand love.

D. Tur. So sawcy, *Puppy?* to use no more reverence
Vnto my Lady, and her velvet Gowne?

Lad. *Turfe's* wife, rebuke him not: Your man doth please me
With his conceit. Hold: there are ten old nobles,
To make thee merrier yet, halfe-*Valentine*.

Pup. I thanke you right-side: could my left as much,
'Twould make me a man of marke: young *Hanniball!*

Lad. *Dido*, shall make that good; or I will for her.

Here *Dido Wispe*, there's for your *Hanniball*:

He is your Countrey-man, as well as *Valentine*.

Wif. Here Mr. *Hanniball*: my Ladies bounry
For her poore woman, *Wiske*. *Pup.* Brave *Carthage* Queens!
And such was *Dido*: I will ever be
Champion to her, who *Iuno* is to thee.

D. Tur. Your Ladiship is very welcome here.
Please you, good Madam, to goe nere the house.

Lad. *Turfe's* wife, I come thus farre to seeke thy husband,
Having some busines to impart unto him.

Is he at home? *D. Tur.* O no, and't shall please you:

He is posted hence to *Panckridge* with a witnesse.

Young Justice *Bramble* has kept leuell coyle

Here in our Quarters, stole away our Daughter,

And Mr. *Turfe's* run after, as he can,

To stop the marriage, if it will be stop'd.

Pol. Madam, these tydings are not much amisse!
For if the Justice have the Maid in keepe,
You need not feare the mariage of your sonne.

Lad. That somewhat easeth my suspitious brest.
Tell me, *Turse's* wife, when was my sonne with *Awdrey*?
How long is't, since you saw him at your house?

Pup. Dame, let me take this rump out of your mouth.

D. Tur. What meane you by that Sir? *Pup.* Rumpe, and taile's all one.
But I would use a reverence for my Lady:
I would not zay surreverence, the tale
Out o' your mouth, but rather take the rumpe.

D. Tur. A well bred youth! and vull of favour you are.

Pup. What might they zay, when I were gone, if I
Not weigh'd my wordz? This *Puppy* is a voole!
Great *Hanniball's* an Ass, he had no breeding:
No Lady gay, you shall not zay,
Thar your *Val. Puppy*, was so unlucky,
Inspecch to faile, as t' name a taile,
Be as be may be, vore a faire Lady.

Lad. Leave jesting, tell us, when you saw our sonne.

Pup. Marry, it is two houres agoe. *Lad.* Sin' you saw him?

Pup. You might have seene him too, if you had look'd up,
For it shind, as bright as day. *Lad.* Meane my sonne.

Pup. Your sunne, and our sunne are they not all one?

Lad. Foole, thou mistak'st; I ask'd thee, for my sonne!

Pup. I had thought there had beene no more sunnes, then one.
I know not what you Ladies have, or may have.

Pol. Did'st thou nere heare, my Lady had a sonne?

Pup. She may have twenty; but for a soun, unlesse
She meane precisely, Squire *Tub*, her zonne,
He was here now; and brought my Mr. word
That Justice *Bramble* had got Mrs. *Awdrey*.
But whither he be gone, here's none can tell.

Lad. Marten, I wonder at this strange discourse:
The foole it seemes tels true; for I saw the Squire
Was doubtlesse here this morn'g. For the match,
Ile smother what I thinke, and stay here,
Attend the sequell of this strange beginning,
Turse's wife; my peevish husband I will trouble thee:
Vntill we heare sometrings of thy husband.
The rather, for my partie *Valemine*.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Turse. Awdrey. Clench. Med-lay.

Pan. Scriben.

Tur. Well, I have carried it, and will triumph
Over this Justice, as becomes a Constable;

And

And a high Constable: next our Saint George,
Who rescued the Kings Daughter, I will ride;
Above Prince Arthur. Cle. Or our Shore-ditch Duke.

Med. Or Pancridge Earle. Pan. Or Bevis, or Sir Guy.
Who were high Constables both. Cle. One of Southhampton—.

Med. The tother of Warwick-Castle. Tur. You shall worke it
Into a storie for me, neighbour Medlay,
Over my Chimney. Scri. I can give you Sir,
A Roman storie of a petty-Constable,
That had a Daughter, that was call'd Virginia,
Like Mrs. Awdrey, and as young as she,
And how her Father bare him in the busines,
Gainst Justice Applus, a Decemvir in Rome,
And Justice of Aisife. Tur. That, that good D'ogenes!
A learned man is a Chronikell! Scri. I can tell you
A thousand, of great Pompei, Caesar, Trajan,
All the high Constables there. Tur. That was their place:
They were no more. Scr. Dictator, and high Constable.
Were both the same. Med. High Constable was more, tho'!
He laid Dick: Tator by the heeles. Pan. Dick: Toter!
H' was one o' the Waights o' the Citie: I ha' read o' hun:
He was a fellow would be drunke, debauch'd—
And he did zet un i' the stocks indeed:
His name Vadian, and a cunning Toter.

Awd. Was ever silly Maid thus posted off:
That should have had three husbands in one day;
Yet (by bad fortune) am posselt of none:
I went to Church to have bene wed to Clay;
Then Squire Tub he seiz'd me on the way,
And thought to ha' had me: but he mist his aine;
And Justice Bramble (nearest of the three)
Was well nigh married to me; when by chance,
In rush'd my Father, and broke off that dance.

Tur. I, Girle, there's nere a Justice on 'hem all,
Shall teach the Constable to guard his owne:
Let's back to Kemish-Towne, and there make merry;
These newes will be glad tidings to my wife:
Thou shalt have Clay, my wench. That word shall stand,
Hee's found by this time, sure, or else hee's drown'd:
The wedding dinner will be spoil'd; make haste.

Awd. Husbands, they say, grow thick; but thin are sowne,
I care not who it be, so I have one.

Tur. I? zay you zo? Perhaps you shall ha' none, for that.

Awd. Now out on me! what shall I doe then?

Med. Sleepe Mistris Awdrey, dreame on proper men.

ACT III. SCENE VII.

Hugh. Preamble. Metaphore.

Hugh. O bone Deus! have you scene the like?
Here was, *Hodge* hold thine ears, faire; whilst I strike:
Body o' me, how came this gear about?

Pre. I know not, *Chanon*, but it fals out crossie.
Nor can I make conjecture by the circumstance
Of these events; it was impossible,
Being so close, and politickly carried,
To come so quickly to the ears of *I wife*.
O Priest, had but thy slow delivery
Beene nimble, and thy lazie *Latintongue*,
But run the formes ore, with that swift dispatch,
As had beene requisite, all had beene well!

Hug. What should have beene, that never lov'd the Friar;
But thus you see th'old *Adage* verified,
Multa cadunt inter—you can ghesse the rest.
Many things fall betweene the cup, and lip:
And though they touch, you are not sure to drinke.
You lack'd good fortune, wee had done our parts:
Give a man fortune, throw him i' the Sea.
The properer man, the worse luck: Stay a time;
Tempus edax—In time the stately Oke, &c.
Good counsels lightly never come too late.

Pre. You Sir will run your counsels out of breath.

Hug. Spur a free horse; hee'll run himsele to death.

Sancti Evangeliste! Here comes *Miles*!

Pre. What newes man, with our new made Purs'yvant?

Met. A Pursuyvant? would I were, or more pursie;
And had more store of money; or lesse pursie,
And had more store of breath: you call me Pursyvant!
But, I could never vant of any purse

I had, sin' yo' were my God-fathers, and God-mothers,
And ga' me that nick-name. *Pre.* What, now's the matter?

Met. Nay, 'tis no matter. I ha' beene simply beaten.

Hugh. What is become o' the Squire, and thy Prisoner?

Met. The lines of blood, ran streaming from my head,
Can speake what rule the Squire hath kept with me.

Pre. I pray thee *Miles* relate the manner, how?

Met. Be't knowne unto you, by these presents, then,
That I *Miles Metaphore*, your worthips *Clarke*,
Have ene beene beaten, to an Allegory;
By multitude of hands. Had they beene but
Some five or sixe, I had whip'd 'hem all, like tops
In *Lent*, and hurl'd 'hem into *Hoblers hole*,
Of the next ditch: I had crack'd all their costards,
As nimble as a Squirrell will crack nuts:

And flourish'd like to *Hercules*, the Porter
Among the Pages. But, when they came on
Like Bees about a Hive, Crows about carrion,
Flies about sweet meats; nay, like water-men
About a Fare: then was poore *Metaphore*
Glad to give up the honour of the day,
To quit his charge to them, and run away
To save his life, onely to tell this newes.

Hug. How indirectly all things have falne out!
I cannot choofe but wonder what they were
Reskued your rivall from the keepe of *Miles*:
But most of all I cannot well digest,
The manner how our purpose came to *Turfe*.

Pre. *Miles*, I will see that all thy hurts be dress'd,
As for the Squires escape, it matters not:
Wee have by this meanes disappointed him;
And that was all the maine I aimed at.
But Chanon *Hugh*, now muster up thy wits,
And call thy thoughts into the Consistory.
Search all the secret corners of thy cap,
To find another queint devised drift,
To disappoint her mariage with this *Clay*,
Doe that, and Ile reward thee jovially.

Hug. Well said *Magister* Justice. If I fit you not
With such a new, and well-laid stratagem,
As never yet your eares did heare a finer,
Call me, with Lilly, *Bor*, *Far*, *Sus*, atq; *Sacerdos*.

Pre. I heare, there's comfort in thy words yet, Chanon.
Ile trust thy regulars, and say no more.

Met. Ile follow too. And if the dapper Priest
Be but as cunning, point in his devise,
As I was in my lie: my Master *Preamble*
Will stalke, as led by the nose with these new promises,
And fatted with supposes of fine hopes.

ACT III. SCENE VIII.

Turfe. D. Turfe. L. Tub. Pol. mart. And. Pup.

Tur. Well Madam, I may thanke the Squire your sonne:
For, but for him, I had beene over-reach'd.

D. Tur. Now heavens blessing light upon his heart:
Wee are beholden to him, indeed Madam.

Lad. But can you not resolve me where he is?
Nor about what his purposes were bent?

Tur. Madam, they no whit were concerning me:
And therefore was I lesse inquisitive.

Lad. Faire maid, in faith, speake truth, and not dissemble:
Do's hee not often come, and visit you?

And.

And. His worship now, and then, please you, takes paines
To see my Father, and Mother: But for me,
I know my selfe too meane for his high thoughts
To stoop at, more then asking a light question,
To make him merry, or to passe his time.

Lad. A sober Maid! call for my woman *Marten*.

Pol. The maids, and her halfe-*Valentine* have pli'd her
With court'rie of the Bride-Cake, and the Bowle,
As she is laid awhile. *Lad.* O let her rest!

We will crosse ore to *Canterbury*, in the interim;
And so make home. Farewell good *Turse*, and thy wife.
I wish your daughter joy. *Tur.* Thanks to your Ladiship,
Where is *John Clay* now? have you seene him yet?

D. Tur. No, he has hid himselfe out of the way,
For feare o' the *Huy* and *Cry*. *Tur.* What, walkes that shadow
Avore'un still? *Puppy* goe seeke'un out,
Search all the corners that he haunts unto,
And call'un forth. Wee'll once more to the Church,
And try our vortunes. Luck, sonne *Valentine*:
Where are the wise-men all of *Finzbury*?

Pup. Where wise-men should be, at the Ale, and Bride-cake.
I would this couple had their destinie,
Or to be hang'd, or married out o' the way:
Man cannot get the mount'nance of an Egge-shell,
To stay his stomack. Vaith, vor mine owne part,
I have sup'd up so much broth, as would have cover'd
A legge o' Beefe, ore head and eares, i' the porredge pot:
And yet I cannot suffisse wild nature.

Enter the
neighbours to
Turse.

Would they were once dispatch'd, we might to dinner.
I am with child of a huge stomack, and long;
Till by some honest Midwife-peice of Beefe,
I bedeliver'd of it: I must goe now,
And hunt out for this *Kilburne Calfe*, *John Clay*:
Whom where to find, I know not, nor which way.

ACT III. SCENE IX.

To them.

Chanon Hugh, like *Captaine Thumbs*.

Hug. Thus as a begger in a Kings disguise,
Or an old *Crosse* well fided with a May-pole.
Comes *Chanon Hugh*, accourred as you see
Disguis'd *Soldado* like: marke his devise:
The Chanon, is that *Captaine Thum's*, was rob'd:
These bloody scars upon my face are wounds,
This scarfe upon mine arme shewes my late hurts:
And thus am I to gull the Constable.
Now have among you, for a man at armes:
Friends by your leave, which of you is one *Turse*?

Tur. Sir, I am *Turfe*, if you would speake with me.

Hug. With thee *Turfe*, if thou beest High Constable.

Tur. I am both *Turfe*, Sir, and High Constable.

Hug. Then *Turfe*, or *Scurfe*, high, or low Constable:

Know, I was once a Captaine at Saint *Quintins*,
And passing crosse the wayes over the countrey:
This morning betwixt this and *Hamsted-Heath*,
Was by a crue of *Clownes* rob'd, bob'd, and hurt.
No sooner had I got my wounds bound up,
But with much paine, I went to the next Justice,
One Mr. *Bramble* here, at *Maribone*:

And here a warrant is, which he hath directed
For you one *Turfe*; if your name be *Tobie Turfe*;
Who have let fall (they say) the *Huy*, and *Cry*:
And you shall answer it afore the Justice.

Tur. Heaven, and Hell, Dogges, Divels, what is this?
Neighbours, was ever Constable thus cross'd?
What shall we doe? *Med.* Faith, all goe hang our selves:
I know no other way to scape the Law.

Pup. Newes, newes, O newes—*Tur.* What, hast thou found out *Clay*?

Pup. No Sir, the newes is that I cannot find him.

Hug. Why doe you dally, you dam'd russet coar,
You Peasant, nay you Clowne, you Constable;
See that you bring forth the suspected partie,
Or by mine honour (which I won in field)
Ile make you pay for it, afore the Justice.

Tur. Fic, fic, O wife, I'am now in a fine pickle.
He that was most suspected is not found;

And which now makes me thinke, he did the deed,
He thus absents him, and dares not be seene.
Captaine, my innocence will plead for me.
Wife, I must goe, needs, whom the Divell drives:
Pray for me wife, and daughter; pray for me.

Hug. Ile lead the way: Thus is the match put off,
And if my plot succeed, as I have laid it,
My Captaine-ship shall cost him many a crowne.

They goe out. *D. Tur.* So, wee have brought our egges to a faire Market.

Out on that villaine *Clay*: would he doe a robbery?
Ile nere trust smooth-fac'd Tile-man for his sake.

They goe out. *And.* Mother, the still Sow eates up all the drasse.

Pup. Thus is my Master, *Toby Turfe*, the patterne;
Of all the painefull a'ventures, now in print.
I never could hope better of this match:

This Bride-ale: For the night before to day,
(Which is within mans memory, I take it)
At the report of it, an Oxe did speake,
Who dy'd soone after: A Cow lost her Calfe:
The Belwether was flead for't: A fat Hog
Was sing'd, and wash'd, and shaven all over, to
Looke ugly 'gainst this day: The Ducks they quak'd;

The Hens too cackled: at the noise whereof,
A Drake was seene to dance a headlesse round:
The Goose was cut i' the head, to heare it too:
Brave *Chant-it-cleare*, his noble heart was done,
His combe was cut: And two or three o' his wives,
Or fairest Concubines, had their necks broke,
Ere they would see this day: To marke the vernen
Heart of a beast, the very Pig, the Pig;
This very mornin, as hee was a roasting
Cry'd out his eyes, and made a show as hee would
Ha' bit in two the spit, as he would say;
There shall no rost-meat be this dismall day.
And zure, I thinke, If I had not got his tongue
Betweene my teeth, and eate it, he had spoke it.
Well, I will in, and cry too; never leave
Crying, untill our maids may drive a Buck
With my salt teares at the next washing day.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Preamble. Hugh, Turfe. Metaphor.

Pre. **K**eepe out those fellowes; Ile ha' none come in,
But the High Constable, the man of peace,
And the Queenes Captaine, the brave man of warre.
Now neighbour *Turfe*, the cause why you are call'd,
Before me by my warrant, but unspecified,
Is this; and pray you marke it thoroughly!
Here is a Gentleman, and as it seemes,
Both of good birth, faire speech, and peaceable,
Who was this morning rob'd here in the wood:
You for your part a man of good report,
Of credit, landed, and of faire demeanes,
And by authority, high Constable,
Are notwithstanding touch'd in this complaint,
Of being carelesse in the *Huy* and *Cry*.
I cannot choose but grieve a Soldiers losse:
And I am sory too for your neglect,
Being my neighbour; this is all I object.

Hug. This is not all; I can alledge far more,
And almost urge him for an accessorie.
Good Mr. Justice gi' me leave to speake,
For I am Plaintife. Let not neighbour-hood
Make him secure, or stand on priviledge.

Pre. Sir, I dare use no partiality:
Object then what you please, so it be truth.

Hug.

Hug. This more: and which is more, then he can answer,
Beside his letting fall the *Hug*, and *Cry*
He doth protect the man, charg'd with the felonie,
And keeps him hid I heare, within his house,
Because he is affied unto his Daughter.

Tur. I doe desie 'hun, so shall wee do too.
I pray your worships favour, le' me have hearing.
I doe convesse, 'twas told me such a felonie,
And't not disgriev'd me a little when 'twas told me,
Vor I was going to Church, to marry *Andrey*:
And who should marry her, but this very *Clay*,
Who was charg'd to be the chiefe theife o' hun all.
Now I (the halter stick me, if I tell,
Your worships any leazins did fore-thinke 'un
The truest man, till he waz run away.
I thought, I had had 'un as zure as in a zaw-pit,
Or i' mine Oven. Nay, i' the Towne-pound.
I was za sure o' hun: I'd ha' gi'n my life for 'un,
Till he did start. But now, I zee 'un guilty,
Az var as I can looke at 'un. Would you ha' more?

Hug. Yes, I will have Sir what the Law will give me.
You gave your word to see him safe, forth comming;
I challenge that: But, that is forfeited,
Beside, your carelesnesse in the pursuit,
Argues your slacknesse, and neglect of dutie,
Which ought be punish'd with severity.

Pre. He speakes but reason *Turfe*. Bring forth the man,
And you are quit: But otherwise, your word
Binds you to make amends for all his losse,
And thinke your selfe befriended, if he take it
Without a farder suit, or going to law.
Come to a composition with him, *Turfe*:
The Law is costly, and will draw on charge.

Tur. Yes, I doe know, I vurst mun vee a Returney,
And then make legges to my great man o' Law,
To be o' my counsell, and take trouble-vees,
And yet zay nothing vor me, but devise
All district meanes, to ransacke me o' my money.
A Pest'lence prick the throats o' hun. I doe know hun
As well az I waz i' their bellies, and brought up there.
What would you ha' me doe? what would you aske of me?

Hug. I aske the restitution of my money;
And will not bate one penny o' the summe:
Foure score, and five pound. I aske, besides,
Amendment for my hurts, my paine, and suffering
Are losse enough for me, Sir, to sit downe with;
Ile put it to your worship, what you award me,
Ile take; and gi' him a generall release.

Pre. And what say you now, neighbour *Turfe*? *Tur.* I put it
Ene to your worships bitterment, hab, nab.

I shall have a chance o' the dice for't, I hope, let 'hem ene run: And —

Pre. Faith then Ile pray you, 'cause he is my neighbour,
To take a hundred pound, and give him day.

Hug. Saint *Valermine's* day, I will, this very day,
Before *Sunne* set: my bond is forfeit else.

Tur. Where will you ha' it paid? *Hug.* Faith, I am a stranger
Here i' the countrey: Know you *Chanon Hugh*,
The *Vicar of Pantrace*? *Tur.* Yes, wee who not him?

Hug. Ile make him my Attorney to receive it,
And give you a discharge. *Tur.* Whom shall I send for't?

Pre. Why, if you please, send *Metaphore* my *Clarke*.
And *Turfe*, I much commend thy willingnesse,
It's argument of thy integrity.

Tur. Bur, my integrity shall be my zelfe still:
Good Mr. *Metaphore*, give my wife this key;
And doe but whisper it into her hand:
(She knowes it well inow) bid her, by that
Deliver you the two zeal'd bags o' silver,
That lie i' the corner o' the cup-bord, stands
At my bed-side, they' are vistic pound a peece,
And bring 'hem to your Master. *Met.* If I prove not
As just a Carrier as my friend *Tom Long* was,
Then call me his curtall, change my name of *Miles*,
To *Gnile's*, *Wile's*, *Pile's*, *Bile's*, or the foulest name
You can devise, to crambe with, for ale.

Hug. Come hither *Miles*, bring by that token, too,
Faure *Awdrey*, say her father sent for her:
Say *Clay* is found, and waits at *Pantrace Church*,
Where I attend to marry them in haste.
For (by this meanes) *Miles* I may say't to thee,
Thy Master must to *Awdrey* married be.
But not a word but mum: goe get thee gone;
Be warie of thy charge, and keepe it close.

Met. O super-dainty Chanon! Vicar in coney,
Make no delay, *Miles*, but away.
And bring the wench, and money.

Hug. Now Sir, I see you meant but honestly;
And, but that busines calls me hence away,
I would not leave you, till the sunne were lower.
But Mr. Justice, one word, Sir, with you.
By the same token, is your Mistris sent for
By *Metaphore* your *Clarke*, as from her Father.
Who when she comes, Ile marry her to you,
Vnwithting to this *Turfe*, who shall attend
Me at the parsonage. This was my plot:
Which I must now make good, turne Chanon, againe;
In my square cap. I humbly take my leave.

Pre. Adieu, good Captaine. Trust me, neighbour *Turfe*,
He seemes to be a sober Gentleman:
But this distresse hath somewhat stir'd his patience.

And men, you know, in such extremities,
 Apt not themselves to points of courtship;
 I am glad you ha' made this end. *Tur.* You stood my friend:
 I thanke your Justice-worship; pray you be
 Present anone, at tending o' the money,
 And zee me have a discharge: Vor I ha' no craft
 I' your Law quibblins. *Pre.* Ile secure you, neighbour.

The Scene interloping.

Medlay. Clench. Pan. Scriben.

Med. Indeed, there is a woundy luck in names, Sirs,
 And a maine myserie, an' a man knew where
 To vind it. My God-fires name, Ile tell you,
 Was *In-and-In Shittle*, and a Weaver he was,
 And it did fit his craft: for so his Shittle
 Went in, and in, still: this way, and then that way.
 And he nam'd me, *In-and-In Medlay*: which serves
 A Joyners craft, bycause that wee doe lay
 Things in and in, in our worke. But, I am truly
Architectonicus professor, rather:
 That is (as one would say) an Architect.

Cle. As I am a Varrier, and a Visicarie:
 Horfe-smith of *Hamsted*, and the whole Towne Leach—

Med. Yes, you ha' done woundy cures, Gossip *Clench*.

Cle. An' I can zee the stale once, through a Vine-hole,
 Ile give a shrew'd ghesse, be it man, or beaft.
 I cur'd an Ale-wife once, that had the staggers
 Worfe then five horses, without rowelling.
 My God-phere was a *Rabian*, or a *Ien*,
 (You can tell *D'oge*!) They call'd un Doctor *Rafis*.

Ser. One *Rafis* was a great *Arabick* Doctor.

Cle. Hee was King *Hurry's* Doctor, and my God-phere.

Pan. Mine was a merry Greeke, *To-Pan*, of *Twyford*:
 A joviall Tinker, and a stopper of holes;

Who left me mettall-man of *Belfse*, his heire.

Med. But what was yours *D'oge*? *Ser.* Vaith, I cannot tell
 If mine were kyrfind, or no. But, zure hee had

A kyrfin name, that he left me, *Diogenes*.

A mighty learned man, but pest' lence poore.

Vor, h' had no house, save an old *Tub*, to dwell in,

(I vind that in records) and still he turn'd it

I' the winds teeth, as 't blew on his back-side,

And there they would lie rowting one at other,

A weeke, sometimes. *Med.* Thence came *A Tale of a Tub*,

And the virst *Tale of a Tub*, old *D'ogenes Tub*.

Ser. That was avore Sir *Peter Tub*, or his Lady.

Pan. I, or the Squire their sonne, *Tripoli Tub*.

Cle. The Squire is a fine Gentleman! *Med.* He is more:

A Gentleman and a halfe; almost a Knight;
Within zixe inches: That's his true measure.

Cle. Zure, you can gage 'hun. *Med.* To a streak, or lesse:

I know his d'ameters, and circumference:

A Knight is sixe diameters, and a Squire
Is vive, and zomewhat more: I know't by compasse;

And skale of man. I have upo' my rule here,

The iust perportions of a Knight, a Squire,

With a tame Justice, or an Officer, rampant,

Vpo' the bench, from the high Constable

Downe to the Head-borough, or Tithing-man;

Or meanest Minister o' the peace, God save 'un.

Pan. Why, you can tell us by the Squire, Neighbour,

Whence he is call'd a Constable, and whatfore.

Med. No, that's a booke-case: *Scrib* can doe that.

That's writing and reading, and records. *Ser.* Two words;

Cyning and *Staple*, make a Constable:

As wee'd say, A hold, or stay for the King.

Cle. All Constables are truly *Iohn's* for the King,

What ere their names are; be they *Tony*, or *Roger*.

Med. And all are sworne, as vingars o' one hand,

To hold together 'gainst the breach o' the peace;

The High Constable is the Thumbe, as one would say;

The hold-fast o' the rest. *Pan.* Pray luck he speed

Well i' the busines, betweene Captaine *Thums*;

And him. *Med.* Ile warrant 'un for a groat:

I have his measures here in Rithmetique.

How he should beare un selfe in all the lines

Of's place, and office: Let's zeeke 'un out.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Tub. *Hilts.* Metaphor.

Tub. *Hilts.* how do'st thou like o' this our good dayes worke?

Hil. As good ene nere a whit, as nere the better.

Tub. Shall we to *Pancridge*, or to *Kentish-Towne*, *Hilts*?

Hil. Let *Kentish-Towne*, or *Pancridge* come to us,

If either will: I will goe home againe.

Tub. Faith *Basket*, our succeffe hath beene but bad,

And nothing prospers, that wee undertake;

For we can neither meet with *Clay*, nor *Awdrey*,

The Chanon *Hugh*, nor *Turfe* the Constable;

We are like men that wander in strange woods,

And loose our selves in search of them wee seeke.

Hil. This was because wee rose on the wrong side:

But as I am now here, just in the mid-way,

Ile zet my sword on the pommell, and that line

The point valles top, wee'll rake: whether it be

To *Kentish-Towne*, the Church, or home againe.

Enter Meta-
phor.

Tub. Stay, stay thy hand: here's Justice *Brambles Clarke*,
The unlucky Hare hath crost us all this day.
He stand aside whilst thou pump'st out of him
His business, *Hills*; and how hee's now employed.

Hil. Let mee alone, He use him in his kind.

Met. Oh for a Pad-horse, Pack-horse, or a Post-horse,
To beare me on his neck, his back, or his croupe!
I am as weary with running, as a Mil-horse
That hath led the Mill once, twice, thrice about,
After the breath hath beene out of his body.
I could get up upon a pannier, a pannell,
Or, to say truth, a very Pack-sadle,
Till all my honey were turn'd into gall,
And I could sit in the seat no longer,
Oh the legs of a lackey now, or a foot-man,
Who is the Surbater of a Clarke currant,
And the confounder of his tressle dormant.
But who have we here, just in the nick?

Hil. I am neither nick, nor in the nick: therefore
You lie Sir *Metaphor*. *Met.* Lye? how? *Hil.* Lye so Sir.

He strikes up
his booles.

Met. I lye nor yet i' my throat. *Hil.* Thou ly'st o' the ground.
Do'st thou know me? *Met.* Yes, I did know you too late.

Hil. What is my name then? *Met.* Basket. *Hil.* Basket? what?

Met. Basket, the Great—*Hil.* The Great? what? *Met.* Lubber—
I should say Lover, of the Squire his Master.

Hil. Great is my patience, to forbear thee thus,
Thou Scrape-hill, Skoundrell, and thou skum of man,
Vncivill, orange-tawny-coated Clarke:

Thou cam'st but halfe a thing into the world,
And wast made up of patches, parings, shreds:
Thou, that when last thou wert put out of service,
Travaild'st to *Hamsted Heath*, on an *Ash-we'nsday*,
Where thou didst stand sixe weekes the *Jack of Lent*,
For boyes to hoorle, three throwes a penny, at thee,
To make thee a purse: Seest thou this, bold bright blade?
This sword shall shred thee as small unto the grave,
As minc'd meat for a pie. He set thee in earth
All save thy head, and thy right arme at liberty,
To keepe thy hat off, while I question thee,
What? why? and whether thou wert going now
With a face, ready to breake out with business?
And tell me truly, lest I dash't in peeces.

Met. Then *Basket* put thy smiter up, and heare;
I dare not tell the truth to a drawne sword.

Hil. 'Tis sheath'd, stand up, speake without feare, or wit.

Met. I know not what they meane, but *Constable Turse*
Sends here his key, for monies in his cubbard
Which he must pay the Captaine, that was rob'd
This morning. Smell you nothing? *Hil.* No, not I,
Thy breeches yet are honest. *Met.* As my mouth.

Doe you not smell a rat? I tell you truth,
I thinke all's knavery: For the Chanon whisper'd
Me in the eare, when *Turse* had gi'n me his key,
By the same token to bring Mrs. *Awdrey*,
As sent for thither; and to say *John Clay*
Is found, which is indeed to get the wench
Forth for my Master, who is to be married,
When she comes there: The Chanon has his rules
Ready, and all there to dispatch the matter.

Tub. Now on my life, this is the Chanon's plot!
Miles, I have heard all thy discourse to *Basket*.
Wilt thou be true, and Ile reward thee well,
To make me happy, in my Mistris *Awdrey*?

Met. Your worship shall dispose of *Metaphore*,
Through all his parts, ene from the sole o' the head,
To the crowne o' the foot, to manage of your service.

Tub. Then doe thy message to the Mistris *Turse*,
Tell her thy token, bring the money hither,
And likewise take young *Awdrey* to thy charge:
Which done, here, *Metaphore*, wee will attend,
And intercept thee. And for thy reward,
You two shall share the money; I the Maid:
If any take offence, Ile make all good.

Met. But shall I have halfe the money Sir, in faith?

Tub. I on my Squire-ship, shalt thou: and my land.

Met. Then, if I make not Sir, the cleanliest scuse
To get her hither, and be then as carefull
To keepe her for you, as't were for my selfe:
Downe o' your knees, and pray that honest *Miles*
May breake his neck ere he get ore two stiles.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Tub. Hills.

Tub. Make haste then: we will wait here thy returne.
This luck unlook'd for, hath reviv'd my hopes,
Which were oppress'd with a darke melancholly.
In happy time, we linger'd on the way,
To meet these summons of a better sound,
Which are the essence of my soules content.

Hil. This heartlesse fellow, shame to serving-men;
Staine of all livories; what fence makes him doe!
How sordid, wretched, and unworthy things;
Betray his Masters secrets, ope the closet
Of his devises, force the foolish Justice,
Make way for your Love, plotting of his owne:
Like him that digs a trap, to catch another,
And falls into't himselfe! *Tub.* So wou'd I have it.
And hope'twill prove a jest to twit the Justice with,

Hil. But that this poore white-liver'd Rogue should do't?
And meerey out of feare? *Tub.* And hope of money, *Hills.*
A valiant man will nibble at that bait.

Hil. Who, but a foole, will refuse money proffer'd?

Tub. And sent by so good chance. Pray heaven he speed.

Hil. If he come empty-headed, let him count
To goe back empty-headed; Ile not leave him
So much of braine in's pate, with pepper and vineger,
To be serv'd in for sawce, to a Calves head.

Tub. Thou serv'st him rightly, *Hills.* *Hil.* Ile sealeaz much
With my hand, as I dare say now with my tongue;
But if you get the Lasse from *Dargison*,
What will you doe with her? *Tub.* Wee'll thinke o' that
When once wee have her in possession, Governour.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Puppy. Metaphore. Awdrey.

Pup. You see wee trust you, Mr. *Metaphore*,
With Mrs. *Awdrey*: pray you use her well,
As a Gentle-woman should be us'd. For my part,
I doe incline a little to the serving-man;
Wee have beene of a coat—I had one like yours:
Till it did play me such a sleevelesse errand,
As I had nothing where to put mine armes in,
And then I threw it off. Pray you goe before her,
Serving-man-like; and see that your nose drop not.
As for example, you shall see me: marke,
How I goe afore her. So doe you: sweet *Miles*,
She for her owne part, is a woman cares not
What man can doe unto her, in the way
Of honesty, and good manners. So farewell
Faire Mrs. *Awdrey*: Farewell Mr. *Miles*.
I ha' brought you thus farre, onward o' your way:
I must goe back now to make cleane the roomes,
Where my good Lady has beene. Pray you commend mee
To Bride-groome *Clay*; and bid him beare up stiffe.

Met. Thanke you good *Hanniball Puppy*; I shall fit
The leg of your commands, with the straight buskins
Of dispatch presently. *Pup.* Farewell fine *Metaphore*.

Met. Come gentle Mistris, will you please to walke?

Awd. I love not to be led: I'd goe alone.

Met. Let not the mouse of my good meaning, Lady,
Be snap'd up in the trap of your suspition,
To loose the taile there, either of her truth,
Or swallow'd by the Cat of misconstruction.

Awd. You are too finicall for me; speake plaine Sir.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Tub. Andrey. Hils. Metaphore.

To them

Lady. Pol-marten.

Tub. Welcome againe my *Andrey* : welcome Love :
You shall with me ; in faith deny me not.
I cannot brook the second hazzard Mistris.

And. Forbeare Squire *Tub*, as mine owne mother sayes ;
I am not for your mowing. Youle be flowne
Ere I be fledge. *Hil.* Haft thou the money *Miles* ?

Met. Here are two bags, there's fiftie pound in each.

Tub. Nay *Andrey*, I possesse you for this time :
Sirs ; Take that coyne betweene you, and divide it.
My pretty sweeting give me now the leave
To challenge love, and marriage at your hands.

And. Now, out upon you, are you not asham'd ?
What will my Lady say ? In faith I thinke
She was at our house : And I thinke shee ask'd for you :
And I thinke she hit me i' th' teeth with you,
I thanke her Ladiship, and I thinke she meanes
Not to goe hence, till she has found you. How say you ?

Tub. Was then my Lady Mother at your house ?
Let's have a word aside. *And.* Yes, twenty words.

Lad. 'Tis strange, a motion, but I know not what ;
Comes in my mind, to leave the way to *Totten*,
And turne to *Kentish-Towne*, againe my journey :
And see my sonne *Pol-marten* with his *Andrey* :
Erewhile we left her at her fathers house :

And hath be thence remov'd her in such haste !

What shall I doe ? shall I speake faire, or chide ?

Pol. Madam, your worthy sonne, with dutious care ;
Can governe his affections : Rather then
Breake off their conference some other way,
Pretending ignorance of what you know.

Tub. And this all, faire *Andrey* : I am thine.

Lad. Mine you were once, though scarcely now your own.

Hil. 'Slid my Lady ! my Lady ! *Met.* Is this my Lady bright ?

Tub. Madam, you tooke me now a little tardie.

Lad. At prayers, I thinke you were : what, so devout !
Of late, that you will shrive you to all Confessors
You meet by chance ? Come, goe with me, good Squire ;
And leave your linnen : I have now a busines,
And of importance, to impart unto you.

Tub. Madam, I pray you, spare me but an houre ;
Please you to walke before, I follow you.

Lad. It must be now, my busines lies this way.

Tub. Will not an houre hence, Madam, excuse me ?

Lad. Squire, these excuses argue more your guilt.

You

You have some new device now, to project,
Which the poore Tile-man scarce will thanke you for.
What? will you goe? *Tub.* I ha'tane a charge upon me,
To see this Maid conducted to her Father,
Who, with the Chanon *Hugh*, staies her at *Pancrace*,
To see her married to the same *John Clay*.

Lad. Tis very well; but Squire take you no care.
He send *Pol-marten* with her, for that office:
You shall along with me; it is decreed.

Tub. I have a little busines, with a friend Madam.

Lad. That friend shall stay for you, or you for him.

Pol-marten, Take the Maiden to your care;

Commend meto her Father. *Tub.* I will follow you.

Lad. Tut, tell not me of following. *Tub.* He but speake
A word. *Lad.* No whispering: you forget your selfe,
And make your love too palpable: A Squire?
And thinke so meanelly? fall upon a Cow-shard?
You know my mind. Come, He to *Twisse*'s shoule,
And see for *Dido*, and our *Valentine*.

Pol-marten, looke to your charge; He looke to mine.

They all goe
out but
Pol-marten
and *Awdrey*.

Pol. I smile to thinke after so many proffers

This Maid hath had, she now should fall to me:

That I should have her in my custody:

Twere but a mad trick to make the essay,

And jumpe a match with her immediately:

She's faire, and handsome: and shee's rich enough:

Both time, and place minister faire occasion:

Have at it then: Faire Lady, can you love?

Awd. No Sir, what's that? *Pol.* A toy, which women use.

Awd. It's be a toy, it's good to play withall.

Pol. Wee will not stand discourfing o' the toy:

The way is short, please you to prov't Mistress:

Awd. If you doe meane to stand so long upon it,
I pray you let me give it a short cut, Sir.

Pol. It's thus, faire Maid: Are you dispos'd to marry?

Awd. You are dispos'd to aske. *Pol.* Are you to grant?

Awd. Nay, now I see you are dispos'd indeed.

Pol. I see the wench wants but a little wit;
And that defect her wealth may well supply:

In plaine termes, tell me, Will you have me *Awdrey*?

Awd. In as plaine termes, I tell you who would ha' me.

John Clay would ha' me, but he hath too hard hands;

I like not him: besides, hee is a thiefe.

And Justice *Bramble*, he would faine ha' catch'd me:

But the young Squire, hee, rather then his life,

Would ha' me yet; and make me a Lady, hee sayes,

And be my Knight, to doe me true Knights service,

Before his Lady Mother. Can you make me

A Lady, would I ha' you? *Pol.* I can gi' you

A filken Gowne, and a rich Petticoat:

And a french Hood. All fooles love to bebrave:
I find her humour, and I will pursue it.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Lady. D. Turfe. Squire Tub. Hilis. Puppy. Clay.

Lad. And as I told thee, shee was intercepted
By the Squire here, my sonne: and this bold Ruffin
His man, who safely would have carried her
Vnto her Father, and the Chanon *Hugh*;
But for more care of the security,
My Huiſber hath her now, in his grave charge.

D. Tur. Now on my faith, and holy-dom, we are
Beholden to your worship. She's a Girle,
A foolish Girle, and soone may tempted be:
But if this day passe well once ore her head,
Ile with her trust to her selfe. For I have beene
A very mother to her, though I say it.

Tub. Madam, 'tis late, and *Pantridge* is i' your way:
I thinke your Ladiship forgets your selfe.

Lad. Your mind runs much on *Pantridge*. Well, young Squire;
The black Oxe never trod yet O your foot:
These idle Phant'sies will forsake you one day.
Come Mrs. *Turfe*, will you goe take a walke
Over the fields to *Pantridge*, to your husband?

D. Tur. Madam, I had beene there an houre agoe:

But that I waited on my man *Ball Puppy*.
What *Ball* I say? I thinke the idle flouch
Be false asleepe i' the barne, he stayes so long.

Pup. *Sattin*, i' the name of velvet *Sattin*, Dame!
The Divell! O the Divell is in the barne:
Helpe, helpe, a legion—Spirit legion,
Is in the barne! in every straw a Divell.

Tur. Why do'st thou bawle so *Puppy*? Speake, what ailest thee?

Pup. My name's *Ball Puppy*, I ha' seene the Divell
Among the straw: O for a Crosse! a Collop
Of *Friar Bacon*, or a conjuring stick
Of *Doctor Faustus*! Spirits are in the barne.

Tub. How! Spirits in the barne? *Basket*, goe see.

Hil. Sir, an' you were my Master ten times over,
And Squire to boot; I know, and you shall pardon me:
Send me 'mong Divels? I see you love me not:
Hell be at their game: Ile not trouble them.

Tub. Goe see; I warrant thee there's no such matter.

Hil. An' they were Giants, 't were another matters,
But Divells! No, if I be torne in peeces,
What is your warrant worth? Ile see the Feind
Set fire o' the barne, ere I come there.

D. Tur.

A Tale of a Tub.

D. Tur. Now all Zaints bleſſe us, and if he be there,
He is anugly ſpright, I warrant. *Pup.* As ever
Held fleſh-hooke, Dame, or handled fire-fork rather:
They have put me in a ſweet pickle, Dame:
But that my Lady-*Valentine* ſmells of muſke,
I ſhould be aſham'd to preſſe into this preſence.

Lad. Basker, I pray thee ſee what is the miracle!

Tub. Come, goe with me: Ile lead. Why ſtand'ſt thou man?

Hil. Cocks pretious Maſter, you are not mad indeed?
You will not goe to hell before your time?

Tub. Why art thou thus afraid? *Hil.* No, not afraid:
But by your leave, Ile come no neare the barne.

Tur. Puppy! wilt thou goe with me? *Pup.* How? goe with you?

Whither, into the Barne? To whom, the Divell?

Or to doe what there? to be torne 'mongſt 'hum?

Stay for my Maſter, the High Conſtable,

Or *In-and-In*, the Head-borough; let them goe,

Into the Barne with warrant, ſeize the Feind;

And ſet him in the ſtocks for his ill rule:

'Tis not for me that am but fleſh and blood,

To medle with 'ua. Vor I cannot, nor I wu' not.

Lad. I pray thee *Tripoly*, looke, what is the matter?

Tub. That ſhall I Madam. *Hil.* Heaven protect my Maſter.
I tremble every joynt till he be back.

Pup. Now, now, even now they are tearing him in pecces;
Now are they toſſing of his legs, and armes,
Like Loggetts at a Peare-tree: Ile to the hole,
Peepe in, and looke whether he lives or dies.

Hil. I would not be i' my Maſters coat for thouſands.

Pup. Then pluck it off, and turne thy ſelfe away.

O the Divell! the Divell! the Divell! *Hil.* Where man? where?

D. Tur. Alas that ever wee were borne. So neere too?

Pup. The Squire hath him in his hand, and leads him
Out by the Collar. *D. Tur.* O this is *John Clay*.

Lad. *John Clay* at *Panrace*, is there to be married.

Tub. This was the ſpirit reveld i' the Barne.

Pup. The Divell hee was: was this he was crawling
Among the Wheat-ſtraw? Had it beene the Barley,
I ſhould ha' tane him for the Divell in drinke;
The Spirit of the Bride-alc: But poore *John*,
Tame *John* of *Clay*, that ſticks about the bung-hole—

Hil. If this be all your Divell, I would take
In hand to conjure him: But hell take me
If ere I come in a right Divels walke,

If I can keepe me out on't. *Tub.* Well meant *Hills*.

Lad. But how came *Clay* thus hid here i' the ſtraw,
When newes was brought, to you all hee was at *Panridge*;
And you beleeve'd it? *D. Tur.* Juſtice *Brambles* man
Told me ſo, Madam: And by that ſame token,
And other things, he had away my Daughter,

And two seal'd bags of money, *Lad.* Where's the Squire?
Is hee gone hence? *Tub.* He was here Madam, but now.

Clay. Is the *Huy* and *Cry* past by? *Pup.* I, I, *John Clay.*

Clay. And am I out of danger to be hang'd?

Pup. Hang'd *John*? yes sure; unlesse, as with the Proverbe,
You meane to make the choice of your owne gallowes.

Clay. Nay, then all's well, hearing your newes *Ball Puppy*,
You ha' brought from *Paddington*, I ene stole home here,
And thought to hide me, in the Barne ere since.

Pup. O wonderfull! and newes was brought us here,
You were at *Pancridge*, ready to be married.

Clay. No faith, I nere was furdre then the Barne.

D. Tur. Haste *Puppy*. Call forth Mistris *Dido Wisp*,
My Ladies Gentle-woman, to her Lady;
And call your selfe forth, and a couple of maids,
To waite upon me: we are all undone!

My Lady is undone! her fine young sonne,
The Squire is got away. *Lad.* Haste, haste, good *Valentine*.

D. Tur. And you *John Clay*; you are undone too! All!
My husband is undone, by a true key,
But a false token: And my selfe's undone,
By parting with my Daughter, who'll be married
To some body, that she should not, if wee haste not.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Tub. Pol-marten.

Tub. I Pray thee good *Pol-marten*, shew thy diligence,
And faith in both: Get her, but so disguis'd,
The Chanon may not know her, and leave me
To plot the rest: I will expect thee here.

Pol. You shall Squire. He performe it with all care,
If all my Ladies Ward-robe will disguise her.
Come Mistris *Awdrey*, *Awd.* Is the Squire gone?

Pol. Hee'll meet us by and by, where he appointed:
You shall be brave anone, as none shall know you.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Clench. Medley. Pan. Scriben.

To them.

Tub. Hills.

Cle. I wonder, where the Queenes High Constable is!
I vcare, they ha' made 'hunaway. *Med.* No zure; The Justice
Dare not conzent to that. Hee'll zee' un forth comming.

Pan. He must, vor wee can all take corpulent oath,
Wee zaw 'un goe in there. *Scr.* I, upon record !
The Clock dropt twelve at *Maribone.* *Med.* You are right, *D'oge* !
Zet downe to a minute, now 'ris a'most vowre.

Cle. Here comes Squire *Tub.* *Scr.* And's Governour, Mr. *Basket.*
Hilts, doe you know 'hun, a valiant wise vellow !

Az tall a man on his hands, as goes on vect.

Blesse you Maf's' *Basket.* *Hil.* Thanke you good *D'oge.* *Tub.* who's that?

Hil. *D'oge* *Scriben,* the great Writer Sir of *Chalcot.*

Tub. And, who the rest? *Hil.* The wisest heads o' the hundred,
Medlay the Joyner, Head-borough of *Islington,*
Pan of *Belfize,* and *Clench* the Leach of *Hamsted.*

The High Constables Counsell, here of *Finsbury.*

Tub. Prezent me to 'hem, *Hilts,* Squire *Tub* of *Totten.*

Hil. Wife men of *Finsbury:* make place for a Squire,
I bring to your acquaintance, *Tub* of *Totten.*

Squire *Tub,* my Master, loves all men of vertue.

And longs (az one would zay) till he be one on you.

Cle. His worship's wel'cun to our company:

Would 't were wiser for 'hun. *Pan.* Here be some on us,
Are call'd the witty men, over a hundred;

Scr. And zome a thousand, when the Muster day comes.

Tub. I long (as I man *Hilts* said, and my Governour)

To be adopt in your society.

Can any man make a Masque here i' this company?

Pan. A Masque, what's that? *Scr.* A mumming, or a shew.

With vizards, and fine clothes. *Cle.* A disguise, neighbour,
Is the true word: There stands the man, can do't Sir.

Medlay the Joyner, *In-and-In* of *Islington,*

The onely man at a disguise in *Middlesex.*

Tub. But who shall write it? *Hil.* *Scriben,* the great Writer.

Ser. Hee'll do't alone Sir, He will joyne with no man:

Though he be a Joyner, in designe he cal's it.

He must be sole Inventer: *In-and-In.*

Drawes with no other in's project, hee'll tell you,

It cannot else be feazeable, or conduce:

Those are his ruling words? Pleaze you to heare 'hun?

Tub. Yes Mr. *In-and-In,* I have heard of you;

Med. I can doe nothing, I. *Cle.* Hee can doe all Sir.

Med. They'll tell you so. *Tub.* I'd have a toy presented,

A Tale of a Tub, a storie of my selfe,

You can expresse a Tub. *Med.* If it conduce

To the designe, what ere is feazeable:

I can expresse a Wash-house (If need be)

With a whole pedigree of Tubs. *Tub.* No, one

Will be enough to note our name, and family:

Squire *Tub* of *Totten,* and to shew my adventures

This very day. I'd have it in *Tubs-Hall,*

At *Totten-Court,* my Ladies Mothers house,

My house indeed, for I am heire to it.

Med. If I might see the place, and had survey'd it,
I could say more: For all Invention, Sir,
Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature;
A world of things, concur to the designe,
Which make it feazible, if Art conduce.

Tub. You say well, witty Mr. *In-and-In*.
How long ha' you studied Engine? *Med.* Since I first
loyn'd, or did in-lay in wit, some vorty yeare.

Tub. A pretty time! *Basket*, goe you and waite
On Master *In-and-In* to *Totten-Court*,
And all the other wise Masters; shew 'hem the Hall:
And taste the language of the buttery to 'hem;
Let 'hem see all the Tubs about the house,
That can raise matter, till I come—which shall be
Within an houre at least. *Clv.* It will be glorious,
If *In-and-In* will undertake it, Sir:
He has a monstrous medlay wit o' his owne.

Tub. Spare for no cost, either in boords, or hoops,
To architect your Tub: Ha' you nere a Cooper
At *London* call'd *Vitruvius*? send for him;
Or old *John Haywood*, call him to you, to helpe.

Scr. He scornes the motion, trust to him alone.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Lady. Tub. D. Tur. Clay. Puppy. Wispe.
Preamble. Turfe.

Lad. O, here's the Squire! you slip'd us finely sonne!
These manners to your Mother, will commend you;
But in an other age, not this: well *Tripoly*,
Your Father, good Sir *Peter* (rest his bones)
Would not ha' done this: where's my Huishier *Martin*?
And your faire Mrs. *Andrey*? *Tub.* I not see 'hem,
No creature, but the foure wise Masters here,
Of *Finsbury* Hundred, came to cry their Constable,
Who they doe say is lost. *D. Tur.* My husband lost?
And my fond Daughter lost? I feare mee too.
Where is your Gentleman, Madam? Poore *John Clay*,
Thou hast lost thy *Andrey*. *Clv.* I ha' lost my wits,
My little wits, good Mother, I am distracted.

Pup. And I have lost my Mistris *Dido Wispe*,
Who frownes upon her *Puppy, Hannibal*.
Losse! losse on every side! a publike losse!
Losse o' my Master! losse of his Daughter! losse
Of Favour, Friends, my Mistris! losse of all!

Pre. What Cry is this? *Tur.* My man speakes of some losse.

Pup. My Master is found: Good luck, and't be thy will,
Light on us all. *D. Tur.* O husband, are you alive?

They said you were lost. *Tur.* Where's Justice Brambles Clarke?
Had he the money that I sent for? *D. Tur.* Yes,
Two houres agoe; two fifty pounds in silver,
And *Andrey* too. *Tur.* Why *Andrey*? who sent for her?

D. Tur. You Master *Turfe*, the fellow said. *Tur.* Hee lyed.
I am cozen'd, rob'd, undone: your man's a Thiefe,
And run away with my Daughter, Mr. *Bramble*,
And with my money. *Lad.* Neighbour *Turfe* have patience,
I can assure you that your Daughter is safe,
But for the monies I know nothing of.

Tur. My money is my Daughter, and my Daughter
She is my money, Madam. *Pre.* I doe wonder
Your Ladiship comes to know any thing
In these affaires. *Lad.* Yes, Justice *Bramble*
I met the maiden i' the fields by chance,
I' the Squires company my sonne: How hee
Lighted upon her, himselfe best can tell.

Tub. I intercepted her, as comming hither,
To her Father, who sent for her, by *Miles Metaphore*,
Justice *Preapables* Clarke. And had your Ladiship
Not hindred it, I had paid fine Mr. Justice
For his young warrant, and new Purs'yvant,
He serv'd it by this morning. *Pre.* Know you that Sir?

Lad. You told me, Squire, a quite other tale,
But I belev'd you not, which made me send
Andrey another way, by my *Pol-marten*:
And take my journey back to *Kensish-Towne*,
Where we found *John Clay* hidden i' the barne,
To scape the *Huy* and *Cry*, and here he is.

Tur. *John Clay* age'n! nay, then — set Cock a hoope:
I ha' lost no Daughter, nor no money, Justice.
John Clay shall pay. Ile look to you now *John*.
Vaith out it must, as good at night, as morning.
I am ene as vull as a Pipers bag with joy,
Or a great Gun upon carnation day!
I could weepe Lions teares to see you *John*.
'Tis but two viftie pounds I ha' ventur'd for you:
But now I ha' you, you shall pay whole hundred.
Run from your Burroughs, sonne: faith ene be hang'd.
An' you once earth yourselfe, *John*, i' the barne,
I ha' no Daughter vor you: Who did verret 'hun.

D. Tur. My Ladies sonne, the Squire here, verch'd 'hun out.
Puppy had put us all in such a vright,
We thought the Devill was i' the barne; and no body
Durst venture o' hun. *Tur.* I am now resolv'd,
Who shall ha' my Daughter. *D. Tur.* Who? *Tur.* He best deserves her.
Here comes the Vicar. Chanon *Hugh*, we ha' vound
John Clay agen! the matter's all come round.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

To them

Chanon Hugh.

Hugh. Is *Metaphore* return'd yet? *Pre.* All is turn'd
Here to confusion: we ha' lost our plot;
I feare my man is run away with the money,
And *Clay* is found, in whom old *Turse* is sure
To save his stake. *Hug.* What shall wee doe then Justice?

Pre. The Bride was met i' the young Squires hands.

Hug. And what's become of her? *Pre.* None here can tell.

Tub. Was not my Mothers man, *Pol-marten*, with you?
And a strange Gentlewoman in his company,
Of late here, Chanon? *Hug.* Yes, and I dispatch'd 'hem.

Tub. Dispatch'd 'hem! show doe you mean? *Hug.* Why married 'hem:
As they desir'd; But now. *Tub.* And doe you know
What you ha' done, Sir *Hugh*? *Hug.* No harme, I hope.

Tub. You have ended all the Quarrell. *Awdrey* is married.

Lad. Married! to whom? *Tur.* My Daughter *Awdrey* married,
And she not know of it! *D. Tur.* Nor her Father, or Mother!

Lad. Whom hath she married? *Tub.* Your *Pol-marten*, Madam.
A Groome was never dreamt of. *Tur.* Is he a man?

Lad. That he is *Turse*, and a Gentleman, I ha' made him.

D. Tur. Nay, an' he be a Gentleman, let her stift.

Hug. She was so brave, I knew her nor, I sweare;
And yet I married her by her owne name.

But she was so disguis'd, so Lady-like;
I thinke she did not know her selfe the while!

I married 'hem as a meere paire of strangers:
And they gave out themselves for such. *Lad.* I wish 'hem
Much joy, as they have given me hearts ease.

Tub. Then Madam, Ile intreat you now remit
Your jealousie of me; and please to take
All this good company home with you, to supper:
Wee'll have a merry night of it, and laugh.

Lad. A right good motion, Squire, which I yeeld to:
And thanke them to accept it. Neighbour *Turse*,
Ile have you merry, and your wife: And you,
Sir *Hugh*, be pardon'd this your happy error.
By Justice *Preamble*, your friend and patron.

Pre. If the young Squire can pardon it, I doe.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Puppy. Dido. Hugh

carry behind.

Pup. Stay my deare *Dido*, and good Vicar *Hugh*,
We have a busines with you: In short, this

If you dare knit another paire of strangers,
Dido of *Carthage*, and her Countrey-man,
 Stout *Hanniball* stands to't. I have ask'd consent,
 And she hath granted. *Hug.* But saith *Dido* so?

Did. From what *Ball-Hanny* hath said, I dare not goe.

Hug. Come in then, Ile dispatch you. A good supper
 Would not be lost, good company, good discourse;
 But above all where wit hath any source.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Pol-marten. *Andrey.* *Tub.* *Lady.* *Preamble.*

Turfe. *D.* *Turfe.* *Clay.*

Lad. After the hoping of your pardon, Madam,
 For many faults committed. Here my wife,
 And I doe stand, expecting your mild doome.

Lad. I wish thee joy *Pol-marten*; and thy wife:

As much, *Mrs. Pol-marten.* Thou hast trick'd her

Vp very fine, me thinkes. *Pol.* For that I made

Bold with your Ladiships Wardrobe, but have trespass'd
 Within the limits of your leave—I hope.

Lad. I give her what she weares. I know all women

Loye to be fine. Thou hast deserv'd it of me:

I am extreamely pleas'd with thy good fortune.

Welcome good Justice *Preamble*, And *Turfe*.

Looke merrily on your Daughter: She has married

A Gentleman. *Tur.* Some thinkes, I dare not touch her

She is so fine: yet I will say, God blesse her.

D. Tur. And I too, my fine Daughter. I could love her

Now, twice as well, as if *Clay* had her.

Tub. Come, come, my Mother is pleas'd. I pardon all,

Pol-marten in, and waite upon my Lady.

Welcome good Ghests: see supper be serv'd in,

With all the plenty of the house, and worship.

I must conferre with Mr. *In-and-In*,

About some alterations in my Masque;

Send *Hilts* out to me: Bid him bring the Councell

Of *Finsbury* hither. Ile have such a night

Shall make the name of *Totten-Court* immortal:

And be recorded to posterity.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Tub. *Medlay.* *Clench.* *Pan.* *Scriben.* *Hilts.*

Tub. O Mr. *In-and-In*, what ha' you done?

Med. Survey'd the place Sir, and design'd the ground,

Or stand still of the worke: And this it is.
First, I have fix'd in the earth, a *Tub*;
And an old *Tub*, like a Salt-Peeter *Tub*,
Preluding by your Fathers name Sir *Peeter*,
And the antiquity of your house, and family,
Originall from Salt-Peeter. *Tub*. Good yfaith,
You ha' shewne reading, and antiquity here, Sir.

Med. I have a little knowledge in designe,
Which I can varie Sir to *Infinito*.

Tub. *Ad Infinitum* Sir you meane. *Med*. I doe.
I stand not on my Latine, Ile invent,
But I must be alone then, joyn'd with no man.
This we doe call the Stand-still of our worke.

Tub. Who are those wee? you now joyn'd to your selfe:

Med. I meane my selfe still, in the plurall number,
And out of this wee raise our *Tale of a Tub*.

Tub. No, Mr. *In-and-In*, my *Tale of a Tub*.
By your leave, I am *Tub*, the *Tale's* of me;
And my adventures! I am Squire *Tub*,
Subjectum Fabulae. *Med*. But I the Author.

Tub. The Worke-man Sir! the Artificer! I grant you.
So *Skelton-Lawreāt*; was of *Elinour Bunning*:
But she the subject of the Rout, and Tunning.

Cle. He has put you to it, Neighbour *In-and-In*.

Pan. Doe not dispute with him, he still will win.
That paies for all. *Scr*. Are you revis'd o' that?
A man may have wit, and yet put off his hat.

Med. Now, Sir this *Tub*, I will have capt with paper:
A fine old Lanterne-paper, that we use.

Pan. Yes every Barber, every Cutler has it.

Med. Which in it doth containe the light to the busines.
And shall with the very vapour of the Candle,
Drive all the motions of our matter about:
As we present 'hem. For example, first
The worshipfull Lady *Tub*. *Tub*. Right worshipfull,
I pray you, I am worshipfull my selfe.

Med. Your Squire-ships Mother, passeth by (her Huisher,
Mr. *Pol-marten* bareheaded before her)
In her velvet Gowne. *Tub*. But how shall the Spectators?
As it might be, I, or *Hilts*, know 'tis my Mother?
Or that *Pol-marten* there that walkes before her.

Med. O wee doe nothing, if we cleare not that.

Cle. You ha' seene none of his workes Sir? *Pan*. All the postures
Of the train'd bands o' the Countrey. *Scr*. All their colours.

Pan. And all their Captaines. *Cle*. All the Cries o' the Citie:
And all the trades i' their habits. *Scr*. He has his whistle
Of command: Seat of authority!

And virgeto' interpret, tip'd with silver, Sir
You know not him. *Tub*. Well, I will leave all to him.

Med. Give me the brieft o' your subject. Leave the whole

State of the thing to me. *Hil.* Supper is ready, Sir.
My Lady calls for you. *Tub.* Ile send it you in writing.

Med. Sir, I will render feazible, and facile,
What you expect. *Tub.* *Hilts*, be't your care,
To see the Wife of *Finsbury* made welcome:

The Squire
goes on.

Let 'hem want nothing. Iz old *Rosin* sent for?

Hil. Hee's come within. *Scri.* Lord! what a world of buſines
The Squire diſpatches! *Med.* Hee is a learned man:

The rest fol-
low.

I thinke there are but vew o' the Innes o' Court,
Or the Innes o' Chancery like him. *Cle.* Care to fit 'un then.

ACT. V. SCENE VIII.

Iack. *Hilts.*

Iac. Yonder's another wedding, Maſter *Basket*,
Brought in by Vicar *Hugh.* *Hil.* what are they, *Iack*?

Iac. The High Conſtables Man, *Ball Hanny*; and Mrs. *Wiſſes*,
Our Ladies woman. *Hil.* And are the Table merry?

Iac. There's a young Tile-maker makes all laugh;
He will not eate his meat, but cryes at th' boord,
He ſhall be hang'd. *Hil.* He has loſt his wench already:

Asgood be hang'd. *Iac.* Was ſhe that is *Pol-marten*,
Our fellowes Miſtris, wench to that ſneake-*John*?

Hil. I faith, *Black Iack*, he ſhould have beene her Bride-groome:
But I muſt goe to waite o' my wife Maſters.

Iack, you ſhall waite on me, and ſee the Maſke anone:
I am halfe Lord Chamberlin, i' my Maſters abſence.

Iac. Shall wee have a Maſque? Who makes it? *Hil.* *In-and-In*.
The Maker of *Iſlington*: Come goe with me
To the ſage ſentences of *Finsbury*.

ACT. V. SCENE IX.

2 Groomes.

Gro. 1. Come, give us in the great Chaire, for my Lady;
And ſet it there: and this for Juſtice *Bramble*.

Gro. 2. This for the Squire my Maſter, on the right hand.

Gro. 1. And this for the High Conſtable. *Gro. 2.* This his wife.

Gro. 1. Then for the Bride, and Bride-groome, here *Pol-marten*.

Gro. 2. And ſhe *Pol-marten*, at my Ladies feet.

Gro. 1. Right. *Gro. 2.* And beſide them Mr. *Hanniball Puppy*.

Gro. 1. And his ſhee *Puppy*, Mrs. *Wiſſe* that was:

Here's all are in the note. *Gro. 2.* No, Mr. Vicar:

The petty Chanon *Hugh.* *Gro. 1.* And Caſt-by *Clay*:

There they are all. *Tub.* Then cry a Hall, a Hall!

'Tis merry in *Tottenham* Hall, when beards wag all.

Come Father *Rozin* with your Fidle now,

Lowd' muſicke. And two tall-toters: Flourish to the Maſque.

A Tale of a Tub.

III

ACT V. SCENE X.

Lady Preamble before her. *Tub*. *Turfe*. *D. Turfe*. *Pol-marten*,
Andrey. *Puppy*. *Wiske*. *Hugh*. *Clay*. All take
their Seats. *Hilts* waits on the by.

Lad. Neighbours, all welcome: Now doth *Totten-Hall*
Shew like a Court: and hence shall first be call'd so.
Your witty short confession Mr. Vicar,
Within hath beene the *Prologue*, and hath open'd
Much to my sonnes device, his *Tale of a Tub*.

Tub. Let my Masque shew it selfe: And *In-and-In*,
The Architect, appeare: I heare the whistle.

Hil. Peace.

Med. Thus rife I first, in my light linnen breeches,

Medley ap-
peares above
the Curtain.

To run the meaning over in short speeches.

Here is a *Tub*; A *Tub* of *Totten-Court*:

An ancient *Tub*, hath call'd you to this sport:

His Father was a Knight, the rich Sir *Peeter*;

Who got his wealth by a *Tub*, and by Salt-Peeter:

And left all to his Lady *Tub*; the mother

Of this bold Squire *Tub*, and to no other.

Now of this *Tub*, and's deeds, nor done in ale,

Observe, and you shall see the very *Tale*.

He drawes
the Curtain,
and discovers
the top of
the Tub.
Hil. Ha!
Peace.
Loud Mu-
sicke,

The first Motion.

Med. Here *Chanon Hugh*, first brings to *Totten-Hall*
The high Constables councell, tels the Squire all;
Which, though discover'd (give the Divell his due :)
The wife of *Finsbury* doe still pursue.
Then with the Justice, doth he counterplot,
And his Clarke *Metaphore*, to cut that knot:
Whilst Lady *Tub*, in her sad velvet Gowne,
Missing her sonne, doth seeke him up and downe.

Tub. With her *Pol-marten* bare before her. *Med.* Yes;
I have exprest it here in figure, and *Mis-*
tris Wispe her woman, holding up her traine.

Tub. I the next page; report your second straine.

The second Motion.

Hil. Ha!
Peace.
Loud Mu-
sicke,

Med. Here the high Constable, and Sages walke
To Church, the Dame, the Daughter, Bride-maids talke,
Of wedding busines; till a fellow in comes,
Relates the robbery of one Captaine *Thum's*:
Chargeth the Bride-groome with it: Troubles all,
And gets the Bride; who in the hands doth fall
Of the bold Squire, but thence soone is tane
By the sly Justice, and his Clarke profane

A Tale of a Tub.

In shape of Pursuivant, which he not long
Holds, but betrayes all with his trembling tongue:
As truth will breake out, and shew, &c.

Tub. O thou hast made him kneele there in a corner,
I see now: there is simple honour for you *Hills*!

Hil. Did I not make him to confesse all to you?

Tub. True, *In-and-In* hath done you right, you see.

Thy third I pray thee, witty *In-and-In*.

Cl. The Squire commends'un. He doth like all well.

Pan. Hee cannot chooſe. This is geare made to sell.

Hil. Ha,
peace.
Loud musick

The third Motion.

Med. The carefull Constable, here drooping comes,
In his deluded search, of Captaine *Thum's*.
Puppy brings word, his Daughter's run away
With the tall Serving-man. He frights Groome *Clay*,
Out of his wits. Returneth then the Squire,
Mocks all their paines, and gives Fame out a Lyar:
For falsely charging *Clay*, when 'twas the plot,
Of subtile *Bramble*, who had *Awdrey* got,
Into his hand, by this winding device.
The Father makes a reskue in a trice:
And with his Daughter, like Saint *George* on foot,
Comes home triumphing, to his deare Hart root.
And tell's the Lady *Tub*, whom he meets there,
Of her sonnes courtesies, the Batchelor.
Whose words had made 'hem fall the *Huy* and *Cry*.
When Captaine *Thum's* comming to aske him, why
He had so done? He cannot yeeld him cause:
But so he runs his neck into the Lawes.

Hil. Ha
peace.
Loud Musick.

The fourth Motion.

Med. The Lawes, who have a noose to crack his neck,
As Justice *Bramble* tels him, who doth peck
A hundreth pound out of his purse, that comes
Like his teeth from him, unto Captaine *Thum's*.
Thum's is the Vicar in a false disguise:
And employes *Metaphore*, to fetch this prize.
Who tels the secret unto *Basket-Hills*,
For feare of beating. This the Squire quilts
Within his Cap, and bids him but purloine
The wench for him: they two shall share the coine.
Which the sage Lady in her 'foresaid Gowne
Breaks off, returning unto *Kentish-Towne*,
To seeke her *Wiske*, taking the Squire along,
Who finds *Clay Iohn*, as hidden in straw throng:

Hil. O, how am I beholden to the Inventer,
That would not, on record against me enter !
My slackness here, to enter in the barne,
Well *In-and-In*, I see thou canst discern !
Tub. On with your last, and come to a Conclusion.

The fift Motion.

Hil. Ha'
peace.
Loud Mu-
sicke.

Med. The last is knowne, and needs but small infusion
Into your memories, by leaving in
These Figures as you fit. I, *In-and-In*,
Present you with the show: First of a Lady
Tub, and her sonne, of whom this Masque here, made I.
Then Bride-groome *Pol*, and Mistris *Pol* the Bride:
With the sub-couple, who sit them beside.

Tub. That onely verse, I alter'd for the better, *supponit gratia*.

Med. Then Justice *Bramble*, with Sir *Hugh* the Chanon:
And the Bride's Parents, which I will not stan'on,
Or the lost *Clay*, with the recovered *Giles*:
Who thus unto his Master, him 'conciles,
On the Squires word, to pay old *Turfe* his Club,
And so doth end our *Tale*, here, of a *Tub*.

The end.

EPILOGVE.

Squire TVB.

T His Tale of mee, the Tub of Totten-Court,
A Poet, first invented for your sport.
Wherein the fortune of most empty Tubs
Rowling in love, are shewne; and with what rubs,
We are commonly encountred: When the wit
Of the whole Hundred so opposeth it.
Our petty Chanon's forked plot in chiefe,
Slie Justice arts, with the High Constables Brieft,
And brag Commands; my Lady Mothers care;
And her Pol-martens fortune; with the rare
Fate of poore John, thus tumbled in the Cask;
Got *In-and-In*, to gi't you in a Masque:
That you be pleas'd, who come to see a Play,
With those that heare, and marke not what wee say.
Wherein the Poets fortune is, I feare,
Still to be early up, but nere the neare.

THE SAD
SHEPHERD:

OR,
A TALE OF
ROBIN-HOOD.

WRITTEN

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

Virg. *Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.*

LONDON,
Printed M.DC.XLI.

THE SAD
SHEPHERD
OR
A TALE OF
ROBINHOOD.

WRITTEN

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

Vol. The contents of this volume

LONDON,
Printed M.DCC.LII.

The Persons of the Play.

Robin-hood, The chiefe Wood-man, Master of the Feast.
Marian, His Lady, the Mistris.

Their Family.

Friar Tuck, The Chaplaine and Steward.
Little John, Bow-bearer.
Scarler, } Two Brothers, Huntsmen.
Scathlock, }
George a Greene, Huisher of the Bower.
Much, **Robin-hoods** Bailiffe, or Acater.

The Guests invited.

Clarion, } The Rich.
Lionell, } The Courteous.
Alken, } The Sage.
Aeglamour, } The Sad.
Karolin, } The Kind,

Shepherds.

Melliflow, } The Sweet.
Amie, } The Gentle.
Larine, } The Beautifull.

Shepherdesses.

The troubles unexpected.
Maudlin, The Envious: The Witch of Papplewicke.
Donce, The Proud: Her Daughter.
Lorell, The Rude: A Swine and the Witches son.
Puck-hairy, Or **Robin-Goodfellow,** their Hine.

The Reconciler.

Reuben, A devout Hermit.

The SCENE is Sher-wood.

Consisting of a Landt-shape of Forrest, Hills, Vallies, Cottages, A Castle, A River, Pastures, Heard, Flocks, all full of Country simplicity. **Robin-hoods** Bower, his Well, The Witches *Dimble*, The Swine'ards *Oake*, The Hermits *Cell*.

THE ARGUMENT

of the first Act.

Robin-hood, having invited all the Shep'ards and Shep'erdeffes of the Vale of *Be'voir*, to a Feast in the Forrest of *Sherwood*, and trusting to his Mistis, Maid *Marian*, with her Wood-men, to kill him Venison against the day: Having left the like charge with *Friar Tuck* his Chaplaine, and Steward, to command the rest of his merry men, to see the Bowre made ready, and all things in order for the entertainment, meeting with his Guests at their entrance into the Wood, welcomes and conducts them to his Bowre. Where, by the way hee receives the relation of the sad Shep'ard *Eglamour*, who is falne into a deepe Melancholy, for the losse of his beloved *Earine*; reported to have beene drowned in passing over the *Trent*, some few dayes before. They endeavour in what they can to comfort him: but his disease having taken so strong roor, all is in vaine, and they are forced to leave him. In the meane time *Marian* is come from hunting with the Hunt-men, where the Lovers interchangeably expresse their loves. *Robin-hood* enquires if she hunted the Deere at force, and what sport he made, how long hee stood, and what head hee bore: All which is briefly answer'd with a relation of breaking him up, and the Raven, and her Bone. The suspect had of that Raven to be *Mandlin*, the Witch of *Paplewick*, whom one of the Hunt-men met i' the morning, at the rowling of the Deere, and is confirm'd by her being then in *Robin-hoods* Kitchen, i' the Chimney-corner, broyling the same bit, which was throwne to the Raven, at the Quarry or Fall of the Deere. *Marian* being gone in, to shew the Deere to some of the Shep'erdeffes, returns instantly to the *Scene* discontented, sends away the Venison she had kill'd, to her: they call the Witch, quarrels with her Love *Robin-hood*, abuseth him, and his Guests the Shep'ards; and so departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexitie.

Consisting of a Land-shape of Forrest, Hills, Vallies, Corn
tages, A Castle, A River, Pastures, Herds, Flocks, all full of
Country simplicity, Robin-hoods Bowre, his Well, The Wit-
ches dwelling, The Swine and Oke, The Hermites Cell.

THE

THE

The PROLOGVE.

HE that hath feasted you these forty yeares,
 And fitted Fables, for your finer eares;
 Although at first, he scarce could hit the bore;
 Yet you, with patience harkning more and more,
 At length have growne up to him, and made knowne,
 The Working of his Pen is now your owne:
 He pray's you would vouchsafe, for your owne sake,
 To heare him this once more, but, sit awake.
 And though hee now present you with such wooll,
 As from meere English Flocks his Muse can pull,
 He hopes when it is made up into Cloath;
 Not the most curious head here will be loath
 To weare a Hood of it; it being a Fleece,
 To match, or those of Sicily, or Greece:
 His Scene is Sherwood: And his Play a Tale
 Of Robin-hood's inviting from the Vale
 Of Be'voir, all the Shep'ards to a Feast:
 Where, by the casuall absence of one Guest,
 The Mirth is troubled much, and in one Man
 As much of sadnesse showne, as Passion can.
 The sad young Shep'ard, whom wee here present,
 (P) Like his woes Figure, darke and discontent,
 For his lost Love, who in the Trent is said,
 To have miscarried; 'lasse! what knowes the head
 Of a calme River, whom the feet have drown'd?
 Heare what his sorrowes are; and, if they wound
 Your gentle brests, so that the End crowne all,
 Which in the Scope of one dayes chance may fall:
 Old Trent will send you more such Tales as these,
 And shall grow young againe, as one doth please.

(P) The sad
 Shep'ard
 passeth si-
 lently over
 the Stage.

But here's an Heresie of late let fall;
 That Mirth by no meanes fits a Pastorall;
 Such say so, who can make none, he presumes:
 Else, there's no Scene, more properly assumes
 The Sock. For whence can sport in kind arise,
 But from the Rurall Routs and Families?
 Safe on this ground then, wee not feare to day,
 To tempt your laughter by our rustick Play.
 Wherein if we distaste, or be cry'd downe,
 Wee thinke wee therefore shall not leave the Towne;
 Nor that the Fore-wits, that would draw the rest
 Vnto their liking, alwayes like the best.
 The wise, and knowing Critick will not say;
 This worst, or better is, before he weigh;

Here the
 Prologue
 thinking to
 end, returnes
 upon a new
 purpose, and
 speaks on.

Where

Where every piece be perfect in the kind:
 And then, though in themselves be difference find,
 Yet if the place require it where they stood,
 The equall fitting makes them equall good.
 You shall have Love and Hate, and Jealousie,
 As well as Mirth, and Rage, and Melancholy:
 Or whatsoever else may either move,
 Or stirre affections, and your likings prove.
 But that no stile for Pastorall should goe
 Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah, and O;
 Who judgeth so, may singularly erre;
 As if all Poetrie had one Character:
 In which what were not written, were not right,
 Or that the man who made such one poore flight,
 In his whole life, had with his winged skill
 Advanc'd him upmost on the Muses hill.
 When he like Poet yet remaines, as those
 Are Painters who can only make a Rose.
 From such your wits redeeme you, or your chance,
 Lest to a greater height you doe advance
 Of Folly, to contemne those that are knowne
 Artificers, and trust such as are none.

 THE

THE
SAD SHEPHERD;
OR,
A TALE OF
Robin-hood.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Acclamour.

Here! she was wont to goe! and here! and here!
Just where those Daisies, Pincks, and Violets grow:
The world may find the Spring by following her;
For other print her aerie steps neere left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of grasse!
Or shake the downie *Blow-ball* from his stalke!
But like the soft *West-wind*, she shot along,
And where she went, the Flowers tooke thickest root,
As she had sow'd 'hem with her odorous foot.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Marian. Tuck. Iohn. Wood-men, &c.

Mar. Know you, or can you guesse, my merry men,
What 'tis that keepes your Master *Robin-hood*
So long both from his *Marian*, and the Wood?

Tuc. Forsooth, Madam, hee will be here by noone,
And prayes it of your bounty as a boone,
That you by then have kild him Venison some,
To feast his jolly friends, who hether come
In threaves to frolick with him, and make cheare;

Here's *Little Iohn* hath harbord you a Deere,
I see by his tackling. *Io.* And a Hart of ten,

I trow hee be, Madam, or blame your men:

For by his Slot, his Entries, and his Port,

His Frayings, Fewmers, he doth promise sport,

And standing 'fore the Dogs; hee beares a head,

Large, and well beam'd: with all rights comm'd, and /pred.

Mar. Let's rowse him quickly, and lay on the Hounds.

Io. *Scathlock* is ready with them on the grounds,

So is his brother *Scarlet*: now they've found
His Layre, they have him sure within the pound.

Mor. Away then, when my *Robin* bids a Feast,
'Twere sinne in *Marian* to defraud a Guest.

ACT. I. SCENE III.

Tuck. George a Greene. Much. Aeglamour.

Tuc. And I, the Chaplaine, here am left to be
Steward to day, and charge you all in fee,
To d'on your Liveries; see the Bower drest;
And fit the fine devises for the Feast:
You *George* must care to make the Baldrick trim,
And Garland that must crowne, or her, or him,
Whose Flock this yeare, hath brought the earliest Lambe!

Geo. Good Father *Tuck*, at your Commands I am
To cut the Table out O the greene sword,
Or any other service for my Lord,
To carve the Guests large feats; and these laid in
With turfe (as soft and smooth as the Moles skin);
And hang the bulled Nose-gates bove their heads,
The Pipers banck, whereon to sit and play;
And a faire Dyall to meete out the day.
Our Masters Feast shall want no iust delights:
His entertainments must have all the rites.

Muc. I, and all choise that plenty can lend in,
Bread, Wine, Acates, Fowle, Feather, Fish, or Fin,
For which my Fathers Nets have swept the *Trent*;

Aeg. And ha' you found here *Muc.* Whom? *Aeg.* My drowned Love,
Earine! the sweet *Earine*!

The bright, and beautiful *Earine*!

Have you not heard of my *Earine*?

Just by your Fathers Mills (I thinke I am right)

Are not you *Much* the Millers sonne? *Muc.* I am.

Aeg. And Baily to brave *Robin-hood*? *Muc.* The same!

Aeg. Close by your Fathers Mills, *Earine*!

Earine was drown'd! O my *Earine*!

(Old *Maudlin* tells me so, and *Douce* her Daughter)

Ha' you swept the River say you? and not found her?

Muc. For Fowle, and Fish wee have, *Aeg.* O not for her!

You're goodly friends! right charitable men!

Nay, keepe your way, and leave me: make your toys,

Your tales, your poesies, that you rattle of, all

Your entertainments: you not injure me!

Onely if I may enjoy my *Cypresse* wreath!

And you will let me weepe! (tis all I aske,)

Till I be turn'd to water, as was she!

And troth what lesse fruit can you grant a man?
Tuck. His Phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him;

Aeglamour
falls in with
them.

The wound is yet too fresh, to admit searching.

Aeg. Searching: where should I search: or on what track:

Can my slow drop of teares, or this darke shade

About my browes, enough describe her losse!

Earine, O my *Earine's* losse!

No, no, no, no; this heart will breake first.

Geo. How will this sad disaster strike the eares

Of bounteous *Robin-hood*, our gentle Master?

Mu. How will it marre his mirth, abate his feast;

And strike a horror into every guest?

Aeg. If I could knit whole clouds about my browes,

And weepe like *Swithen*, or those watry signes,

The Kids that rise then, and drowne all the Flocks

Of those rich Shepherds, dwelling in this Vale;

Those carelesse Shepherds, that did let her drowne!

Then I did something or could make old *Trem*

Drunke with my sorrow, to start out in breaches

To drowne their Herds, their cattle, and their corne,

Breake downe their Mills, their Dams, ore-turne their weeres;

And see their houses, and whole lively-hood

Wrought into water, with her, all were good:

I'd kisse the torrent, and those whirls of *Trem*,

That suck'd her in, my sweet *Earine*!

When they have cast their body on the shore,

And it comes up, as tainted is themselves,

All pale and bloodlesse, I will love it still,

For all that they can doe, and make 'hem mad,

To see how I will hugge it in mine armes!

And hang upon the lookes, dwell on her eyes:

Feed round about her lips, and eate her kisses!

Suck of her drowned flesh! and where's their malice?

Not all their envious sousing can change that:

But I will study some revenge past this!

I pray you give me leave, for I will study.

Though all the Bels, Pipes, Tabors, Timbures ring

That you can plant about me: I will study.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Robin-hood, *Clarion*, *Melliflow*, *Lionel*, *Amie*, *Alken*.

Tuck, *Servants*, with musick of all sorts.

Rob. Welcome bright *Clarion*, and sweet *Melliflow*,

The courteous *Lionel*, faire *Amie*, all

My friends and neighbours, to the jolly Bower

Of *Robin-hood*, and to the Greene-wood Walkes;

Now that the shearing of your sheepe is done,

And the wash'd Flocks are lighted of their wool,

The smoother Ewes are ready to receive

The mounting Rams againe, and both doe feed,
As either promise to increafe your breed
At eaning time; and bring you lusty twins.
Why should, or you, or wee so much forget
The season in our selves: as not to make
Use of our youth, and spirits, to awake
The nimble Horne-pipe, and the Timburiue,
And mixe our Songs, and Dances in the Wood,
And each of us cut downe a Triumph-bough.
Such were the Rites, the youthfull *Iane* allow.

Cl. They were, gay *Robin*, but the sower sort
Of Shepherds now disclaime in all such sport:
And say, our Flocks the while are poorly fed,
When with such vanities the Swaines are led.

Tuc. Would they, wife *Clara*, were not hurried more
With Covetise and Rage, when to their store
They adde the poore mans Faneling, and dare sell
Both Fleece, and Caraffe, not giving him the Fell.
When to one Goat, they reach that prickly weed,
Which maketh all the rest forbear to feed,
Or strew *Tods* haire, or with their taires doe sweepe
The dewy grasse, to d'off the simpler sheepe;
Or digge deepe pits, their Neighbours Neat to vexe,
To drowne the Calves, and crack the Heifers necks.
Or with pretence of chafing thence the Brock,
Send in a curre to worrie the whole Flock.

Lio. O Friar, those are faults that are not seene,
Ours open, and of worst example beene.
They call ours, *Pagan* pastimes, that infect
Our blood with ease, our youth with all neglect,
Our tongues with wantonnesse, our thoughts with lust,
And what they censure ill, all others must.

Rob. I doe not know, what their sharpe sight may see
Of late, but I should thinke it still might be
(As 'twas) a happy age, when on the Plaines
The Wood-men met the Damells, and the Swaines
The Neat'ards, Plow-men, and the Pipers loud,
And each did dance, some to the Kir, or Crowd,
Some to the Bag-pipe, some the Tabret-mov'd,
And all did either love, or were belov'd.

Lio. The dextrous Shepherd then would try his ling,
Then dart his Hooke at *Dayes*, then would ling,
Sometimes would wrastle. *Cl.* I, and with a Lasse:
And give her a new garment on the grasse,
After a course at Barley-breake, or Base.

Lio. And all these deeds were done without offence,
Or the least hazard o' their innocense.

Rob. Those charitable times had no mistrust,
Shepherds knew how to love, and not to lust.

Cl. Each minute that wee lose thus, I confesse,

Deserves a censure on us, more or lesse;
But that a sadder chance hath given allay;
Both to the Mirth, and Musicke of this day.
Our fairest Shepherdesse wee had of late,
Here upon *Trent*, is drown'd, for whom her mate
Young *Aeglamour*, a Swaine, who best could tread
Our countrey dances, and our games did lead,
Lives like the melancholy Turtle, drown'd
Deeper in woe, then she in water: crown'd
With *Yewgh* and *Cypressa*, and will scarce admit
The Phylick of our presenceto his fit.

Lio. Sometimes he fits, and thinkes all day, then walkes;
Then thinkes againe; and sighes, weeps, laughs, and talkes,
And, 'twixt his pleasing frenzie, and sad griefe,
Is so distracted, as no sought reliefe,
By all our studies can procure his peace.

Cla. The passion finds in him that large increase;
As wee doubt hourelly wee shall lose him too.

Rob. You should not crosse him then what ere you doe;
For Phant'sie stop'd, will soone take fire, and burne
Into an anger, or to a Phrensie turne.

Cla. Nay, so wee are advis'd by *Alken* here;
A good sage Shepherd, who all-tho' he weare
An old worne hat and cloake, can tell us more
Then all the forward Fry, that boast their Lore.

Lio. See, yonder comes the brother of the Maid;
Young *Karolin*! how curious, and afraid
Hee is at once! willing to find him out,
And loath to offend him. *Alken*. Sure hee's here about.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Robin-hood. Clarion. Mellisfleur. Lionel. Amie. Alken. Karolin;
Aeglamour, sitting upon a banke by.

Cla. See where hee sits. *Aeg*. It will be rare, rare, rare!
An exquisiterevenge: but peace, no words!
Not for the fairest fleece of all the Flock:
If it be knowne afore, 'tis all worth nothing!
Ile carve it on the trees, and in the turfe,
On every greene sward, and in every path,
Just to the Margin of the cruell *Trent*;
There will I knock the story in the ground,
In smooth great peble, and mosse fill it round,
Till the whole Countrey read how she was drown'd:
And with the plenty of salt teares there shed,
Quite alter the complexion of the Spring.
Or I will get some old, old Grandam, thither,
Whose rigid foot but dip'd into the water,
Shall strike that sharpe and suddaine cold, throughour;

As it shall loose all vertue; and those Nymphs,
 Those treacherous Nymphs pull'd in *Earine*;
 Shall stand curl'd up, like Images of Ice;
 And never thaw! marke, never! a sharpe Justice:
 Or stay, a better! when the yeares at hottest,
 And that the *Dog-starre* fomes, and the streames boiles,
 And curles, and workes, and swells ready to sparkle:
 To fling a fellow with a Fever in,
 To set it all on fire, till it burne,
 Blew as *Scamander*, 'fore the walls of *Troy*;
 When *Vulcan* leap'd in to him, to consume him.

Rob. A deepe hurt Phant'sie. *Aeg.* Doe you not approve it?

Rob. Yes gentle *Aeglamour*, wee all approve,
 And come to gratulate your just revenge:
 Which since it is so perfect, we now hope,
 You'l leave all care thereof, and mixe with us,
 In all the profer'd solace of the Spring.

Aeg. A Spring, now she is dead: of what, of thornes?
 Briars, and Brambles? Thistles? Burs, and Dorks?
 Cold Hemlock? Yewgh? the Mandrake, or the Boxe?
 These may grow still; but what can spring beside?
 Did not the whole Earth sicken, when she died?
 As if there since did fall one drop of dew,
 But what was wept for her! or any stalke
 Did beare a Flower! or any branch a bloome;
 After her wreath was made: In faith, in faith
 You doe not faire, to put these things upon me.
 Which can in no sort be: *Earine*,
 Who had her very being, and her name,
 With the first knots, or buddings of the Spring,
 Borne with the Primrose, and the Violet,
 Or earliest Roses blowne: when *Cupid* smil'd,
 And *Venus* led the *Graces* out to dance,
 And all the Flowers, and Sweets in *Natures* lap,
 Leap'd out, and made their solemne Conjuraton,
 To last, but while shee liv'd: Doe not I know,
 How the Vale wither'd the same Day? How *Dove*,
Deane, *Eye*, and *Ermashe*, *Idell*, *Snite*, and *Soare*,
 Each broke his Vrne, and twenty waters more,
 That swell'd proud *Trent*, shrinke themselves dry; that since,
 No Sun, or Moone, or other cheerfull *Starre*
 Look'd out of heaven! but all the Cope was darke,
 As it were hung so for her Exequies!
 And not a voice or sound, to ring her knell;
 But of that dismall paire, the scritchng Owle;
 And buzzing Hornet! harke, harke, hark the foule
 Bird! how shee flutters with her wicker wings!
 Peace you shall heare her scritch. *Cl.* Good *Karolin* sing,
 Helpe to divert this Phant'sie. *Kar.* All I can,

The sad Shepherd

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Though I am young, and cannot tell,
 Either what Death, or Love is well;
 Yet I have heard, they both beare darts;
 And both doe ayme at humane hearts:
 And then againe, I have beene told
 Love wounds with heart, as Death with cold;
 So that I feare, they doe but bring
 Extreames to touch, and meane one thing.

As in a ruine, we it call
 One thing to be blowne up, or fall;
 Or to our end, like way may have,
 By a flash of lightning, or a wave:
 So Loves inflamed shaft, or brand,
 May kill as soone as Deaths cold hand;
 Except Loves fires the vertue have
 To fright the frost out of the grave.

The Song
 Which while
 Karolin sings;
 Aglamour
 reads;

Aeg. Doe you thinke so? are you in that good heretic?
 I meane opinion? If you be, say nothing:
 I'll study it, as a new Philosophy,
 But by my selfe alone: Now you shall leave me!
 Some of these Nimphs, here will reward you, this
 This pretty Maid, although but with a kisse,
 Liv'd my Earine, you should have twenty:
 Forevery line here, one I would allow 'hem
 From mine owne store, the treasure I had in her!
 Now I am poore as you. Kar. And I a wretch!

Cla. Yet keepe an eye upon him, Karoline.

Mel. Alas that ever such a generous spirit;
 As Aglamours, should sinke by such a losse.

Cla. The truest Lovers are least fortunate,
 Lookes all their Lives, and Legends; what they call
 The Lovers Scriptures: Heliodores, or Tarsij
 Longi! Enstathij! Prodomi! you'll find it!
 What thinke you Father? Alk. I have knowne some few,
 And read of more, wh' have had their dose, and deepe,
 Of these sharpe bitter-sweets. Lio. But what is this
 To jolly Robin? who the Story is,
 Of all beatitude in Love? Cla. And told
 Hereevery day, with wonder on the world.

Lio. And with fames voice. Alk. Save that some folke delight
 To blend all good of others, with some spight.

Cla. Hee, and his Marian, are the Summe and Talke
 Of all, that breath here in the Greene-wood Walke.

Mel. Or Be'voir Vale? Kar. The Turtles of the Wood.

Cla. The billing Paire. Alk. And so are understood
 For simple loves, and sampled lives beside

Hee forces
 Amie to kisse
 him,

Aglamour
 goes out, and
 Karolin fol-
 lows him

Mel.

Mel. Faith, so much vertue should not be envi'd.
Alk. Better be so, then pittied *Mellifleur* !
 For'gainst all envy, vertue is a cure;
 But wretched pittie ever cal's on scornes.
 The Deeres brought home: I heare it by their hornes.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

To *Robin*, &c. *Marian*. *Iohn*. *Scarlet*. *Scathlock*.

Rob. My *Marian*, and my *Mistris* ! *Mar.* My lov'd *Robin* !

Mel. The Moones at full, the happy paire are met !

Mar. How hath this morning paid me, for my rising !
 First, with my sports; but most with meeting you !
 I did not halfe so so well reward my hounds,

As she hath me to day: although I gave them
 All the sweet morsels, call'd Tongue, Eares, and Dowcets !

Rob. What? and the inch-pin? *Mar.* Yes. *Rob.* Your sports then
 pleas'd you?

Mar. You are a wanton. *Rob.* One I doe confesse
 I wanted till you came, but now I have you,
 Ile grow to your embraces, till two soules
 Distilled into kisses, through our lips

Doe make one spirit of love. *Mar.* O *Robin* ! *Robin* !

Rob. Breathe, breathe a while, what sayes my gentle *Marian*?

Mar. Could you so long be absent? *Rob.* What a weeke?
 Was that so long? *Mar.* How long are Lovers weekes !
 Doe you think *Robin*, when they are asunder?

Are they not Prisoners yeares? *Rob.* To some they seem so;
 But being met againe, they are Schoole-boys houres.

Mar. That have got leave to play, and so wee use them.

Rob. Had you good sport i' your chafe to day? *Io.* O prime !

Mar. A lusty Stagge? *Rob.* And hunted yee at force?

Mar. In a full cry. *Io.* And never hunted change !

Rob. You had stanch Hounds then? *Mar.* Old and sure, I love
 No young rash dogs, no more then changing friends.

Rob. What relays set you? *Io.* None at all; we laid not
 In one fresh dog. *Rob.* Hee stood not long then? *Sea.* Yes,

Five houres and more. A great, large Deere ! *Rob.* What head?

Io. Forked ! A Hart of ten. *Mar.* Hee is good Venison,
 According to the season i' the blood,
 I'll promise all your friends, for whom he fell.

Io. But at his fall there hap't a chance. *Mar.* Worth mark?

Rob. I ! what was that sweet *Marian*? *Mar.* You'll not heare?

Rob. I love these interruptions in a Story; *

They make it sweeter. *Mar.* You doe know, as soone
 As the Assay is taken. * *Rob.* On my *Marian*.

I did but take the Assay. *Mar.* You stop ones mouth,
 And yet you bid 'hem speake--when the Arbors made.

Rob. Puld downe, and paunch turn'd out. *Mar.* Hee that undoes him;
 Doth cleave the brisket bone, upon the spoone

* He kisses
 her.
 * He kisses
 her againe.
 * He kisses
 her againe.

Of which, a little gristle grows, you call it—

Rob. the Raven-bone. *Mar.* Now, one head face a Raven!

On a fere bough he growne great Bird; and Hoarse!

Who, all the while the Deere was breaking up;

So crok'd and cry'd for't, as all the hunt-men,

(Especially old *Scathlocke*) thought it ominous!

Swore it was Mother *Mandlin*, whom he met,

At the Day-dawne; just as hee rows'd the Deere,

Out of his Laire; but wee made shift to run him

Off his foure leggs; and sunke him e're wee left.

Is the Deere come? *Scat.* Hee lies within the dresser!

Mar. Will you goe see him *McKisfleur*? *Mel.* I attend you.

Mar. Come *Amie*, you'll goe with us? *Am.* I am not well.

Lio. Shee's sick o' the yong Shep'ard that bekist her.

Mar. Friend, cheare your friends up, wee will cate him merrily!

Alk. Saw you the Raven, Friend? *Scat.* I qu'ha sild let me

I sild be afraid o' you sir sild I e' *Clar.* Hunt-man!

A Dram more of Civillie would not hurt you?

Rob. Nay, you must give them all their rudenesses;

They are not else themselves, without their language.

Alk. And what do you thinke of her? *Scat.* As of a Witch.

They call her a Wife-woman, but I thinke her

Anarrant Witch. *Cl.* And wherefore thinke you so?

Scat. Because, I saw her since, broiling the bone

Was cast her at the Quarrie. *Alk.* Where saw you her?

Scat. I the Chimley nuik, within: shee's there, now. *Rob. Marian!*

Act. I. Scene VII.

Marian!

Your Hunt holds in his tale, still; and tell more!

Mar. My Hunter, what tale? *Rob.* How cloudie! *Marian!*

What looke is this? *Mar.* A fit one, Sir, for you.

Hand off rude Ranger! Sirrah, get you in

And heare the Venison hence: It is too good

For these coarse rustick moutnes that cannot open,

Or spend a thanks for't. A starv'd Mutton's carcase

Would better fit their palates! See it carried

To Mother *Mandlin*, whom you call the Witch, Sir.

Tell her I sent it to make merrie with;

Shee'll turne us thanks at least: why stand'st thou, Groome?

Rob. I wonder he can move, that hee's not fix'd!

If that his feeling be the same with mine!

I dare not trust the faith of mine owne senses.

I feare mine eyes, and eares: this is not *Marian*.

Nor am I *Robin-hood*! I pray you aske her.

Aske her good Shep'ards! aske her all for me.

Or rather aske your selves, if shee be shee!

Oyl, be! *Mar.* Yes, and you are the spie!

And the spi'd Spie, that watch upon my walkes,
To informe what Deere I kill, or give away!
Where! when! to whom! but spie your worst, good Spie!
I will dispose of this where least you like!
Fall to your cheefe-cakes, curdes, and clawed creame,
Your fooles, your flaunes, and of ale a streame
To wash it from your livers: straine ewes milke
Into your Cider fillabubs, and be drunke
To him, whose Fleece hath brought the earliest Lambe
This yeare; and weares the Baudrick at your bord!
Where you may all goe whistle; and record
This i' your dance: and foot it lustily.

Shee leaves
them,

Rob. I pray you friends, doe you heare? and see, as I doe?
Did the same accents strike your eares? and objects?

Your eyes, as mine? *Alk.* Wee taste the same reproches!

Lio. Have seen the changes! *Rob.* Are wee not all chang'd?
Transformed from our selves? *Lio.* I do not know!

The best is silence! *Alk.* And to await the issue.

Rob. The dead, or lazie wait for't: I will find it.

The Argument of the second Act.

THe Witch *Maudlin*, having taken the shape of *Marian* to abuse *Robin-hood*, and perplexe his guests, commeth forth with her daughter *Douce*, reporting in what confusion shee hath left them, defrauded them, of their Venison, made them suspitious each of the other, but most of all *Robin-hood* so jealous of his *Marian*, as shee hopes no effect of love would ever reconcile them, glorying so farre in the extent of her mischiefe, as shee confesseth to have surpris'd *Eurine*, strip'd her of her garments, to make her daughter appeare fine, at this feast, in them; and to have shut the maiden up in a tree, as her sonnes prize, if he could winne her, or his prey, if he would force her. Her Sonne a rude bragging swine'ard, comes to the tree to woo her (his Mother, and Sister stepping aside, to overheare him) and first boasts his wealth to her, and his possessions, which move not. Then he presents her gifts, such as himselfe is taken with, but shee utterly shewes a scorne, and loathing both of him, and them. His mother is angry, rates him, instructs him what to doe the next time, and perswades her daughter, to show her selfe about the bower: tells, how shee shall know her mother, when she is transformed, by her broidered belt. Meane while the yong sheep'ardes *Amy* being kill'd by *Karolin*, *Eurine*'s brother, before, falls in Love, but knowes not what Love is: but describes her disease so innocently, that *Marian* pitties her. When *Robin-hood*, and the rest of his Guests invited, enter to *Marian*, upbraiding her with sending away their Venison to Mother *Maudlin* by *Scashlock*, which shee denies, *Scashlock* affirms it, but seeing his Mistres weep, &c to forswear it, begins to doubt his owne understanding, rather then affront her father, which makes

makes *Robin-hood*, and the rest, to examine themselves better. But *Maudlin* entering like her selfe, the Witch comes to thanke her for her bountie: at which, *Marian* is more angrie, and more denies the deed. *Scarbloss* enters, tells he has brought it againe, & delivered it to the Cooke. The Witch is inwardly vext, the Venison is so recover'd from her, by the rude Huntsman; and murmurs, and curses, bewitches the Cooke, mocks poore *Amie*, and the rest, discovereth her ill nature, and is a meane of reconciling them all. For the sage Shepherd, suspecteth her mischeife, if shee be not prevented: and so perswadeth to seize on her. Whereupon *Robin-hood* dispatcheth out his woodmen to hunt, and take her. which ends the Act.

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

Maudlin. Douce.

Man. **H**Ave I not left 'em in a brave confusion?
Amaz'd their expectation: got their Venison:
Troubled their mirth, and meeting: made them doubtfull,
And jealous of each other: all distracted:
And, i' the close, uncertaine of themselves:
This can your Mother doe my daintie *Douce*!
Take anie shape upon her! and delude
The senses, best acquainted with their Owners!
The jolly *Robin*, who' hath bid this feast,
And made this solemne invitation,
I ha' possessed so, with fyke dislikes
Of his owne *Marian*, that all-bee' he know her,
As doth the vaulting hart, his venting hind,
Hee nêre fra' hence, fall neis her i' the wind,
To his first liking. *Don.* Did you so distate him?

Man. As farre as her proud scorning him, could 'bate
Or blunt the edge of any Lovers temper.

Don. But were yee like her mother? *Man.* So like *Douce*,
As had shee seen me her sel', her sel' had doubted
Whether had been the liker off the twâ!
This can your Mother doe, I tell you Daughter!
I ha' but dight yee, yet, i' the out-dresse;
And 'parraile of *Earine*! but this raiment,
These very weeds, fall make yee, as but comming
In view or ken of *Aeglamour*, your forme
Shall show too slipperie to be look'd upon!
And all the Forreft sweare you to be shee!
They shall rin after yee, and wage the odds,
Upo' their owne deceived sights, yee' are her!
Whilst shee (poore Lasse) is stock'd up in a tree:
Your brother *Lorells* prize! For so my largesse,
Hath lotted her, to be your brothers Mistresse,
Gif shee can be reclaim'd: gif not, his Prey!

T

And

And here he comes, new claiethed, like a Prince
Of Swine'ards ! like he seemes ! dight i' the spoiles
Of those he feedes ! A mightie Lord of Swine !
He is command now, to woo. Lets step aside,
And heare his love-craft ! See, he opes the dore !
And takes her by the hand, and helps her forth !
This is true court-ship, and becomes his ray.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Lorel. Earine. Maudlin. Douce.

Lor. Yee kind to others, but yee coy to mee
Deft Mistres ! whiter then the cheefe, new prest !
Smoother then creame ! and softer then the curds !
Why start yee from mee, ere yee heare me tell
My wooing errand ; and what rents I have ?
Large heards, and pastures ! Swine, and Kie, mine owne !
And though my na'fe be camus'd, my lipps thick,
And my chin bristled ! *Pan, great Pan,* was such !
Who was the chiefe of Heards-men, and our Sire !
I am na' Fay ! na' Incubus ! na' Changlin !
But a good man, that lives o' myawne geere.
This house ! these grounds ! this stock is all mine awne !

Ear. How better 'twere to mee, this were not knowne !

Mau. Shee likes it not : but it is boasted well !

Lor. An hundred Udders for the payle I have,
That gi' mee Milke and Curds, that make mee Cheefe
To cloy the Mercatts ! twentie swarme of Bees,
Whilke (all the Summer) hum about the hive,
And bring mee Waxe, and Honey in by live.
Anaged Oake the King of all the field,
With a broad Beech there growes afore my dur,
That mickell Mast unto the ferne doth yeild.
A Chestnut, whilk hath larded money a Swine,
Whose skins I weare, to fend me fra the Cold.
A Poplar greene, and with a kerved Seat,
Under whose shade I solace in the heat ;
And thence can see gang out, and in, my neat.
Twa trilland brookes, each (from his spring) doth meet,
And make a river, to refresh my feet :
In which, each morning ere the Sun doth rise,
I look my selfe, and cleare my pleasant eyes,
Before I pipe ; For, therein I have skill
'Bove other Swine'ards. Bid mee, and I will
Straight play to you, and make you melodie.

Ear. By nomeanes. Ah ! to me all minstrelsie
Is irksome, as are you. *Lor.* Why scorne you mee ?
Because I am a Heards-man, and feed Swine !
I am a Lord of other geere ! this fine

Hee drawes
out other
presents.

Smooth

Smooth Bawsons Cub, the young Grice of a Gray;
Twatynie Urshins, and this Ferret gay.

Ear. Out on 'hem! what are these? *Lor.* I give 'hem yee;
As presents Mrs. *Ear.* O, the feind, and thee!
Gar take them hence: they fewmand all the claithes,
And prick my Coates: hence with 'hem, limmer lowne,
Thy vermin, and thy selfe, thy selfe art one;
I lock me up. All's well when thou art gone.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Lorel, Mandlin. Douce.

Lor. Did you heare this? shee wish'd mee at the feind,
With all my presents! *Mam.* A tu luckie end
Shee wishend thee, fowle Limmer! drittie Lowne!
Gud faith, it duills mee that I am thy Mother!
And see, thy Sister scornes thee, for her Brother!
Thou woo thy Love? thy Mistresse? with twa Hedge-hoggs?
A stinkand brock? a polcat? out thou houlet!
Thou shoul'dst ha' given her, a Madge-Owle! and then
Tho' hadst made a present o' thy selfe, Owle-spiegle!

Don. Why, Mother, I have heard yee bid to give;
And often, as the Cause calls. *Mam.* I know well,
It is a wittie part, sum-times, to give.
But what? to whame? no monstres! nor to maidens!
Hee suld present them with mare pleasand things,
Things naturall, and what all woemen cover
To see: the common Parent of us all!
Which Maids will twire at, 'tween their fingers, thus!
With which his Sire gat him! Hee's gett another!
And so beget posteritie upon her!
This he should do! (false Gelden) gang thy gait
And du thy turnes, betimes: or, I'is gar take
Thy new breikes fra' thee, and thy duiblet tu.
The Talleur, and the Sowter fall undu'
All they ha' made, except thou manlier woo!

Don. Gud Mother, gif yow chide him, hee'll da wairs.

Mam. Hang him: I geif him to the Devills eirs.
But, yee my *Douce*, I charge yee, shew your sell,
Tuall the Sheep'ards, bauldly: gaing amang 'hem.
Be mickell i' their eye, frequent, and fugeand.
And, gif they aske yee of *Earine*,
Or of these claithes, say, that I ga' hem yee,
And say no more. I ha' that wark in hand,
That web upo' the Luime, fall gar 'hem thinke
By then, they feelin their owne frights, and feares,
I'is pu' the world, or Nature, bout their cares.
But, heare yee *Douce*, bycause, yee may meet mee
In mony shapess tu day; where ere you spie

*Lorel goes
out.*

This browdred belt, with Characters, tis I,
 A Gypfan Ladie, and a right Beldame;
 Wrought it by Moone-shine for mee, and Star-light,
 Upo' your Granams grave, that verie night
 Wee earth'd her, in the shades; when our Dame *Hearty*,
 Made it her gaing-night, over the Kirk-yard,
 Withall the barke and parish tykes set at her;
 While I sate whyrland, of my brasen spindle:
 At every twisted thridd my rock let flie
 Unto the sew'ster, who did sit me nigh,
 Under the towne-turne-pike, which ran each spell
 She stitched in the worke, and knit it well.
 See, yee take tent to this, and ken' your Mother.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Marian. Mellifleur. Amie.

Mar. How do you sweet *Amie*? yet? *Mel.* Shee cannot tell;
 If shee could sleepe, shee saies, shee should do well.
 Shee feeles a hurt, but where, shee cannot show
 Any least signe, that shee is hurt or no.
 Her paine's not doubtfull to her; but the feat
 Of her paine is. Her thoughts too work, and beat,
 Opprest with Cares: but why, shee cannot say.
 All matter of her care is quite away.

Mar. Hath any Vermin broke into your Fold?
 Or any rott seiz'd on your flock? or cold?
 Or hath your feighting Ram, burst his hard horne?
 Or any Ewe her fleecce? or bag hath torne,
 My gentle *Amie*? *Am. Marian,* none of these.

Mar. Ha' you been stung by Wasps, or angry Bees?
 Or raz'd with some rude bramble, or rough briar?

Am. No *Marian*; my diseafe is somewhat nigher.

I weep, and boile away my Selfe, in teares;
 And then my panting heart would dry those feares:

I burne, though all the Forrest lend a shade;

And freize, though the whole Wood one fire were made. *Mar.* Alas!

Am. I often have been torne with thorne and briar;
 Both in the Leg, and Foot, and somewhat higher:

Yet gave not then such fearfull shriekes as these. Ah!

I often have been stung too, with curst Bees;

Yet not remember that I then did quit

Either my Companie, or Mirth for it. Ah!

And therefore, what it is that I feele now,

And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how,

It entred in mee, nor least print can see,

I feele afflicts mee more, then Briar, or Bec. Oh!

How often, when the Sun heavens brightest birth

Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth,

Under a spreading Elme, or Oake, hard by
A coole cleare fountaine, could I sleeping lie
Safe from the heate? but now, no shade tree,
Nor purling brook, can my refreshing bee?
Oft when the meadowes, were growne rough with frost,
The rivers ice-bound, and their currents lost,
My thick warme fleece I wore, was my defence
Or large good fires, I made, drive winter thence.
But now, my whole flocks fells; nor this thick grove,
Enflam'd to ashes can my cold remove.
It is a cold, and heat, that doth out-goe
All sence of Winters, and of Summers so.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Robin-hood. Clarion. Lionel. Alken.

Rob. O', are you here, my Mistresse? *Mar.* I my Love!
Where should I be, but in my *Robins* armes?
The Sphere which I delight in, so to move?

Rob. What the rude Ranger? and spied Spie? hand off:
You are for no such rusticks. *Mar.* What meanes this,
Thrice worthy *Clarion*? or wife *Alken*? know yee?

Rob. 'Las no, not they! a poore sterv'd Muttons carkasse
Would better fit their palat's, then your Venison.

Mar. What riddle is this! unfold your selfe, deare *Robin*.

Rob. You ha' not sent your Venison hence by *Scathlock*,
To Mother *Maudlin*? *Mar.* I to Mother *Maudlin*?
Will *Scathlock* say so? *Rob.* Nay, wee will all sweare so.
For all did heare it, when you gave the charge so.
Both *Clarion*, *Alken*, *Lionel*, my selfe.

Mar. Good honest Shep'ards, Masters of your flocks,
Simple, and vertuous men, no others hirelings;
Be not you made to speake against your Conscience,
That which may soile the truth. I send the Venison
Away? by *Scathlock*? and to mother *Maudlin*?
I came to shew it here, to *Mellifleur*,
I doe confesse; but *Amies* falling ill,
Did put us off it: Since wee imploied our selves
Incomforting of her. O', here he is!

Did I, Sir, bid you beare away the Venison,
To mother *Maudlin*? *Sca.* I gud faith, Madam,
Did you, and I ha' done it. *Mar.* What ha' you done?

Sca. Obey'd your hefts, Madam, done your Commaunds.

Mar. Done my Commaunds, dull groome? Fetch it againe
Or kennel with the hounds. Are these the Arts
Robin, you read your rude ones o' the wood,
To countenance your quarrells, and mistakings?
Or are the sports to entertaine your friends
Those formed jealousies? Aske of *Mellifleur*,

Shee seing
him, runs to
imbrace him.
He puts her
back.

Scathlock, en-
ters.

If I were ever from her, here, or *Amie*,
 Since I came in with them, or saw this *Scatblock*,
 Since I related to you his tale, o' the *Raven*?

Scatblock
 goes out.

Sca. I, say you so? *Mel.* Shee never left my side
 Since I came in, here, nor there. *Clar.* This is strange!

Our best of Senses were deceiv'd, our eyes, then!

Lio. And cares too. *Mar.* What you have concluded on,
 Make good I pray you. *Am.* O my heart, my heart!

Mar. My heart it is, is wounded prettie *Amie*;

Report not you your greifes: I'll tell for all.

Mel. Some body is to blame, there is a fault.

Mar. Try if you can take rest. A little slumber,
 Will much refresh you (*Amie*). *Alk.* What's her greif?

Mar. Shee does not know: and therein shee is happy:

Act II. Scene VI.

To them

John, *Maudlin*, and *Scatblock* after.

Joh. Here's Mother *Maudlin* come to give you thanks,

Madam, for some late guift, shee hath receiv'd —

Which shee's not worthie of, shee saies, but crakes,

And wonders of it, hoppes about the house,

Transported with the joy. *Man.* Send mee a Stagge!

A whole Stagge, Madam! and so fat a Deere!

So fairelie hunted, and at such a time too!

When all your freinds were here! *Rob.* Do you mark this, *Clarion*?

Her owne acknowledgement? *Man.* 'Twas such a bountie

And honour done to your poore Bedef-woman,

I know not how to owe it, but to thank you.

And that I come to du: I shall goe round,

And giddie with the toy of the good turne.

Shee daunceth.

Shee turnes
 round, till
 shee falls.

Looke out, looke out, gay folke about,

And see mee spin, thering I am in

Of mirth, & glee, with thanks for see

The heart puts on, for th' Venison

My Lady sent, which shall be spent

In draughts of Wine, to fume up fine

Into the braine, and downe againe

Fall in a Swonne, upo' the growne.

Rob. Look to her, shee is mad. *Man.* My Son hath sent you

A pott of Strawberries, gather'd i' the wood

(His Hoggs would els have rooted up, or trod)

With a choice dish of wildings here, to scald

And mingle with your Creame. *Mar.* Thank you good *Maudlin*,

And thanke your Sonne. Go, beare 'hem in to *Much*

Th' Acater, let him thanke her. Surelie, Mother

You were mistaken, or my Woodmen more,

Or most my selfe, to send you all our store

Of Venison, hunted for our selves, this day!

You

You will not take it, Mother, I dare say,
If wee'ld intreat you; when you know our ghests:
Red Deere is head still of the forrest feasts.

Mau. But I know yee, a right free-hearted Ladie,
Can spare it out of superfluitie:

I have departit it 'mong my poore Neighbours
To speake your Largesse. *Mar.* I not gave it, Mother;
You have done wrong then: I know how to place
My guists, and where; and when to find my seasons
To give, not throw away my Curtesies.

Mau. Count you this thrown away? *Mar.* What's ravish'd from mee
I count it worse; as stolne: I loose my thanks.

But leave this quest: they fit not you, nor mee,
Maudlin, Contentions of this qualitie.

How now? *Sca.* Your Stag's return'd upon my shoulders,
Hee has found his way into the Kitchin againe:
With his two Leggs, If now your Cooke can dresse him;
Slid, I thought the Swine'ard would ha' beat mee,
Hee lookes so big! the sturdie Karle, lewd Lores!

Mar. There *Scathlock*, forthy paines, thou hast deserv'd it.

Mau. Do you give a thing, and take a thing, Madam?

Mar. No, *Maudlin*, you had imparted to your Neighbours;
As much good doo't them: I ha' done no wrong.

Mau. The Spit stand still, no Broches turne
Before the fire, but let it burne
Both sides, and hanches; till the whole
Converted be into one Cole.

Cl. What Devills Pater noster mumbles shee?

Alk. Stay, you will heare more of her witcherie

Mau. The Swilland Dropsie enter in
The Laxie Cuke, and swell his skin;
And the old Mort-mal on his shin
Now prick, and itch, withouten blin.

Cl. Speake out Hagge, wee may heare your Devills Mattens.

Mau. The Pene, wee call S. Antons fire
The Gout, or what wee can desire,
To crampe a Cuke, in every lim,
Before they dine, yet; seize on him.

Alk. A foule ill Spirit hath possessed her.

Am. O Karol, Karol, call him back againe.

Lio. Her thoughts do worke upon her, in her slumber.
And may expresse some part of her disease.

Rob. Observe, and marke, but trouble not herease.

Am. O, ô. *Mar.* How is't *Amie*? *Mel.* Wherefore start you?

Am. O' Karol, he is faire, and sweet. *Mau.* What then?
Are there not flowers as sweet, and faire, as men?

The Lillie is faire! and Rose is sweet! *Am.* I, so!

Let all the Roses, and the Lillies goe:

Karol is only faire to mee! *Mar.* And why?

Am. Alas for *Karol*, *Marian*, I could die.

Scathlock,
enters.

Marian gives
him Gold.

The first
Charme.

Karol

Karol. He singeth sweeter too! *Man.* What then?
Are there not Birds sing sweeter farre, then Men?

Am. I grant the Linet, Larke, and Bul-finch sing,

But best, the deare, good Angell of the Spring,

The Nightingale. *Man.* Then why? then why, alone,

Should his notes please you? *Am.* I not long ago

Tooke a delight with wanton kidds to play,

And sport with little Lambes a Summers Day!

And view their friskes! me thought it was a sight

Of joy, to see my two brave Rammes to fight!

Now *Karol*, onely, all delight doth move!

All that is *Karol*, *Karol* I approve!

This verie morning, but-- (I did bestow

(It was a little 'gainst my will, I know)

A single kisse, upon the feeble Swaine,

And now I wish that verie kisse againe.

His lip is softer, sweeter then the Rose

His mouth, and tongue with dropping honey flowes.

The relish of it was a pleasing thing.

Man. Yet like the Bees it had a little sting.

Am. And funke, and sticks yet in my marrow deepe

And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keepe.

Mar. Alas, how innocent her Storie is!

Am. I doe remember, *Marian*, I have oft

With pleasure kist my Lambes, and Puppies, soft,

And once a daintie fine Roe-fawne I had,

Of whose out-skipping bounds, I was as glad

As of my health: and him I oft would kisse:

Yet had his, no such sting, or paine, as this.

They never prick't or hurt my heart. And, for

They were so blunt, and dull, I wish no more.

But this, that hurtes, and prickes doth please; This sweet,

Mingled with sower, I wish againe to meet:

And that delay, mee thinks, most tedious is

That keepe, or hinders mee of *Karol*'s kisse.

Mar. Wee'll send for him sweet *Amie*, to come to you.

Man. But, I will keepe him of if Charms will doe it.

Cl. Doe you marke the murmuring hagge, how shee doth mutter?

Rob. I like her not. And lesse her manners now.

Alk. Shee is a shrewd deformed peice, I vow.

Lio. As crooked as her bodie. *Rob.* I beleve

Shee can take any Shape; as *Scathlock* saies.

Alk. Shee may deceive the Sense, but really

Shee cannot change her selfe. *Rob.* Would I could see her,

Once more in *Marians* forme! for I am certaine

Now, it was shee abus'd us; as I think

My *Marian*, and my Love, now, innocent:

Which faith I seale unto her, with this kisse,

And call you all to witnesse of my pennance.

Alk. It was belev'd before, but now confirm'd,

Shee goes
murmuring
out.

That

That wee have seen the Monster.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

To them

Tuck. John. Much. Scarlet.

Tuc. Heare you how
Poore Tom, the Cooke, is taken! All his joynts
Do crack, as if his Limbes were tied with points:
His whole frame slackens; and a kind of rack
Runs downe along the Spondylls of his back;
A Gowt, or Crampe, now seizeth on his head,
Then falls into his feet; his knees are lead;
And he can stirre his either hand, no more
Then a dead stumpe, to his office, as before.

Alk. Hee is bewitched. Cla. This is an Argument
Both of her malice, and her power, wee see.

Alk. Shee must by some device restrained bee,
Or shee'll goe farre in mischiefe. Rob. Advise how,
Sage Shep'ard, wee shall put it straight in practice.

Alk. Send forth your woodmen, then, into the walkes,
Or let'em prick her footing hence; A Witch
Is sure a Creature of Melancholy,
And will be found, or sitting in her fourme,
Orels, at reliefe, like a Hare. Cla. You speake
Alken, as if you knew the sport of Witch-hunting,
Or starting of a Hag. Rob. Go sirs about it,
Take George here with you, he can helpe to find her;
Leave Tuck, and Much behind to dresse the Dinner,
I' the Cookes stead, Much. Wee'll care to get that done.

Rob. Come Marian, lets withdraw into the bowre.

Enter George
to the Hunts-
men, who by
themselves
continue the
Scene.
The rest go-
ing off.

ACT II. SCENE VIII.

John. Scarlet. Scathlock. George. Alken.

Jo. Rare sport I sweare! this hunting of the Witch
Will make us. Scar. Let's advise upon't, like huntsmen.

Geo. And wee can spie her once, shee is our owne.

Sca. First, think which way shee fourmeth, on what wind:
Or North, or South. Geo. For, as the Shep'ard said,
A Witch is a kind of Hare. Sca. And markes the weather,
As the hare does. Jo. Where shall wee hope to find her?

Alk. I have ask'd leave to assist you, jollie huntsmen,
If an old Shep'herd may be heard among you;
Nor jear'd or laugh'd at. Jo. Father, you will see
Robin-hoods house-hold, know more Curtesie.

Sca. Who scornes at eld, peeles of his owne young haire.

Alk. Yee say right well. Know yee the Witches Dell?

Sca. No more then I do know the walkes of Hell.

Alken re-
turnes.

Alk.

Alk. Within a gloomie dimble, shee doth dwell
Downe in a pitt, ore-growne with brakes and briars,
Close by the ruines of a shaken Abbey
Torne with an Earth-quake, down unto the ground,
'Mongst graves, and grotts, neare an old Charnell house,
Where you shall find her sitting in her fourme,
As fearfull, and melancholique, as that
Shee is about ; with Caterpillers kells,
And knottie Cobwebs, rounded in with spells,
Thence shee steales forth to rest in the fogs,
And rotten Mistes, upon the fens and boggs,
Downe to the drowned Lands of *Lincolneshire*,
To make Ewes cast their Lambs ! Swine eat their Farrow !
The House-wifes Tun not worke ! Nor the Milk churne !
Writhe Childrens wrists ! and suck their breath in sleepe !
Get Vials of their blood ! And where the Sea
Casts up his slimie Owze, search for a weed
To open locks with, and to rivet Charmes,
Planted about her, in the wicked feat,
Of all her mischiefes, which are manifold.

Jo. I wonder such a storie could be told,
Of her dire deeds. *Geo.* I thought a Witches bankes
Had inclos'd nothing, but the merrie pranks
Of some old woman. *Skar.* Yes, her malice more !

Sca. As it would quickly appeare, had wee the Store
Of his Collects. *Geo.* I, this gual learned Man
Can speake her right. *Skar.* He knowes her shifts, and haunts !

Alk. And all her wiles, and turnes. The venom'd Plants
Wherewith shee kill's ! where the sad Mandrake growes,
Whose grones are deathfull ! the dead-numming Night-shade !
The stupifying Hemlock ! Adders tongue !
And Martagan ! the shreikes of lucklesse Owles,
Wee heare ! and croaking Night-Crowes in the aire !
Greene-bellied Snakes ! blew fire-drakes in the skie !
And giddie Flitter-mice, with lether wings !
The scalie Beetles, with their habergeons,
That make a humming Murmur as they flie !
There, in the stocks of trees, white Faies doe dwell,
And span-long Elves, that dance about a poole !
With each a little Changeling, in their armes !
The airie spirits play with falling starres !
And mount the Sphere of fire, to kisse the Moone !
While, shee sits reading by the Glow-wormes light,
Or rotten wood (o're which the worrne hath crept)
The banefull sce-dule of her nocent charmes,
And binding Characters, through which shee wounds
Her Puppets, the *Sigilla* of her witch-craft.
All this I know, and I will find her for you,
And shew you her sitting in her fourme, I'll lay
My hand upon her, make her throw her skutt

Along her back, when shee doth start before us.
But you must give her Law : and you shall see her
Make twentie leapes, and doubles ; crosse the pathes,
And then squatt downe beside us. *Jo.* Craftie Croane !
I long to be at the sport, and to report it.

Scar. Wee'll make this hunting of the Witch, as famous,
As any other blast of Venerie.

Scat. Hang her foule hagge, shee'll be a stinking Chase !
I had rather ha' the hunting of heir heyre.

Geo. If wee could come to see her, cry, so haw, once !

Alk. That I doe promise, or I'am no good Hag-finder.

The Argument of the
third ACT.

Puck-hairy disc overs himselfe in the Forrest, and discourseth his offices with their necessities, breisly ; After which, *Douce*, entring in the habit of *Earine*, is pursued by *Karol*, who mistaking her at first to be his Sister, questions her, how shee came by those garments. Shee answers, by her mothers gift. The sad Shepherd comming in the while, shee runs away affrighted, and leaves *Karol*, sodainely ; *Aeglamour* thinking it to be *Earines* ghost he saw, falls into a melancholique expreffion of his phansie to *Karol*, & questions him sadly about that point, which moves compassion in *Karol* of his mistake still. When *Clarion*, and *Lionell* enter to call *Karol* to *Amie*, *Karol* reports to them *Aeglamours* passion, with much regret. *Clarion* resolves to seeke him. *Karol* to returne with *Lionell*. By the way *Douce*, and her Mother (in the shape of *Marian*) meet them, and would divert them, affirming *Amie* to be recovered ; which *Lionell* wondred at to be so soone. *Robin-hood* enters, they tell him the relation of the Witch, thinking her to be *Marian*, *Robin* suspecting her to be *Maudlin*, lay's hold of her Girdle sodainely, but shee striving to get free, they both run out, and he returnes with the belt broken. Shee following in her owne shape, demaunding it, but at a distance, as fearing to be seiz'd upon againe ; and seeing shee cannot recover it, falls into a rage, and cursing, resolving to trust to her old artes, which shee calls her daughter to assist in. The Shepherds content with this discovery, goe home triumphing, make the relation to *Marian*. *Amie* is gladdened with the sight of *Karol*, &c. In the meane time enters *Lorel*, with purpose to ravish *Earine*, and calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hearing of *Clarions* footing, is staid, and forced to commit her hastily to the tree againe, where *Clarion* comming by, and hearing a voyce singing, drawes neere unto it, but *Aeglamour* hearing it also, and knowing it to be *Earines*, falls into a superstitious commendation of it, as being an Angells, and in the aire, when *Clarion* espies a hand put forth from the tree, and makes towards it, leaving *Aeglamour* to his wild phansie, who quitteth the place, and *Clarion* beginning to court the hand, and make love to it, there ariseth a mist sodainely, which, darkning all the place, *Clarion* looseth himselfe, and

the tree where *Barine* is inclosed, lamenting his misfortune, with the unknowne nimphs miserie. The Aire clearing, enters the Witch, with her Son and Daughter, tells them how shee had caused that late darkenesse, to free *Lorell* from surprisall, and his prey from being reskued from him: bids him looke to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her, to assist a work, shee hath in hand, of recovering her lost Girdle, which shee laments the losse of, with cursings, execrations, wishing confusion to their feast, and meeting; sends her Sonne, and Daughter to gather certaine Simples, for her purpose, and bring them to her Dell. This *Puck* hearing prevents, & shewes her error still. The Hunts-men having found her footing, follow the tract, and prick after her. Shee getts to her Dell, and takes her Forme. Enter, *Alken* has spied her sitting with her Spindle, Threds, and Images. They are eager to seize her presently, but *Alken* perswades them to let her begin her charmes, which they doe. Her Sonne and Daughter come to her, the Hunts-men are afrighted as they see her worke goe forward. And over-hastie to apprehend her, shee escapeth them all, by the helpe and delusions of *Puck*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Puck-bairy.

THe Feind hath much to doe, that keepes a Schoole;
 Or is the Father of a familie,
 Or governes but a country Academie:
 His labours must be great, as are his cares,
 To watch all turnes, and cast how to prevent 'hem.
 This Dame of mine here, *Maud.* growes high in evill,
 And thinks shee doe's all, when 'tis I, her Divell,
 That both delude her, and must yet protect her:
 Shee's confident in mischeife, and presumes
 The changing of her shape will still secure her.
 But that may faile, and diverse hazards meete
 Of other consequence, which I must looke to,
 Not let her be surpriz'd on the first catch.
 I must goe daunce about the Forrest, now,
 And firke it like a Goblin, till I find her.
 Then will my service come worth acceptation;
 When not expected of her, when she helpe
 Meetes the necessity, and both doe kisse
 'Tis call'd the timing of a dutie, this.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Karol. Donce, to them Aeglanow.

Kar. Sure, you are very like her! I conceiv'd
 You had been shee, seeing you run afore mee:
 For such a suite shee made her gainst this Feast;

The Sad Shepherd.

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In all resemblance, or the verie same;
I saw her in it; had shee liv'd it enjoy it
Shee had been there an acceptable Guest
To *Marian*, and the gentle *Robin-hood*,
Who are the Crowne, and Ghirland of the Wood.

Dou. I cannot tell: my Mother gave it mee,
And bad mee weare it. *Kar.* Who, the wise good Woman?
Old *Maud*. of *Pappewicke*? *Dou.* Yes, this fullen Man.
I cannot like him. I must take my leave

Aglamour
enters, and
Douce goes
out.

Aeg. What said shee to you? *Kar.* Who? *Aeg.* *Earine*.
I saw her talking with you, or her Ghost;
For shee indeed is drown'd in old *Trent*'s bottome.
Did shee not tell who would ha' pull'd her in?
And had her Maiden-head upon the place?
The rivers brim, the margin of the Flood?
No ground is holie enough, (you know my meaning)
Lust is committed in Kings Palaces,
And yet their Majesties not violated!

No words! *Kar.* How sad, and wild his thoughts are! gone?

Aglamour
goes out, but
comes in
again.

Aeg. But shee, as chaste, as was her name, *Earine*,
Dy'd undeflow'r'd: and now her sweet soule hovers,
Here, in the Aire, above us, and doth haste
To get up to the *Moone*, and *Mercury*,
And whisper *Venus* in her *Orbe*; then spring
Up to old *Saturne*, and come downe by *Mars*,
Consulting *Jupiter*, and seate her selfe
Just in the midst with *Phabus*; tempring all
The jarring Spheeres, and giving to the World
Againe, his first and tunefull planetting!
O' what an age will here be of new concords!
Delightfull harmonic! to rock old Sages,
Twice infants, in the Cradle o' Speculation,
And throw a silence upon all the creatures!

He goes out
again, but
returues as
soone as be-
fore.

Kar. A Cogitation of the highest rapture!

Aegl. The loudest Seas, and most enraged Windes
Shall lose their clangor; Tempest shall grow hoarse;
Loud Thunder dumbe, and every speece of storme
Laid in the lap of listning Nature, hrisht,
To heare the changed chime of this eighth spheere!
Take tent, and harken for it, loose it not.

Aglamour
departs.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Clarion. Lionell. Karol.

Cl. O' here is *Karol*! was not that the sad
Shep'erd, slip'd from him? *Lio.* Yes, I ghesse it was:
Who was that left you, *Karol*? *Kar.* The last man!
Whom, wee shall never see himselfe againe,
Or ours, I feare! He starts away from hand, so,
And all the touches, or soft stroke of reason!

Yee

Yee can applie. No Colt is so unbroken!
 Or hawke yet halfe so haggard, or unmann'd!
 He takes all toies that his wild phantfy proffers,
 And flies away with them. He now conceives
 That my lost Sister, his *Eurine*,
 Is lately turn'd a Sphere amid the seven:
 And reades a Musique-Lecture to the Planets!
 And with this thought, hee's run to cal'hem, Hearers!
Cl. Alas, this is a strayn'd, but innocent phant'ie!
 I'll follow him, and find him, if I can:
 Meane time, goe you with *Lionell*, sweet *Karol*,
 Hee will acquaint you with an accident
 Which much defires your presence, on the place!

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Karol. Lionell.

Kar. What is it, *Lionell*, wherein I may serve you?
 Why doe you so survey, and circumscribe mee?
 As if you stuck one Eye into my brest,
 And with the other took my whole dimensions?

Lio. I wish you had a windo' i' your bosome
 Or i' your back: I might look thorough you,
 And see your in-parts, *Karol*, liver, heart;
 For there the seat of *Love* is. Whence the Boy
 (The winged Archer) hath shott home a shaft
 Into my sisters brest, the innocent *Amie*,
 Who now cries out, upon her bed, on *Karol*,
 Sweet singing *Karol*! the delicious *Karol*!
 That kist her like a *Cupid*! In your eyes,
 Shee saies, his stand is! and between your lipp's
 He runs forth his divisions, to her eares,
 But will not bidethere, 'lesse your selfe do bring him,
 Goe with me *Karol*, and bestow a vifit
 In charitie, upon the afflicted Maid,
 Who pineth with the languor of your love.

Mar. Whither intend you? *Amy* is recover'd,
 Feeles no such griefe as shee complain'd of, lately:
 This Maiden hath been with her from her Mother
Mandlin, the cunning Woman, who hath sent her
 Herbes for her head, and Simples of that nature,
 Have wrought upon her a miraculous Cure;
 Setled her braine, to all our wish, and wonder!

Lio. So instantly? you know, I now but left her,
 Possess'd with such a fit, almost to a phrensie;
 Your selfe too fear'd her, *Marian*, and did urge
 My haste, to seeke out *Karol*, and to bring him.

Mar. I did so. But the skill of that wise woman
 And her great charitie of doing good

To them
Maud and
Deuce, but
Maud appea-
 ring like *Ma-*
rian.

Hath by the readie hand of this deſt laſſe
Her daughter, wrought effects, beyond beleife,
And to aſtoniſhment; wee can but thanke
And praife, and be amazed, while wee tell it.

They go:
out.

Lio. 'Tis ſtrange, that any art ſhould ſo helpe nature
In her extremes. *Kar.* Then, it appeares moſt reall
When th'other is deficient. *Rob.* Wherefore, ſtay you
Diſcourſing here, and haſte not with your ſuccours
To poore afflicted *Amie*, that ſo needes them?

Enter Robin-
hood

Lio. Shee is recover'd well, your *Marian* told us
But now here: See, ſhee is return'd t'affirme it!

Enter Maud:
like Marian.
Maud: eſpy-
ing Robin-
hood would
run out, but
he ſtaies her
by the Gir-
dle, and runs
in with her.
He returns
with the Gir-
dle broken,
and ſhee in
her owne
ſhape.

Rob. My *Marian*? *Mar.* Robin-hood? Is ſhee here? *Rob.* Stay!
What was't you ha' told my friend? *Mar.* Helpe, murder, helpe.
You will not rob me Out-law? Theife, reſtore
My belt that yee have broken! *Rob.* Yes, come neere,

Man. Not i' your gripe. *Rob.* Was this the charmed circle?
The Copy that ſo couzen'd, and deceiv'd us?
I'll carry hence the trophic of your ſpoiles.
My men ſhall hunt you too upon the ſtart,
And courſe you ſoundly. *Man.* I ſhall make 'hem ſport
And ſend ſome home, without their leggs, or armes.
I'll teach 'hem to climbe Stiles, leape Ditches, Ponds,
And lie i' the Waters, if they follow mee.

Rob. Out murmuring Hagge. *Man.* I muſt uſe all my powers,
Lay all my witts to piecing of this loſſe.
Things run unluckily, Where's my *Puck-hairy*?

ACT III. SCENE V.

Maud. Puck.

Hath he forſooke mee? *Puc.* At your beck, Madame.

Man. O *Puck*, my Goblin! I have loſt my belt,
The ſtrong theife, *Robin* Out-law, forc'd it from mee.

Puck. They are other Cloudes and blacker threat you, Dame,
You muſt be wary, and pull in your ſailes,
And yeeld unto the wether of the tempeſt.
You thinke your power's infinite as your malice;
And would do all your anger prompts you to:
But you muſt wait occaſions, and obey them:
Saile in an egg-shell, make a ſtraw your maſt,
A Cobweb all your Cloth, and paſſe, unſeen,
Till you have ſcap'd the rockes that are about you.

Man. What rock's about mee? *Puc.* I do love, Madam,
To ſhew you all your dangers, when you are paſt 'hem.
Come, follow mee, I'll once more be your pilot,
And you ſhall thanke mee. *Man.* Lucky, my lov'd Goblin!
Where are you gaang, now? *Lor.* Unto my tree,
To ſee my Maiſtres. *Man.* Gang thy gait, and try
Thy turnes, with better luck, or hang thy ſel'.

Lorel wittes
her.

The End.

CHRISTMAS.

HIS MASQUE,

AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COVRT. 1616.

Enter *Christmas* with two or three of the Guard.

He is a little dithurd Nose, long Stockings, a close Doublet, a high crown'd Hat with a Broach, a long thin beard, a Truncheon, little Ruffes, white Shoes, his Scarffes, and Garters tyed croffe, and his Drums beaten before him.



Hy Gentlemen, doe you know what you doe, ha? would you ha kept me oute *Christmas*, old *Christmas*? *Christmas* of London, and Captaine *Christmas*? Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Chamberlaine, I le not be answer'd else: tis merrie in hall when beards wag all: I ha' scene the time you ha wish'd for me, for a meery *Christmas*, and now you ha me; they would not let me in: I must come another time! a good yeast, as if I could come more then once a yeare; why, I am no dangerous person, and so I told my friends, o the Guard. I am old *Gregorie Christmas* still, and though I come out of *Popes head alley*, as good a Protestant, as any i my Parish. The troth is, Tha brought a Masque here, out o the Citie, o my owne making, and doe present it by a sett of my Sonnes, that come out of the Lanes of London, good dancing boyes all: It was intended I confesse for Curriers Hall, but because the weather has beene open, and the Livory were not at leisure to see it till a frost came that they cannot worke. I thought it convenient, with some little alterations, and the Groom of the *Revels* hand to't, to fit it for a higher place, which I have done, and though I say it, another manner of devile then your Newycares night. Bones o bread, the King! Sonne *Roland*, Son *Clem*, be ready there in a trice; *Quicke, boyes*.

OFFERING.

Enter

In a short gowne with a Porters staffe in his hand, a Bishop comes before him and a Boyes by his Torch-bearer.

Masques.

Enter his Sonnes and Daughters being ten in number, led in, in a string by Cupid, who is attir'd in a flat Cap, and a Prentises Coat, with wings at his shoulders.

The names of his Children, with their attyres.

MIS-RULE.

I*N a velvet Cap with a Sprig, a short Cloake, great yellow Ruffe like a Revel-ler, his Torch bearer bearing a Rope, a Cbeese and a Basket,*

CAROLL.

A*Long tawny Coat, with a red Cap, and a Flute at his girdle, his Torch-bearer carrying a Song booke open.*

MINC'D-PIE.

L*ike a fine Cookes Wife, drest neat, her Man carrying a Pie, Dish, and Spoones.*

GAMBOLL.

L*ike a Tumbler, with a hoope and Bells; his Torch-bearer arm'd with a Cole-staffe, and a blinding cloth.*

POST AND PAIRE.

W*ith a paire-Royall of Aces in his Hat, his Garment all done over with Payres, and Putts; his Squier carrying a Box, Cards, and Counters.*

NEW-YEARES-GIFT.

I*N a blew Coat, serving-man like, with an Orange, and a sprig of Rosemarie guilt on his head, his Hat full of Broaches, with a collar of Gingerbread, his Torch-bearer carrying a March-paine, with a bottle of wine on either arme.*

MUMMING.

I*N a Masquing pied suite, with a Visor, his Torch-bearer carrying the Boxe, and ringing it.*

WASSALL.

L*ike a neat Sempster, and Songster, her Page bearing a browne bowle, drest with Ribbands, and Rosemarie before her.*

OFFERING.

I*N a short gowne, with a Porters staffe in his hand, a Wyth borne before him, and a Basen by his Torch-bearer.*

Babio.

BABIE COCKE

D Rest like a Boy, in a fine long Coat, Biggin, Bib, Muckender, and a little Dagger; his Father bearing a great Cake with a Beane, and a Pease.

They enter singing.

Now God preserve, as you well doe deserve,
your Majesties all, who there;
Your Highnesse small, with my good Lords all,
and Ladies, how doe you do there?
Give me leave to aske, for I bring you a Masque
from little little little London;
Which say the KING likes, I ha' passed the Pikes;
if not old Christmas is undone.

CHR. A peace, what's the matter there?

GAMB. Here's one, o' Friday street would come in.

CHR. By no means, nor out of neither of the Fishstreets, admit not a man; they are not Christmas creatures: Fish, and fasting dayes, foit!
Sonne, sayd I well? look too't.

GAMB. No bodie out o' Friday-street, nor the two Fish-streets there, doe yo heare?

CAROL. Shall John Butter o' Milke-street come in? aske him.

GAMB. Yes, he may slip in for a Torch-bearer, so he melt not too fast, what he will last till the Masque be done.

CHR. Right Sonne.

Sing again:

Our Dances freight, is a matter of eight,
and two, the which are Wenches;
In all they be ten, foure Cockes to a Hen,
and will swim so the tune like Tenches.
Each hath his knight, for to carry his light,
which some would say are Torches;
To bring them here, and to lead them there,
and home againe to their owne porches.

Now their intent

Enter Venus, a deaf Tiro-woman.

VEN. Now, all the Lords blesse me, where am I tro? where is Cupid serve the King? they may serve the Cobler well enough, some of 'em, for any courtiesie they have y wisse, they ha' need o' mending: unrude people they are, your Courtiers, here was thrust upon thrust indeed! was it ever so hard to get in before, too?

CHR. How now? what's the matter?

VEN. A place forsooth, I do want a place, I would have a good place to see my Child act in before the King, and Quene's Majesties (God blesse 'em) to night.

Chr.

CHR. Why, here is no place for you.

VEN. Right forsooth, I am *Cupid's* Mother, *Cupid's* owne Mother: forsooth, yes forsooth: I dwell in pudding-lane, I forsooth, he is Pretife in Love-lane with a Bugle-maker, that makes of your Bobs, and Bilbolts for Ladies,

CHR. Good Lady Venus of Pudding-lane, you must go out for all this.

VEN. Yes forsooth, I can sit any where, so I may see *Cupid* act; hee is a pretty Child, though I say it that perhaps should not, you will say: I had him by my first Husband, he was a Smith forsooth, we dwelt in Doe-little lane then, he came a moneth before his time, and that may make him somewhat imperfect: But I was a Fishmongers daughter.

CHR. No matter for your Pedigree, your house, good Venus will you depart?

VEN. I forsooth, he'll say his part I warrant him, as well as ere a Play boy of 'emall: I could ha' had money enough for him, an I would ha' beene temptred, and ha' let him out by the weeke, to the Kings Players: Master *Burbadge* has beene about and about with me, and so has old Mr. *Hemings*, too, they ha' need of him, where is he tro'a? I would faine see him, pray God they have given him some drinke since he came.

CHRIST. Are you readie Boyes? strike up, nothing will drown the noise but a Drum; a' peace, yet, I ha' not done

Sing---*Now their intent, is above to present---*

CAROL. Why? here be halfe of the properties forgotten, Father

OFFERING. Post and Paire wants his pur-chops, and his pur-dogs.

CAROL. Ha' you nere a Son at the Groom-Potters to beg, or borrow a paire of Cards quickly?

GAMB. It shall not need, heer's your Son *Christer* without; has Cards in his pocket.

OFFERING. Odds so; speake to the Guard to let him in, under the name of a propertie.

GAMB. And heer's *New-years-gift* h'as an Orange, and Rosmarie, but nor a clove to sticke in't.

NEVV-YEER. Why, let one go to the Spicery.

CHR. Fic, fic, fic; it's naught, it's naught boyes.

VEN. Why, I have cloves, if it be cloves you want, I have cloves in my purse, I never goe without one in my mouth.

CAROL. And *Mumming*, has not his vizard neither.

CHR. No matter, his owne face shall serve for a putishment, and 'tis bad enough; has *Wassell* her boule, and *Mince-pie* her spoones?

OFFER. I, I; but *Misfortune* doth not like his suite: he saies the Players have lent him one too little, on purpose to disgrace him.

CAR. Let him hold his peace, and his disgrace will bee the lesse: what? shall wee proclaime what wee were furnisht? *Mum! Mum!* a peace, be readie good Boyes.

Sings again.

Now their intent, is above to present
with all the appurtenances
A right Christmas, as of old it was,
to be gathered on of the Dances.

Musique.

Which they do bring, and a fore the King,
the Queene, and Prince, as it were now
Drawne here by Love, who, over and above,
doth draw himself for the geare too.

Here the Drum, and Fife sounds, and they march about once; at the
second comming up he proceeds in his song.

Hum drum, sauce for a Canty,
no more of your Martiall musicke:
Even for the sake, of the man in the strake,
for there I doe meane to disport.

And now to yee, who in place are to see,
with Roll and Farthingale hooped:
I pray you know, though he want his bow
by the wings, that this is Cupid.

He might goe backe, for to cry what you lack,
but that were not so wittie:

His Cap, and Coat, are enough to note
that he is the Love & the Cistie.

And he leades on, though he now be gon,
for that was onely his rule:

But now comes in, Tom of Bosomes Inne,
and he presenteth Mis-rule.

Which you may know, by the very show,
albeit you never aske it:

For there you may see what his Ensignes bee,
the Rope, the Cheese, and the Baskets.

This Carol plaies, and has bene in his dayes
a chirping boy, and a kill pot:

Kit Cobler it is, I'me a Father of his,
and he dwells in the lane, call'd Fil-pot.

But who is this? O my daughter Sis

Mince-pie, with her doe not dally

On paine o' your life: She's an honest Cooks wife,
and comes out of Scalding-Alley.

Next in the trace, comes Gambol in place,
and to make my tale shorter:

My Sonne Hercules, xeno, out of Distaffe lane
but an active man, and a Porter.

Now Post and Paire, old Christmasses betwixt

doth make, and a gingling Sally:

And wot you who, it is one of my sons
Sons, Cardmakers in Fur-alley.

Next in a trice, with his boxe and his Dice,
 Mac-pippin my Son, but younger,
 Brings Mumming in; and the knave will win,
 for *a* is a Costermonger.

But New-yeares gift, of himselfe makes shift
 to tell you what his name is: *Heere the first
 second coming of the*
 With Orange on head, and his Gingerbread,
 Clem Waspe of Honey-lane is.

This I you tell, is our jolly Wassell,
 and for Twelfe-night more meets too:
 She workes by the Ell, and her name is Nell,
 and she dwells in Thred-needle-street too.

Then Offering be, with his Dish, and his Tree,
 that in every great house keepeth;
 Is by my Sonne, young Little-worth done,
 and in Penny-rich-street he sleepeeth.

Last, Baby-take, that an end doth make
 of Christmas merrie, merrie vaine a
 Is Child Rowlan, and a straight young man,
 though he come out of Crooked-lane a.

There should have beene, and a dozen I wene,
 but I could finde but one more;
 Child of Christmas, and a Logge it was,
 when I them all had gone ore.

I pray'd him, in a time so trim,
 that he would make one to prauce it:
 And I my selfe, would haue beene he my selfe,
 o' his Log was to heauie to dance it.

Now Cupid come you on.

CUPID. You worthie wights, King, Lords, and Knights,
 or Queene, and Ladies bright:
 Cupid invites, you to the sights
 he shall present to night.

VEN. 'Tis a good chld, speake out, hold up your head Love?

CUPID. And which Cupid — and which Cupid, &c.

VEN. Do not shake so Robin, if thou beest a' cold, I ha' some warme
 waters for thee, here.

CHR. Come, you put Robin Cupid out with your waters, and your
 fissing; will you be gone?

VEN. I forsooth, hee's a child, you must conceive, and must be u'd
 tenderly, he was never in such an assembly before forsooth, but once at
 the

Warmoll Quest, forsooth, where he sayd grace as prettily as any of the Sheriffes Hinch-boyes forsooth.

CHR. Will you peace, forsooth?

CYPID. And which *Cupid*, and which *Cupid*, &c.

VEN. I that's a good boy, speake plaine, *Robin*: how does his Majestie like him, I pray? will he give eight pence a day thinke you? speak out *Robin*.

CHR. Nay, he is out enough, you may take him away, and begin your Dance; this it is to have speeches.

VEN. You wrong the Child, you doe wrong the Infant; I' peale to his Majestie.

Herethey Dance.

CHR. Well done Boyes, my fine Boyes, my bully Boyes.

Sings agen. The Epilogue.

NOr doe you thinke that their legges is all
the commendation of my Sons,
For at the Artillery-Garden they shall
as well (forsooth) use their Guns.

And march as fine, as the Muses nine,
along the streets of London:
And i' their brave tires, to gi' their false fires,
especially Tom my Son.

Now if the Lanes and the Alleyes afford,
such an ac-tivitie as this:
At Christmas next, if they keepe their word,
can the children of Cheapside misse?

Though, put the case, when they come in place,
they should not dance, but hop:
Their very gold lace, with their silke would em grace,
having so many knights, o' the Shop!

But were I so wise, I might seeme to advise
so great a Potentate as your selfe:
They should Sir, I tell yee, spar't out o' their bellie,
and this way spend some of their pelfe.

I, and come to the Court, for to make you some sport,
at the least once every yeare:
As Christmas hath done, with his seventh or eighth Son,
and his couple of Daughters deare.

The End.

Warrior of the North, who the day before yesterday
Spartan of the South, who the day before yesterday
Chr. Will you not, which day?
Chr. And will you not, which day?
Van. I think not, but I think you have lost his Ma-
jesty the King, I will be glad to give you a day's work
Chr. May be is often said, you may take him away, and begin
your Dance, this is to have a dance.
Van. You wrong the Child, you do wrong the Infant, I please
his Majesty.

Harold's Dance

Chr. Well done Boy, my dear Boy, my daily Boy.

Van. The Father.

Or the son, which day is it?
The son, which day is it?
The son, which day is it?
The son, which day is it?

A dance, as the day is it?
A dance, as the day is it?
A dance, as the day is it?
A dance, as the day is it?

Now if the Dance and the day is it?
Now if the Dance and the day is it?
Now if the Dance and the day is it?
Now if the Dance and the day is it?

Though the day is it, which day is it?
Though the day is it, which day is it?
Though the day is it, which day is it?
Though the day is it, which day is it?

But the day is it, which day is it?
But the day is it, which day is it?
But the day is it, which day is it?
But the day is it, which day is it?

I and come to the Court, for is not you (son)?
I and come to the Court, for is not you (son)?
I and come to the Court, for is not you (son)?
I and come to the Court, for is not you (son)?

The End

A Masque

**PRESENTED
IN THE HOUSE
OF THE RIGHT
HONORABLE THE
LORD HAYE.**

**BY DIVERS OF
NOBLE QUALITY,
HIS FRIENDS.**

FOR THE ENTERTAIN-

ment of Monsieur LE BARON

DE TOVR, extraordinary Am-

bassadour for the FRENCH

KING,

On Saturday the 22. of FEBRUARY, 1617.

MARY.

Quid titulum possis? Personæ duo très élégantes.

1617

THE FRONT BEFORE THE SCENE, was an Arch-Triumphall.

On the top of which, HUMANITIE placed in figure, sate with her lap full of flowers, scattering them with her right hand; and holding a golden chaine in her left hand: to shew both the freedome, and the bond of Courtisie, with this inscription.

— SUPER OMNIA VULTVS. —

On the two sides of the Arch

CHEEREFVNES, } her servants.
and READINES,

CHEEREFVNES, *in a loose flowing garment, filling out wine from an antique piece of plate, with this word* Addit lætitiæ dator.
READINES, *a winged Mayd, with two flaming bright lights in her hands, and her word.* Amor addidit alas.

The Scene discovered, is (on the one side) the head of a Boate, and in it CHARON putting off from the shore, having landed certaine imagined ghosts, whom MERCURY there receives, and encourageth to come on towards the River LETHE, who appears lying in the person of an old man. The FATES sitting by him on his banke; a grove of myrtles behinde them, presented in perspective, and growing thicker to the outer side of the Scene. MERCURY, perceiving them to faint, calls them on, and shews them his golden rod. And the whole Maske was sung (after the Italian manner) Stylo recitativo, by Master Nicholas Lanier; who ordered and made both the Scene, and the Musicke.

NOT YET MERCURY.

NAY, faint not now, so neere the fields of rest.
Here no more furies, no more torments dwell,
Then each hath felt alreadie in his brest;
Who hath beene once in love, hath prov'd his Hell.

Up then, and followe this my golden rod,
That points you next to aged LETHE'S shore,
Who poures his waters from his urne abroad,
Of which but tasting, you shall faint no more.

LETHE.

Stay, who, or what phantastique shades are these
That HERMES leadses?

Mercy

Masques.

II

MERCURY.

They are the gentle formes,
Of *Lovers*, tost upon those frantique seas,
Whence VENUS sprung.

LETHE.

And have rid out her storms?

MERCURY.

No.

LETHE.

Did they perish?

MERCURY.

Yes.

LETHE.

How?

MERCURY.

Drown'd by love,
That drew them forth with hopes as smooth as were
Th'unfaithfull waters he desir'd them prove.

LETHE.

And turn'd a tempest, when he had them there?

MERCURY.

He did, and on the billow would he roule,
And laugh to see one throw his heart away,
Another fighting, vapour forth his soule,
A third, to melt himselfe in teares, and say,

O Love, I now to saltier water turne

Then that I die in; then, a fourth, to crie
Amid the surges; *oh! I burne, I burne:*

A fift, laugh out, it is my ghost, not I.

And thus in paires I found hem. Onely one

There is, that walkes, and stops, and shakes his head;
And shuns the rest, as glad to be alone,
And whispers to himselfe, *he is not dead.*

FATES.

No more are all the rest.

MERCURY.

No?

I. FATES.

No.

C 2

MAR

Masques.

MERCURY.

Proceeds this doubtfull voyce from destiny? But, why

FATES.

It is too sure.

MERCURY.

Sure?

2. FATE.

I. Thinkes MERCURY,
That any things, or names on earth doe die,
That are obscur'd from knowledge of the FATES,
Who keepe all rolls?

3. FATE.

And know all natures dates?

MERCURY.

They say themselves, *th' are dead.*

1. FATE.

It not appears.

Or, by our rocke.

2. FATE.

Our spindle.

3. FATE.

Or our sheeres.

FATES.

Here all their threds are growing, yet none cut.

MERCURY.

I gin to doubt, that *Love* with charmes hath put
This phant'sie in 'hem, and they onely thinke
That they are ghosts.

FATE.

If so, then let 'hem drinke
Of LETHES streame.

FATE.

'Twill make 'hem to forget
LOVES name.

FATE.

And so, they may recover yet!

MERCURY.

{ Doe, bow unto the reverend lake:
And having touch'd there, up, and shake
The shadowes off, which yet doe make
Us you, and you your-selves mistake.

Here

Here they all stoope to the water, and dance forth their Antimasque in severall gestures, as they liv'd in love: And retyring into the Grove, before the last person be off the Stage, the first couple appeare in their pasture between the trees, ready to come forth, changed.

MERCURY.

See! see! they are themselves agen!

1. FATE.

Yes, now they are substances, and men.

2. FATE.

LOVE, at the name of LETHÉ flies.

LETHÉ.

For, in oblivion drown'd, he dyes.

3. FATE.

He must not hope, though other states
He oft subdue, he can the FATES.

FATES.

'Twere insolence, to thinke his powres
Can worke on us; or equall ours.

CHORVS.

Returne, Returne,
Like lights to burne
On earth,
For others good:
Your second birth
Will fame old LETHÉ flood,
And warne a world,
That now are hoord
About in tempest, how they prove
Shadowes for Love.
Leape forth: your light it is the nobler made,
By being strooke out of a shade.

Here they dance forth their entrie, or first dance: after which

CYPRID----appearing, meets them.

WHy, now you take me! these are rites
That grace Loves dayes, and crowne his nights!
These are the motions, I would see,
And praise, in them that follow mee!
Not sighes, nor tears, nor wounded hearts,
Nor flames, nor ghosts; but ayrie parts
Try'd, and refin'd as yours have bin,
And such they are, I glory in!

MER

MERCURY.

Looke, looke unto this snakie rod,
 And stop your eares, against the charming god;
 His every word, falls from him, is a snare:
 Who have so lately knowne him, should beware.

Here they Dance their maine dance, which ended,

CYPID.

Come, doe not call it CYPIDS crime,
 You were thought dead before your time.
 If thus you move to HARMES will
 Alone, you will be thought so still.
 Goe, take the Ladies forth, and talke,
 And touch, and taste too: Ghosts can walke.
 Twixt eyes, tongues, hands, the mutuall strife
 Is bred, that tries the truth of life.
 They doe, indeed, like dead men move,
 That thinke they live, and not in love!

Here they take forth the Ladies, and the Revells follow: after which,

MERCURY.

Nay, you should never have left off:
 But stay'd, and heard your CYPID scoff,
 To finde you in the line you were.

CYPID.

Your too much wit, breeds too much feare.

MERCURY.

Good Flie, good night.

CYPID.

But will you goe?

Can you leave LOVE, and be intreat you so:
 Here, take my quiver, and my bow,
 My torches too; that you, by all, may know
 I mean no danger to your stay:
 This night, I will create my holiday,
 And be yours naked, and entire.

MERCURY.

As if that LOVE, dis-arm'd, were lesse a fire

Away, away.

They Dance their going out: which done,

MERCURY.

Yet lest that VINVS wanton Some,
 Should with the world, be quite undone,
 For your faire fakes (you brighter starres,
 Who have beheld these civill warres.)

Majesty.

FATE is content, these Lovers here
Remaine still such: for LOVE will swear
Never to force them, ask to doo,
But what he will call HARMS too.

CYPID.

I swear: and with like cause thank MARRIAGE;
As thou have, to thank him, and destiny.

CHORUS.

All then take cause of joy: for who hath not?
Old LEITH, that their follies are forgot;
We, that their lives unto their fins they fit:
They, that they still shall love, and love with wit.

The End.

THE
VISION OF
DELIGHT
PRESENTED AT
COURT IN
CHRISTMAS,
1617.

THE SCENE.

A Street in perspective of faire building discovered.

DELIGHT

Is scene to come as a farre off, accompanied with
Grace, Love, Harmonie, Revell, Sport, Laughter.

WONDER following.

DELIGHT spoke

in song (*style recitativo.*)

Let us play, and dance, and sing,
let us now turne every sort,
O the pleasures of the Spring,
to the graces of a Court.

From ayre, from cloud, from dreams, from toyes,
to sounds, to sence, to love to joyes;

Let your shewes be new, as strange,
let them oft and sweetly varie;

Let them haste so to their change,

as the Seers may not tarrie;
Too long t'expect the pleasing'r fight
doth take away from the delight.

Here the first Anti-maske enter'd.

A she Monster delivered of sixe Burratines, that dance with sixe Pantalones,
which done

DELIGHT, spoke againe.

Yet heare what your delight doth pray
all fowre and fullen looks away,

that are the servants of the day,

Our sports are of the humorous night,

Who feeds the stars that give her light,

and useth (then her wont) more bright,

to help the vision of **DREAMS**.

Here the Night rises, and took her Chariot bespangled with stars,

DREAMS, proceeds.

See, see her Scepter, and her Crowne

are all of flame, and from her gowne

a traine of light comes waving down.

This night in dew she will not sleepe

The braine, nor locke the fence in sleepe,

but all awake, with **Phanomes** keepe,

and those to make **DREAMS** more deep.

By this time the Night, and Moone being both risen, Night hovering over the place,

Breake **Phant'sie** from thy cave of cloud,

and spread thy purple wings;

Now all thy figures are allow'd,

and various shap'es of things;

Create of ayrie formes, a streame,

it must have bloud, and naught of fleame,

And though it be a waking dreame,

Yet let it like an odour rise

to all the Sences here

And fall like sleep upon their eyes,

or musick in their eare.

The Scene here changed to Cloud, and Phant'sie breaking forth, spake,

Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come at thy call

But it is no one dreame that can please these all,

Wherefore I would know what **Dreames** would delight em,

For never was **Phant'sie** more loth to affright em

And **Phant'sie** I tell you has dreams that have wings,

And dreams that have honey, and dreams that have stings;

Dreames of the maker, and **Dreames** of the taylor,

Dreames of the kitchen, and **Dreames** of the Cellar;

Some that are tall, and some that are Dwarfes,

Some that were halter'd, and some that were scarfed;

Some that are proper, and signifie o' thing,

And some another, and some that are nothing:

For say the French Verdingale, and the French hood

Were here to dispute; must it be understood

A feather, for a wisp'e were a fit moderator?

Your Ostritch beleeve it, no faithfull translator

Of perfect Utopian, And then it were an od-piece

To see the conclusion peepe forth at a ood-piecc.

The politique pudding hath still his two ends,
 Tho the bellows, and the bag-pipe were nev'r so good friends:
 And who can report what offence it would be
 For the Squirrell to see a Dog clime a tree?
 If a Dreame should come in now to make you afeard,
 With a Windmill on his head, and bells at his beard;
 Would you streight wear your spectacles, here, at your toes,
 And your boots o' your browes, and your spurs o' your nose?
 Your Whale he will swallow, a hogs-head for a pill;
 But the maker o' the mouse-trap, is he that hath skill.
 And the nature of the Onion, is to draw teares,
 As well as the Mustard; peace, pitchers have eares,
 And Shitlecocks wings, these things doe not mind'em,
 If the Bell have any sides, the clapper will find'em:
 There's twice so much musicke in beating the tabor,
 As i'the Stock-fish, and somewhat lesse labour.
 Yet all this while, no proportion is boasted
 T'wixt an egge, and an Oxe, though both have been roasted,
 For grant the most Barbers can play o'the Citerne,
 Is it requisite a Lawyer should plead to a Ghitterne?

You will say now, the Morris-bells were but bribes
 To make the heele forget that ev'r it had kibes;
 I say let the wine make nev'r so good jelly,
 The conscience o'the bottle, is much i'the belly:
 For why? doe but take common Councell i' your way,
 And tell me who'le then set a bottle of hay
 Before the old Usurer, and to his horse
 A slice of salt-butter, perverting the course
 Of civill societie? open that gap,
 And out skip your fleas, foure and twenty at a clap,
 With a chaine and a trundle-bed following at th'heelcs,
 And will they not cry then, the world runs a wheeles:
 As for example, a belly, and no face,
 With the bill of a Shoveler, may here come in place;
 The haunches of a Drum, with the feet of a pot,
 And the tayle of a Kentishman to it; why not?
 Yet would I take the stars to be cruell,
 If the Crab, and the Ropemaker ever fight duell,
 On any dependance; be it right, be it wrong,
 But mum; a thread may be drawne out too long.

Here the second Anti-masque of Phantos comes forth, which danced,

PHANTOS *proceeds*

Why? this you will say was phantasticall now,
 As the Cocke, and the Bull, the Whale, and the Cow;

But vanish away, I have change to present you,
 And such as I hope will more truly content you.

Behold!

Behold the gold-haird *Houre* descending here,
 That keeps the gate of Heaven, and turns the yeare,
 Alreadie with her sight, how she doth cheare,
 And makes another face of things appeare.

*Here one of the Houres descending, the whole Scene changed to the Bower of
 Zephyrus, whilst, Peace sung, as followeth*

Why looke you so, and all turne dumbe !
 to see the opener of the New-yeare come ?

My presence rather should invite,
 and ayd, and urge, and call to your delight,
 The many pleasures that I bring
 are all of youth, of heate, of life, and spring,
 And were prepar'd to warme your blood,
 not fixe it thus as if your Statutes stood.

The Quire } we see, we heare, we feele, we taste,
 we smell the change in every flowre,
 we onely wish that all could last,
 and be as new still as the houre.

The Song ended.

WONDER speake.

WONDER must speake, or breake ; what is this ? growes
 The wealth of Nature here, or Art ? it shoves
 As if *Faunus*, father of the Spring,
 Who, in the verdant Meads doth reigne sole king,
 Had rowld him here, and shooke his feathers, wet
 With purple swelling Nectar ? and had let
 The sweet and fruitfull dew fall on the ground
 To force out all the flowers that might be found ?

Or a *Minerva* with her needle had
 Th'enamoured earth with all her riches clad,
 And made the downie *Zephire* as he flew
 Still to be followd with the Springs best hue ?

The gaudie Peacocke boasts not in his traine,
 So many lights and shadowes, nor the raine-
 Resolving *Iris*, when the Sun doth court ber,
 Nor purple Pheasant while his Aunt doth sport her
 To heare him crow, and with a pearched pride
 Wave his dis-coloured necke, and purple side ?

I have not seene the place could more surprize,
 It looks (me thinkes) like one of natures eyes,
 Or her whole bodie set in art : behold !
 How the Blew-binde weed doth in selfe infold
 With Honey-suckle, and both these intwine
 Themselves with *Bryonie*, and *Jessamine*,
 To cast a kinde and odoriferous shade :

PHANT'SIE.

How better then they are, are all things made
By WONDER? But a while refresh thine eye,
Ile put thee to thy oftner, what, and why?

*Here (to a loud musicke) the Bower opens, and the Maskers discovered,
as the glories of the Spring.*

WONDER againe speake.

Thou wilt indeed; what better change appeares?
Whence is it that the ayre so sudden cleares,
And all things in a moment turne so milde,
Whose breath or beams, have got proud earth with child,
Of all the treasure that great Natur's worth,
And makes her every minute to bring forth?
How comes it Winter is so quite forc't hence,
And lockt up under ground? that every sence
Hath severall objects? Trees have got their heads,
The fields their coats? that now the shining Meads
Doe boast the *Pannce*, the *Lillie*, and the *Rose*;
And every flower doth laugh as *Zephire* blowes;
That Seas are now more even then the Land?
The Rivers runne as smoothed by his hand;
Onely their heads are crisped by his stroake:
How plaies the *Yeareling* with his brow scarce broke
Now in the open *Grasse*? and frisking *Lambs*
Make wanton *Salts* about their drie-suckt *Dams*;
Who to repaire their bags doe rob the fields?

How is't each bough a severall musicke yeilde?
The lusty *Throstle*, early *Nightingale*
Accord in tune, though varie in their tale?

The chirping *Swallow* cald forth by the *Sun*,
And crested *Larke* doth his division run:
The yellow *Bees*, the ayre with murmur fill:
The *Finches* caroll, and the *Turtles* bill:
Whose power is this? what *God*?

PHANT'SIE

Behold a King

Whose presence maketh this perpetuall *Spring*,
The glories of which *Spring* grow in that *Bower*,
And are the marks and beauties of his power.

To which the Quire answered.

Tis he, tis he, and no power els,
That makes all this what *Phant'sie* tels,
The founts, the flowers, the birds, the *Bees*,

The herds, the flocks, the grasse, the trees;
Do all confesse him; but most *These*
Who call him Lord of the four Seas,
King of the lesse and greater Iles,
And all those happy when he smiles,
Advance, his favour calls you to advance;
And do your (this nights) homage in a dance.

Here they danced their entry, after which they sung againe.

Againe, againe; you cannot be
Of such a true delight too free,
Which who once saw would ever see;
And if they could the object prize,
Would while it lasts not thinke to rise,
But wish their bodies all were eyes.

They Danc'd their maine Dance, after which they sung.

In curious knots and mazes so
The Spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephire, when he came to wooc
His *Flora*, had their motions too,
And thence did *Venus* learne to lead
Th' *Idalian* Braules, and so tread
As if the wind, not she did walke;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalke.

*They Danc'd with Ladies, and the whole Revels followed;
after which Aurora appeared (the Night and
Moone) descended, and this Epilogue
followed.*

I was not wearier where I lay
By frozen *Typhons* side to night;
Then I am willing now to stay,
And be a part of your delight.
But I am urged by the Day,
Against my will to bid you come away.

The Quire.

They yeild to Time, and so must all.
As Night to sport, Day doth to action call;
Which they the rather doe obey,
Because the Morn, with Roses strew's the way.

Here they Danc'd their going off, and Ended.

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VERTVE.

A Masque.

AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COVRT BEFORE KING JAMES.

1619.

The SCENE was the Mountaine
ATLAS.

WHO had his top ending in the figure of an old man, his head and beard all hoary, and frost, as if his shoulders were covered with snow, the rest Wood, and Rocks. A Grove of Ivie at his feet, out of which, to a wilde Musicke of Cymbals, Flutes, and Tabers is brought forth, COME: the God of Cheere, or the Belly, riding in Triumph, his head crown'd with Roses, and other flowers, his haire curled: They that waite upon him crown'd with Ivie, their Favelins done about with it; one of them going with Hercules his Boule bare before him, while the rest presented him with this Hymne.

Roome, roome, make roome for the bouncing bellic,
First father of sauce, and deviser of jellie;
Prime master of Arts, and the giver of wit,
That found out the excellent Engine, the spit,
The plough, and the flail, the mill, and the hopper,
The hutch, and the boulder, the furnace and copper,
The oven, the baven, the mawkin, the peelee,
The harth, and the range, the dogge, and the wheele,
He, he first invented the hogthead and tun,

The

The gimlet and vice too, and taught 'em to run,
 And since with the funnell, and ~~opper~~ bag,
 Has made of him selfe, that now he cries swag;
 Which shoves though the pleasure be but of foure inches,
 Yet he is a Weefell, the gullet that pinches
 Of any delight, and not spares from this backe,
 What ever to make of the bellie a sacke!
 Haile, haile plump paunch, & the founder of taste,
 For fresh-meats, or powlder'd, or pickle, or paste,
 Devourer of broyl'd, back'd, roasted, or sod;
 And emptier of cups, be they even or odd;
 All which have now made thee so wide i'the waste,
 As scarce with no pudding thou art to be lac'd,
 But eating and drinking untill thou dost nod,
 Thou break'st all thy girdles, and breakst forth a god.

To this the Boule-bearer.

DOE you heare my friends? to whom did you sing all this now?
 pardon me onely that I aske you, for I doe not looke for an an-
 swere; Ile answer my selfe, I know it is now such a time as the *Saturnalls*
 for all the World, that every man stands under the eaves of his own hat,
 and sings what please him; that's the right, and the liberty of it. Now
 you sing of god *Comus* here the bellie-god; I say it is well, and I say it is
 not well: It is well as it is a ballad, and the bellie worthie of it, I must
 needes say, and 'twere forty yards of ballad more, as much ballad as
 tripe. But when the bellie is not edified by it, it is not well, for where
 did you ever read or heare, that the bellie had any cares? Come never
 pompe for an answer, for you are defeated; Our fellow *Hunger* this
 that was as ancient a retainer to the bellie as any of us, was turned away
 for being unseasonable, not unreasonable, but unseasonable, and now
 is he poore thin-gut, faine to get his living with teaching of *Swallers*,
Mag-pies, *Parrots*, and *Facke-dawes*, those things he would have taught
 the bellie. Beware of dealing with the bellie, the bellie will not bee
 talk'd too, especially when he is full; then there is no venturing upon
Venter, he will blow you all up, he will thunder indeed-las: Some in
 dirision call him the father of farts; but I say he was the first inventor
 of great Ordnance, and taught us to discharge them on Festivall dayes,
 would we had a fit feast for him y'faith, to shew his activity, I would
 have something now fetcht in to please his five senses, the throat, or the
 two senses the eyes: Pardon mee for my two senses, for I that carry
Hercules *Boule* the service, may see double by my place, for I have
 drunke like a frog to day: I would have a Tunnow brought in to dance,
 and so many bottles about him. Ha! you looke as if you would make a
 probleme of this, *do you see? do you see? a probleme? why bottles?*
 and why a tun? and why a tun? and why bottles to dance? I say that
 men that drinke hard, and serve the bellie in any place of qualitie (as the
joyiall Tinkers, or the *lusty kindred*) are living measures of drink, and can
 transforme themselves, and doe every day to bottles, or tuns when they
 please!

please: And when they ha' done all they can, they are as I say againe,
(for I thinke I said somewhat like it afore) but moving measures of drink
and there is a peece i' the Cellar can hold more than all they. This will
I make good, if it please our new god, but to give a nod, for the bellie
doe's all by signes; and I am all for the bellie, the trust clocke i' the
world to goe by.

Here the first Anti-maske, after which

HERCULES.

WHat Rites are these? breeds earth more monsters yet?
Anteus scarce is cold: what can beget

This store? (and stay) such contraries upon her,
Is earth so fruitfull of her owne dishonour?
Or cause his vice was inhumabilitie,
Hopes she by vicious hospitalitie

To worke an expiation first? and then

(Helpe vertue) these are sponges, and not men:

Bottles? meere vessels? halfe a tun of paunch?

How? and the other halfe thrust forth in haunch?

Whose feast? the bellies? *Comus?* and my cup

Brought hither to fill the drunken Orgies up:

And how abus'd? that was the crownd reward,

Of churlic Heroes, after labour hard?

Burdens, and shames of nature, perish, die,

(For yet you never liv'd) but in the stie

Of vice have wallow'd, and in that swines strife

Been buried under the offence of life:

Goe reele and fall under the load you make,

Till your swollen bowells burst with what you take.

Can this be pleasure, to extinguish man?

Or so quite change him in his figure: can

The bellie love his paine? and be content

With no delight but what's a punishment?

These monsters plague themselves, and fitly too,

For they doe suffer; whar, and all the doe,

But here must be no shelter, nor no shrowd

For such! Sincke *Groves*, or vanish into cloud.

*As thus the whole Grove vanished, and the whole Musicke was discovered, sit-
ting at the foot of the Mountaine, with Pleasure, and Vertue seated
above them. The Quire invited Hercules to rest with this*

Song.

Great friend and servant of the good,

Let coole a while thy heated blood,

And from thy mighty labour cease:

Lie downe, lie downe,

And give thy troubled spirits peace,

Whilst vertue, for whose sake

Thou

Thou dost this god-like trailla take;
May of the choysest herbage make
(Here on this Mountaine bred,)

A crowne, a crowne
For thy immortall head.

*Here Hercules being layd down at their feet, the second Anti-mask
which was of Pigmies, appeared.*

I. PIGMIE.

A Ntius dead! and Hercules yet live!
Where is this Hercules? what would I give
To meet him now? meet him? nay, three such other,
If they had hand in murther of our brother?
With three? with foure? with ten? nay with as many
As the name yeelds? pray anger there be any
Whereon to feed my just revenge, and loone:
How shall I kill him? hurle him gainst the Moone,
And breake him in small portions? give to Greece
His braine? and every tract of earth a peece.

2 P I G. He is yonder:

1 Where?

3 At the hill foot, asleepe.

1 Let one goe steale his club,

2 My charge, Ile creepe,

4 He's ours.

1 Yes, peace.

3 Triumph, we have him boy.

4 Sure, sure, he is sure,

1 Come, let us dance for joy.

*At the end of their dance they thought to surprize him, when sud-
denly being awak'd by the musicke, he rowsed himselfe,
they all runne into holes.*

Song.

Wake Hercules, awake, but heave up thy blacke eye,
'Tis onely ask'd from thee to looke, and these will die,

Or flie:

Already they are fled,

Whom scorne had else left dead.

*At which Mercury descended from the hill, with a garland of
Poplar to crowne him.*

MERCURY.

R Est still thou active friend of vertue; These
Should not disturbe the peace of Hercules.
Earths wormes, and Honors dwarfes (at too great odds)

E

Prove

Prove, or provoke the issue of the gods.
 See, here a *Crowne* the aged *Hill* hath sent thee,
 My Grand-fire *Atlas*, he that did present thee
 With the best sheepe that in his fold were found,
 Or golden fruit in the *Hesperian* ground,
 For rescuing his faire Daughters, then the prey
 Of a rade *Pirate* as thou cam'st this way,
 And taught thee all the learning of the Sphere,
 And how like him thou might'st the heavens up-bear;
 As that thy labours vertuous recompence
 He, though a Mountaine now, hath yet the sence
 Of thanking thee for more, thou being still
 Constant to goodnesse, guardian of the hill,
Anteus by thee suffocated here,
 And the voluptuous *Comus* god of cheere
 Beate from his Grove, and that defac'd, but now
 The time's arriv'd that *Atlas* told thee of, how
 B'unalter'd law, and working of the Stars,
 There should be a cessation of all jars,
 Twixt *Vertue* and her noted opposite
Pleasure; that both should meet here in the sight
 Of *Hesperus*, the glory of the West,
 The brightest starre that from his burning cress
 Lights all on this side the *Atlantick-Seas*,
 As farre as to thy Pillars, *Hercules*,
 See where he shines, *Iustice*, and *Wisedome* plac'd
 about his throne, and those with honour grac'd
Beauty, and *Love*: It is not with his Brother
 Bearing the world, but ruling such another
 Is his renowne, *Pleasure*, for his delight
 Is reconcil'd to *Vertue*, and this night
Vertue brings forth, twelve Princes have beene bred
 In this rough mountaine, and neere *Atlas* head
 The hill of knowledge, one, and chiefe of whom
 Of the bright race of *Hesperus* is come,
 Who shall in time, the same that he is be,
 And now is onely a lesse light then he;
 These now she trusts with *Pleasure*, and to these
 She gives an entrance to the *Hesperides*
 Faire beauties garden; neither can she feare
 They should grow soft, or wax effeminate here;
 Since in her sight, and by her charge all's done,
Pleasure the servant, *Vertue* looking on.

Here the whole Quire of Musicke call'd the twelve Maskers forth from
the top of the Mountaine, which then opened with this
Song.

OPE aged Atlas, open then thy lappe,
And from thy beamy bosome strike a light,
That men may read in the mysterious mappe

All lines

And signes

Of royall education, and the right,
See how they come and show,
That are but borne to know.

Descend

Descend

Though pleasure lead,

Fear not to follow:

They who are bred

Within the Hill

Of skill,

May safely tread

What path they will,

No ground of good is hollow.

In their discent from the Hill, Dædalus came downe before them,
of whom Hercules questioned Mercury.

HERCULES.

BUT Hermes stay, a little let me pause,
Who's this that leads? M. E. R. A guide that gives them lawes
To all their motions, Dædalus the wise;

H. E. R. And doth in sacred harmonie comprise
His precepts? M. E. R. Yes. H. E. R. they may securely prove
Then any laborinth, though it be of love.

Here while they put themselves in forme, Dædalus had his first
Song.

Come on, come on; and where you go,
so enterweave the curious knot,

As ev'n th' observer scarce may know
which lines are Pleasures, and which not:

First figure out the doubtfull way,

at which a while all youth should stay,

Where she and Vertue did contend,

which should have Hercules to friend.

Then as all actions of mankind,

are but a laborinth, or maze:

So let your Dances be entwined

yet not perplex men unto gaze;

But measur'd, and so numerous too,
 as men may read each act they doe;
 And when they see the graces meet,
 admire the wisdome of your feet:
 For dancing is an exercise,
 not onely shewes the movers wit,
 But maketh the beholders wise,
 as he hath power to rise to it.

The first Dance.
 After which Dedalus againe.

Song 2.

O More, and more, this was so well,
 As praise wants halfe his voyce to tell,
 againe your selves compose,
 And now put all the aptnesse on,
 Of figure, that proportion,
 or colour can disclose.
 That if those silent Arts were lost,
 Designe, and picture, they might boast,
 from you a newer ground,
 Instructed by the heightning sence
 Of dignitie and reverence,
 in their true motions found.
 Begin, begin, for looke, the faire
 Do longing, listen to what ayre
 you forme your second touch;
 That they may vent their murmuring hymnes,
 Fast to the — you move your limbs,
 and wish their owne were such.
 Make haste, make hast, for this
 The laborinth of beautie is.

The second Dance.
 That ended. Dedalus

Song 3.

IT follows now you are to prove
 The subtillest make of all, that's Love,
 and if you stay too long,
 The faire will thinke you doe em wrong:
 Goe choose among — But with a minde
 as gentle as the stroaking winde
 runs o're the gentler flowers.
 And so let all your actions smile,
 As if they meant not to beguile,
 the Ladies but the bowes.
 Grace, laughter, and discourtesy meet,

and yet the beauty not goe lesse :
For what is noble should be free,
But not dissolv'd in wantonnesse.

Will you that I give the law
to all your sport and some-is
It should be such should envie draw,
but----overcome it.

Here they Danced with the Ladies, and the whole Revells
followed; which ended, Mercury cald to him in this
following speech: which was after repeated in
Song by two Trebles, two Tennors, a Base,
and the whole Chorus.

Song 4.

AN eye of looking backe were well,
Or any murmur that would tell
Your thoughts, how you were sent,
and went

To walke with Pleasure, not to dwell.

These, these are howres by vertue spar'd

Her selfe, she being her owne reward:

But she will have you know,

that though

Her sports be soft, her life is hard:

You must retorne unto the Hill

and their advance

With labour, and inhabit still

that height and Crowne,

From whence you ever may looke downe

upon triumphed chance.

She, she it is in darknesse shines,

'Tis she that still her selfe refines,

by her owne light to every eye:

More seene, more knowne when vice stands by.

And though a stranger here on earth,

In Heaven she hath her right of birth:

There, there is Vertues seate,

Strive to keepe her your own,

'Tis onely she can make you grow;

Though place here make you knowne,

After which, they Danced their last Dance, returned into the Scene,
which closed, and was a Mountain againe as before.

The End.

This pleas'd the KING so well, as he would seeke againe, when
it was presented with these additions.

For

FOR
THE HONOUR
OF
WVALES.

The SCENE standing as before a Mountaine; but now the
name changed from ATLAS, to CRAIG-ERIRI.

Enter Gentlemen.

Griffith, Jenkin, Evan, a Welsh Attorney.

GRIF. C Offin, I know what belongs to this place sým what petter
then you, and therefore give mee leave to be pold to ad-
vise you. 'Is not a small matter to offer your selfe into presence of a king,
and aull his Court? Be not too byssie and forward, till you be cauld, I
tauke reason to you.

JEN. Cym, never tauke any taukes: if the King of gread Brittain
keepe it Assiizes here, I will cym into Court: Loog yow, doe you see
now, and please Got.

GRIF. *Tau, d yn ynbyd, y, dhwyt i-n abl i anabby, pob peth oth folineb, ag y
tym gwaith ar dy wla.*

JEN. *Gadwynn Lanyth.* I say I will appeare in Court.

EV. Appeare as yow sud doe then, *Dab Jenkin* in good fort; do not
discredit the nation, and pyt wrong upon us aull by your raffines.

JEN. What doe yow caull raffines? *Evan y Gyrru*, is not aull the
Cyntrie, and aull Welse, and the Prince of Wales too abus'd in him? by
this hand, I will tell ic the Kingsowne cares every 'oord, doe you see
him now? Blesse your urisp, pray God is in Heaven blesse ever ince of
your urisp; and Wales is comend it to your urisp, from top to toe, with
aull his hearts aull over, by got'atch me, and would bee glad as a filling
to see yow in him. Come it downe once a day and trie; I tell yow now,
yow sall be as welcomely there, as where you were in your owne Cyn-
tries last two Symmers, and perihance wee'll made yow as good fceere
too; weele promise your urisp as good a peece of Seeze, as yow need
pit in your head, and pleas yow sall bee toasted too. Goetoo, see him
once upon a time yow owne fellive, is more good meane you, then is a-
ware of: By got' is very hard, but sall make yow a Sheffice of Peace the
first daies yow come, and perihance (say nothing) Knight o'the S'ire too:
Is not Wylfart, nor Porthwyl, nor Montgomery sall carry him from yow.
But aull this while sall I tell you a liddell now: 'is a great huge deale of
anger

anger upon yow, from aull Wales and the Nation, that your urfippe would suffer our yong Master *Charles* your urfips Sonne and Heire, and Prince of *Wales*, the first time he ever play Dance, to be pit up in a Mountaine (got knowes where) by a palterly *Poet*, how doe you say him *Evans*?

EVAN. *Libia*.

JAN. Vellhy! *Libia*. And how doe you caull him the Mountaine, his name is

EV. *Adlas*.

JAN. *Hynno, hynno*. *Adlas*? I please your urfip is a *Welfe Attorney*, and a preddilie schollers, a weare him his long coat, line with Seepes skin, as yow see every daies o'the weeke. A very sufficient litigious fellow's in the *Termes*, and a finely *Poets* out o'the *Termes*, hee has a sprig of *Lawrell* already towards his girlonds. He was get in here at *Twelfe-night* and see aull, what doe you call it, your matters, and sayes is naught, naught, starke naught.

EV. I doe say 'and't please his *Madestee*, I doe not like him with aull his heart, h'is plugd in by the eares, without all piddies, or mercies of proprieties or decorums. I will doe injuries to no man before his *Madestee*, but 'is a very vile and absurd as a man would wisse, that I doe say, to pyt the Prince of *Wales* in an outlandis Mountaine, when hee is knowne, his Highnesse has as goodly Mountaines and as tawll a Hills of his owne (looke yow, do you see now) and of as good standing, and as good discent, as the prowdest *Adlas* christned.

JAN. I good *Evan*, I pray you reckon his *Madestee* some of the *Welfe Hills*, the Mountaines.

EV. Why there is *Talgar*.

JAN. Well sayd.

EV. *Eliennieth*.

JAN. Well sayd *Evan*.

EV. *Cadier Arthur*.

JAN. Toudge him, toudge him.

EV. *Pen-maen-maur*.

JAN. Is good boyes, *Evan*.

EV. And *Craig-eriri*.

JAN. Aw? vellhy? why law you now? 'Is not *Pen-maen-maur*, and *Craig-eriri* as good sound, as *Adlas* every whit of him.

EV. 'Is cauld the *British Aulpes*, *Craig-eriri*, a very sufficient Hills.

JAN. By got we will play with him Hills for Hills, for sixteene and forty fillings when he dares.

EV. I pray you let it alone your wachers a liddle while *Coffin Davy* of *Fenkin*, and give it leave I may give his *Madestee*, and the Court informations toudging now the Reformatiouns.

JAN. Why? cannot yow and I tauke too *Coffin* the *Hanll* (God blesse it) is big inough to hold both our taukes, and we were twice as much as we are.

EV. Why, tauke it aull then, if you thinke reason in you?

JAN. No, I know is no reason, *Evan* confes him, but every man would shew himsefve a good subject as he can to his meanes, I am a subject by my place, and two heads is better then one I imagine under correction.

EV.

Ev. Got's ownes, here is no corrections man; imagine what yow please, doe in got's name, imagine, imagine, why doe you not imagine; here is no pennyrths of corrections.

GRIF. *An d'win Tawson.*

Ev. 'Is so invincibles, so in mercifullys ignorant, a man knowes not upon what inces of ground to stand to him, doe's conceive it no more as I am a true Welfe christian, then (sirreverence o the cympany) the hilts of his dagger.

JEN. Go too, I will make the hilts conceive a knocke upon your pate, and perhance a bumpe to if yow tauke.

Ev. How! upon my pate?

JEN. Yes upon your pate; your Poetlie pate, and your Law pate too.

GR. *Tawson, Tawson.* Fore'got yow will goe nere to hazard a thumbe, and a fowre finger of your best hand; if you knocke him here, you may knocke him better f'cape at *Ludlow* a great deale: do you know the place where it is?

Ev. Well, I can be patient, I trust, I trust it is in a presence I presume that loves no quarrells, nor replies, nor the lies, nor the shallenge, nor the Duells: but---I will doe my byssinesse now, and make this a byssinesse for another daies hereafter: Pleas your Madestee---By got I am out of my tempers terribly well, got forgive me, and pyt me in my feline againe. How doe's your Highnes---I know not a oord or a fillable what I say, 'is doe me that vexations.

GR. O *Evan*; for the honour of *Wales*.

Ev. I remember him now, 'is inough, blessings upon me 'is out o'my head againe, lost, quite lost: this knocke, o'my pate has knock aull my wits out o'my braines I thinke, and turne my reasons out of doores, Be-leave it I will rub, and breake your f'ins for this, I will not come so high as your head, but I will take your nose in my way, very sufficiently.

JEN. Hang your sufficiencie.

Ev. 'Tis well, very well; tis better, better, exceedingly well.

Howell, and Rheefeto them

HOVV. What? ---you meane (hough) to make us so long tarric here, ha?

GR. Marrie, here is aull undone with distempers me thinkes, and angers, and passions.

RHB. Who is angry?

Ev. Why it is I is angry, and hungry too, if you marke me; I could cate his Flint-scere face now, offer to knock my pate in the hearing of aull these, and more too: well, before his Madestee I doe yet forgive him now with aull my heart, and will be reveng'd another yet.

HOVV. Why that is good *Evan*, honest brave *Evan*.

RHB. Ha' yow told the Kings Madestee of the alterations.

Ev. I am now once againe about him: peace, please your Madestee, the Welfe Nation hearing that the Prince of *Wales* was to come into the Hills againe, afore your Madestee have a desire of his Highnesse for the honour of *Wales*, to make him a Welfe hills, which is done without any manner

manner of sharp hese to your Madestee, onely changing his name: He is caull now *Craig-Eriri*, a Mountaine in *Carnarvan-Seere*, has a gray beard, and as much snow upon his head aull the yeare long,

JEN. As *Adas* for his gutts.

EV. He tells your Madestee true, for aull he is a liddle out of season: but cym every man tell as much as he can now, my qualitie is I hope sufficiently knowne to his Madestee, that I am *Rector Chori* is aull my ambitions, and that I would have it aull Welse, that is the fort and the long of the Requests. The Prince of *Wales* we know is aull over Welse.

JEN. And then my Lord Marquise.

EV. Both my Lord Marquise is as good, noble, true *Briton*, as any ever is come out of *Wales*.

JEN. My Lord *Mongymerie* is as sound Welse too, as fleck and blood can make him.

HO. And the *Howard's* by got, is Welse as strait as any arrow.

EV. *Houghton* is a Towne beare his name there by *Pipidianke*.

HO. And *Erwin*, his name is *Wyn*, but the *Duts-men* come here in *Wales*, and caull him *Heer-win*.

RH. Then *Car* is plaine Welse, *Caerlton*, *Caermardin*, *Cardiffe*.

JEN. And *Palmer*, his Ancestors was call him *Pen-maure*.

RH. And *Acmeoty*, is *Ap mouth-nye* of *Llanmouthnye*.

JEN. And *Abercromy*, is aull one as *Abermarlys*.

EV. Or *Abertau*.

HO. Or *Aberdugled haw*.

RH. Or *Abes hodney*.

JEN. Or *Abergevenny*.

HQ. Or *Aber conway*.

EV. *Aberconway* is very like *Abercromy*, a liddell hard ffre has pit'em aull into *Wales*, but our desires and petitions is, that the musiques be aull Welse, and the dances, and no *Erculus* brought in now with a gread staffe, and a pudding upon him.

JEN. Aw, was his distaffe, was not his club.

EV. What need of *Erculus*, when *Cadwallader*----

JEN. Or *Lluellin*, or *Reese ap Griphin*, or *Craddock*, or *Owen Glendower*, with a Welse hooke, and a Goats skinne on his backe, had done very better, and twice as well?

EV. Nay, and to pyt apparrell on a pottell of hay, and caull him *Lantans*.

GR. The Bellie-gods too, was as proper a monster as the best of hem.

EV. I stand to it, there was neither Poetries, nor Architectures, nor designs in that bellie-god, nor a note of musicks about him. Come bring forth our musickes, yow shall heare the true *Pritan* straines now, the ancient Welse Harpe---yow tauke of their *Pigmees* too, here is a *Pigmees* of *Wales* now; set forth another *Pigmees* by him!

Two Women, and musicke to them.

1 Wo. *An Diesus!* what a bravely companie is here! This's a finely Haull indeed!

2 What a deale of fine candle it is!

Is not I, peace, let his Maiestee heare the Musicke.

Blamie yr Brenin.

JEN. *Docko vi.*

I Diesus bleſſe him, Saint Davy bleſſe him. I bring my boy o'my
backeten mile here to loog upon him: Loog Hullin, loog Hullin, ſpewch
hummaten naid Dapma braveris: yow ſall heare him play too.

His Peace, no more pradling; begin ſet him downe.

Song.

EYAN.

1 Song.

Is not come here to tanke of Brut,
from whence the Welfe do's take his root;

Nor tell long pedegree of Prince Camber,

whoſe linage would fill aull this Chamber;

Nor ſing the deads of old Saint Davy,

the uſip of which would fill a Navy.

But harke yow me now, for a liddell tales

ſall make a gread deale to the credit of Wales;

In which wee'll toudg your eares,

Chorus } with the praiſe of her thirteen S'eeres;

And make yow as glad, and merrie

as fourteene pot of Perrie.

Still, ſtill wee'll toudg your eares with the praiſe, &c.

HOVVELL.

2 Song.

Is true, was weare him Sherkin freize,
but what is that? we have ſore of ſeize,

And Got his plenty of Goats milke

that ſell him well, will buy him ſilke

Inough to make him fine to quarrell

As Hereford-ſizes in new apparrell,

And get him as much greene Melmet perhap,

ſall growe it a ſace to his Monmouth cap.

But then the ore of Lemſter,

By got is never a Sempſter;

That when he is ſpun, ore did,

Te match him with bir thrid

Still, ſtill, &c.

REHIST.

3 Song.

All this is the backs now, let us tell yee,
of ſome provisions for the bellie:

As Cid, and Goat, and great Goates moſher,

and Runt, and Com, and good Comes Fisher.

And once but taſte o'the Welfe-mutton,

your Engliſh-ſceep's not worth a buſton.

And then for your Fiſh, ſall ſhoofe it your diſh,

looke but about, and there is a Trout.

Musiques.

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2 *Speak it your countess
long in your daisie
to put in his eares.*
A Salmon, Cor, or Chevin,
Will feed you six, or seven,
As tauill man as ever swagger,
With Welse-hooke, or long dagger,
Still, still, &c.

EVAN.

4 Song.

B *Ev. How well danc'd
Jan. Well played woman
danc'd y'faith.*
Vt aull this while was never think
a word in praise of our Welse drinke,
Tet for aull that, is a cup of Bragat,
all England Seere, may cast his Cab-as,
And what you say to Ale of Webley,
toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly,
As well as Metheglin, or Sidar, or Meath,
S'all S'ake it your dagger quite out o' the scath,
And Oat-cake of Guarthemion,
With a goodly Lecke, or Onion,
To give as sweet a Rellis
As ere did Harper, Ellis.
Still, still, &c.

HOVELL.

5 Song.

A *Ev. How well danc'd
Jan. Well played woman
danc'd y'faith.*
Ndyet, is nothing now aull this,
if of our Musiques we doe misse;
Both Harpes, and Pipes too, and the Crowd,
must aull come in and tauke alowd,
As lowd as Bangu, Davies bell,
of which is no doubt you have here tell,
As well as our lowder Wrexham, Organ,
and drumbling Rocks in Seere Glamorgan,
Where looke but in the ground there,
And you shall see a sound there,
That put him aull togedder,
Is sweet as measure pedder.
Still, still, &c.

RHEESE.

6 Song.

A *Ev. How well danc'd
Jan. Well played woman
danc'd y'faith.*
V, but what say you should it shance too,
that we should leape it in a Dance too,
And make it you as great a pleasure,
if but your eyes be now at leasure;
As in your eares s' all leave a laughter,
to last upon you sixe dayes after?
Ha! wella-goe too, let us try to do
as your old Britton, things to be writ on,
Come put on other lookes now,
And lay away your bookes too,
And though yet you ha no pump fir,
Let hem heare that you can jump fir,
Still, still, &c.

Masques.

JEN. SPEAKE it your conscience now; did your Ursp ever see such a song in your daies; is not as finely a tunes as a man would wisse to put in his eares.

EVA. Come, his Madestee I all heare better to your Dance.

Here a Dance of men.

EV. Haw, well danc'd, verie well danc'd.

JEN. Well plaid *Howell*, well plaid *Abiese*: *Damharry wellhee*; well danc'd y'faith.

EV. Good boyes, good boyes; pold, and *Prittan*, pold, and *Prittan*.

After the Dance.

JEN. Is not better this now then *Pigmies*? this is men, this is no monsters, and you marke him: Well caull forth you Goates now, your Ursp I all see a properly naturall devise come from the Welse Mountaines; Is no Tuns, nor no Bottills: Stand by there, I ow his Ursp the Hills, was dronkenry in his eies that make that devise in my minde. But now, marg, marg your Ursp I pray yow now, and yow I all see natures and proprieties; the very beasts of *Wales* I all doe more then your men pyt in bottills, and barrills, there was a tale of a tub y'faith. Is the Goat-heard and his dog, and his sonne, and his wife make musiques to the Goates as they come from the Hills; give 'hem roomes, give 'hem roomes, now the cym: The elderly Goates is indifferently grave at first, because of his beard, and onely tread it the measures; byt yow will see him pyt off his gravities by and by well inough, and friske it as fine as ere a Kid on 'hem aull. The Welse Goate is an excellent dancery by birth, that is written of him, and of as wisely carriage, and comely behaviours a beast (for his footing especially) as some one or two man, God blesse him.

EV. A Haull, a haull; come a haull, *An wellhee*.

Here the Dance of Goates.

After the Dance.

1 Wo. Nay, and your Madestee bid the Welse Goats welcome; The Welse Wen-ces I all sing your praises, and dance your healths too.

Song.

- 1 **A**W, God blesse it our good King *S'ames*,
- His Wife, and his *S'ildren*, and aull his *Reames*;
- 2 And aull his urspfull *S'istice* of peace about him,
- 1 And send that his Court be never without him.
- 2 Ow, that her would come downe into *Wales*,
- 1 Her I adbe very welcome to *Welse Ales*.
- 2 I have a Cow,
- 1 And I have a hen;
- 2 S'all give it milke,
- 1 And eggs for aull his men.

Chorus

CHORUS

*'Tis selfe I all have venis'n, and other Seere,
And may it be serv'd, that steale him his Deere,
there, there, and every where.*

JEN. Cym dance now, let us heare your dance, dance.

Ev. Ha! well plaid *Ales*.

Ho. For the *Honour of Wales*.

Here was the Dance of men and women.

After the Dance.

JEN. **D**iggon. Inough, inough, Diggon, well now aull the absurdities is remov'd and cleer'd; the rest and please your Grace fall tarrie still, and goe on as it was; *Vertue, and Pleasure* was well inough, indifferently well inough: Onely we will intreat *Pleasure* to cym out of *Driffim-dore*, that is the *Gilden Valley*, or *Geltbleedore*, that is the *Golden Grove*, and is in *Care Marden* the *Welse Garden*. 'Is a thousand place in *Wales* as finely places as the *Esperides* every crum of him: *Merlin* was borne there too, put wee would not make him rise now and wake him, because we have his Prophecies alreadie of your Madestee's name to as good purpose, as if he were here in presence, *Pod hy geller Evan?*

Ev. You will still pyt your selve to these pluncks, you meane his Madestees Anagrams of *Charles James Stuart*.

JEN. I that is *Claimes Arthurs Seate*, which is as much as to say, your Madestee I'ud be the first King of gread *Prittan*, and sit in *Cadier Arthur*, which is *Arthurs Chaire*, as by Gods blessing you doe: And then your Sonne Master *S'charles* his, how doe you caull him? is *Charles Stuart*, *cal's true hearts*, that is us, he cal's us, the *Welse Nation* to be ever at your service, and love you, and honour you, which we pray you understand it his meaning. And that the Musicians yonder, are so many *Brittis hardis* that sing o'pen the Hills to let out the Prince of *Wales*, and his *Welse freinds* to you, and all is done.

GR. Very homely done it is I am well assur'd, if not very rudely: But it is hop'd your Madestee will not interpret the honour, merits, love, and affection of so noble a portion of your people, by the povertie of these who have so imperfectly uttered it: Yow will rather for their saks, who are to come in the name of *Wales*, my Lord the Prince, and the others, pardon what is past, and remember the Cyntrie has alwaies been fruitfull of loyall hearts to your Majestie; a very garden and seed plot of honest mindes and men: What lights of learning hath *Wales* sent forth for your Schooles? What industrious Students of your Lawes? what able Ministers of your Justice? whence hath the Crowne in all times better servitors, more liberall of their lives and fortunes? where hath your Court or Councell (for the present) more noble ornaments or better aydes? I am glad to see it, and to speake it, and though the Nation bee sayd to be unconquer'd, and most loving liberty, yet it was never mutinous (and please your Majestie;) but stout, valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious, capable of all good Arts, most lovingly
constant,

NEWES FROM THE NEW WORLD DISCOVER'D IN THE MOONE.

A Masque;

AS IT VVAS PRESEN-
TED AT COVRT BE-
FORE KING JAMES.

1620.

Nascitur à tenebris: & se sibi vindicat Orbis.

Enter 1 Herald, 2 Herald, Printer, Chronicler, Factor.

1 HER. **N**Ewes, newes, newes.

2 HER. **B**old, and brave new!

1 HER. Newe as the night they are borne in;

2 HER. Or the Phant'sie that begot'them.

1 HER. Excellent newes!

2 HER. Will you heare any newes?

PRINT. Yes, and thanke you too sir, what's the price of hem?

1 HER. Price, Cocks-combe! what price, but the price o' your ears?
As if any man used to pay for any thing here.

2 HER. Come forward, you should be some dull tradesman by your
pigheaded Sconce now, that thinke there's nothing good any where,
but what's to be sold.

PRINT. Indeed I am all for sale Gentlemen, you say true, I am a Prin-
ter, and a Printer of Newes, and I doe hearken after hem, where ever
they

they be at any rates; I'll give any thing for a good Copie now, be't true or false, so't be newes.

1 HER. A fine youth!

CHRO. And I am for matter of State Gentlemen, by consequence, story, my Chronicle, to fill up my great booke, which must bee three Reames of paper at least; I have agreed with my Stationer aforehand to make it so big, and I want for ten quire yet. I ha' beene here ever since seven a clocke i'the morning to get matter for one page, and I thinke I have it compleate; for I have both noted the number, and the capacity of the degrees here; and told twice over how many candles there are i'th roome lighted, which I will set you downe to a snuffe precisely, because I love to give light to posteritie in the truth of things.

1 HER. This is a finer youth!

FAC. Gentlemen, I am neither Printer, nor Chronologer, but one that otherwise take pleasure i'my Pen: A Factor of newes for all the Shieres of England; I doe write my thousand Letters a weeke ordinary, sometim twelve hundred, and maintaine the businesse at some charge, both to hold up my reputation with mine owne ministers in Towne, and my friends of correspondence in the Countrey; I have friends of all rancks, and of all Religions, for which I keepe an answering Catalogue of dispatch; wherein I have my Puritan newes, my Protestant newes, and my Pontificall newes.

2 HER. A Superlative this!

FAC. And I have hope to erect a Staple for newes ere long, whether all shall be brought, and thence againe vented under the name of Staple-newes; and not trusted to your printed Conundrums of the serpent in *Suffex*, or the witches bidding the Devill to dinner at *Derbie*: Newes, that when a man sends them downe to the Shieres where they are said to be done, were never there to be found.

PRIN. Sir that's all one, they were made for the common people; and why should not they ha' their pleasure in beleeving of lies are made for them, as you have in *Paules* that make 'hem for your selves.

1 HER. There he speakes reason to you sir.

FAC. I confesse it, but it is the Printing I am offended at, I would have no newes printed; for when they are printed they leave to bee newes; while they are written, though they be false, they remaine newes still.

PRIN. See mens divers opinions! It is the Printing of 'hem makes 'hem news to a great many, who will indeed beleeve nothing but what's in Print. For those I doe keepe my Presses, and so many Pens going to bring forth wholsome relations, which once in halfe a score yeares (as the age growes forgetfull) I Print over againe with a new date, and they are of excellent use.

CHRO. Excellent abuse rather.

PRIN. Mr. Chronieler doe not you talke, I shall—

1 HER. Nay Gentlemen, be at peace one with another; wee have enough for you all three, if you dare take upon trust.

PRIN. I dare, I assure you.

FAC. And I, as much as comes.

CHRO. I dare too, but nothing so much as I ha' done; I have beene so cheated with false relations i'my time, as I ha' found it a far harder thing to correct my booke, then collect it.

FAC.

FA. Like enough; but to your newes Gentlemen, whence come they?

1 HER. From the Moone, ours sir.

FAC. From the Moone! which way? by sea? or by Land?

1 HER. By Moone-shine, a neerer way I take it.

PR. Oh by a Trunck! I know it, a thing no bigger than a Flute-case; A neighbour of mine, a spectacle-maker, has drawn the Moone through it at the boare of a whistle, and made it as great as a Drum-head twentie times, and brought it within the length of this Roome to me, I know not how often.

CHR. Tut, that's no newes; your perplexive Glasses are common. No, it will fall out to be *Pythagoras* way I warrant you, by writing, and reading i'th Moone.

PR. Right, and as well read of you, I'faith: for *Cornelius Agrippa* has it, *In disco Luna*, there tis found.

1 HER. Sir, you are lost I assure you; for ours came to you neither by the way of *Cornelius Agrippa*, nor *Cornelius Dribble*.

2 HER. Nor any glasse of--

1 HER. No Philosophers phantasie.

2 HER. Methematicians Perspicill.

1 HER. Or brother of the Rosie crosses intilligence, no forc'd way, but by the neat and cleane power of Poetrie,

2 HER. The Mistris of all discovery.

1 HER. Who after a world of these curious uncertainties, hath employed thither a servant of hers, in search of truth: who has been there--

2 HER. In the Moone.

1 HER. In person,

2 HER. And is this night return'd.

FAC. Where? which is he? I must see his Dog at his girdle, and the bush of thornes at his backe, ere I beleeve it.

1 HER. Doe not trouble your faith then, for if that bush of thornes should prove a goodly Grove of Okes, in what case were you, and your expectation.

2 HER. Those are stale Ensignes o'the Stages, man i'th Moone, deliverd downe to you by musty Antiquitie, and are of as doubtfull credit as the makers.

CHR. Sir, nothing againe Antiquitie I pray you, I must not heare ill of Antiquitie.

1 HER. Oh! you have an old Wife helike, or your venerable Jerkin there, makemuch of hem: Our relation I tell you still is newes.

2 HER. Certaine, and sure newes.

1 HER. Of a new World,

2 HER. And new creatures in that World.

1 HER. In the Orbe of the Moone.

2 HER. Which is now found to be an Earth inhabited!

1 HER. With navigable Seas, and Rivers,

2 HER. Varietie of Nations, Policies, Lawes,

1 HER. With Havens in't, Castles, and Port-Townes!

2 HER. In-land Cities, Boroughs, Hamlets, Faikes, and Markets!

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2 HER. Varietie of Nations, Politicks, Lawes.

1 HER. With Havens in't, Castles, and Port-Townes!

2 HER. In-land Cities, Boroughes, Hamlets, Fairies, and Markets!

1 HER. Hundreds, and Weapon-takes! Forests, Parks, Cony-ground, Meadow-pasture, what not?

2 HE. But differing from ours.

FAC. And has your Poet brought all this?

CH. Troth, here was enough; tis a pretty piece of Poetrie as 'tis.

1 HE. Would you could heare on, though.

2 HE. Gi' your mindes to't a little.

FAC. What Innes, or Alehouses are there there? does he tell you?

1 HE. Truly I have not askt him that.

2 HE. Nor were you best, I beleeve.

FAC. Why, in travaile a man knowes these things without offence; I am sure if he be a good Poet, hee has discover'd a good Taverne in his time.

1 HE. That he has, I should thinke the worse of his Verse else.

PR. And his Prose too i' faith.

CHR. Is he a Mans Poet, or a Womans Poet I pray you?

2 HE. Is there any such difference?

FAC. Many, as betwixt your mans Taylor, and your womans Taylor.

1 HE. How? may we beseech you?

FAC. Ile shew you; your Mans Poet may break out strong and deep i'th mouth, as he said of *Pindar*, *Monte decurrens velut amnis*. But your Womans Poet must flow, and stroak the eare, and (as one of them sayd of himselfe sweetly)

*Must write a Verse as smooth, and calm as Creame,
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce streame.*

2 HE. Ha' you any more on't?

FAC. No, I could never arrive but to this Remnant.

1 HE. Pittie! would you had had the whole piece for a patterne to all Poetrie.

PR. How might we doe to see your Poet? did he undertake this journey (I pray you) to the Moone o' foot?

1 HE. Why doe you aske?

PR. Because one of our greatest Poets (I know not how good a one) went to *Endenburgh* o' foot, and came backe; marry he has beene restive they say ever since; for we have had nothing from him; he has set out nothing I am sure.

1 HE. Like enough, perhaps he has not all in, when he has all in, he he will set out (I warrant you) at least those from whom he had it, it is the very same party that has beene i'th Moone now.

PR. Indeed! has he beene there since? belike he rid thither then.

FAC. Yes Post, upon the Poets horse for a wager.

1 HE. No I assure you, he rather flew upon the wings of his Muse. There are in all but three wayes of going thither; one is *Endymions* way, by rapture in sleepe, or a dreame. The other *Minipus* his way, by wing, which the Poet tooke. The the third, old *Empedocles* way; who when he leapt into *Aetna*, having a drie seare bodie, and light, the smoake took him and whist him up into the Moone, where he lives yet waving up and downe like a feather; all soot and embers comming out of that cole-pit; our Poet met him, and talkt with him.

CHR. In what language good sir?

2 HE. Onely by signes and gestures, for they have no articulate voy-

ces there, but certaine motions to musicke: all the discourse there is harmonic.

FAC. A fine Lunatique language i'faith; how doe their Lawyers then?

2 HER. They are *Pythagorians*; all dumbe as fishes, for they have no controversies to exercise themselves in.

FAC. How doe they live then?

1 HER. O'th deaw o'th Moone like Grashoppers, and conferte with the Doppers.

FAC. Ha' you Doppers?

2 HER. A world of Doppers! but they are there as lunatick persons, walkers onely; that have leave onely to hum, and ha, not daring to prophetic, or start up upon stools to raise doctrine.

1 HER. The brethren of the *Rosie-Crosse* have their Colledge within a mile o'th Moone; a Castle i'th ayre that runs upon wheels with a wing'd lanthorne----

PR. I ha' seen't in print.

2 HER. All the phantasticall creatures you can thinke of, are there.

FAC. 'Tis to be hop'd there are women there then?

1 HER. And zealous women, that will out-groone, the groining wives of *Edinburgh*.

FAC. And Lovers as phantasticke as ours?

2 HER. But none that will hang themselves for Love; or eat candles ends, or drinke to their Mistresse-eyes, till their owne bid'hem good night, as the *Sublunary Lovers* doe.

FAC. No sir?

2 HER. No, some few you shall have, that sigh or whistle themselves away; and those are presently hung up by the heeles like Meteors, with Squibs i'their tayles, to give the wiser sort warning.

PR. Excellent!

FAC. Are there no selfe-Lovers there?

2 HER. There were, but they are all dead of late for want of Taylors.

FAC. S'light what lucke is that? we could have spar'd them a Colonic from hence.

2 HER. I thinke some two or three of them live yet, but they are turn'd *Moone-Calves* by this.

PR. O, I, *Moone-Calves*! what Monster is that I pray you?

2 HER. Monster? none at all; a very familiar thing, like our foole here on earth.

1 HER. The Ladyes there, play with them instead of little Dogges.

FAC. Then there are Ladies?

2 HER. And Knights, and Squires.

FAC. And servants, and Coaches?

1 HER. Yes, but the Coaches are much o'the nature of the Ladies, for they goe onely with wind.

Chro. Pririe, like *China-waggon*s.

FAC. Ha' they any places of meeting with their Coaches, and take-

king the fresh open aire, and then covert when they please, as in our *Hide-Parks*, or for

1 HE. Above all the *Hide-parks* in Christendome, farre more hiding and private, they doe all in clouds there; they walke i'the clouds, they sit i'the clouds, they lie i'the clouds, they ride and tumble i'the clouds, their very Coaches are clouds.

PR. But ha' they no Carmen to meet and breake their Coaches?

2 HE. Alas! Carmen, they will over a Carman there, as hee will doe a Child here; you shall have a Coachman with cheekes like a trumpeter, and a wind in his mouth blow him afore him as farre as he can see him; or skirre over him with his batts wings a mile and a halfe, ere hee can sterre his wry necke to looke where he is.

FAC. And they ha' their new Wells too, and phisicall waters I hope to visit all time of yeares.

1 HE. Your *Tunbridge*, or the *Spaw* it selfe are meere puddle to'em: When the pleasant moneths o'the yeare come, they all flocke to certaine broken Islands which are called there, the *Isles of delight*:

FAC. By clouds still.

1 HE. What else? Their Boates are clouds too.

2 HE. Or in a mist; the mists are ordinary i'the Moone, a man that owes money there, needs no other protection; onely buy a mist and walk in't, hee's never discern'd, a matter of a *Banbee* doe's it.

1 HE. Onely one Island they have, is call'd the Isle of the *Epecanes*, because there under one Article both kindes are signified, for they are fashioned alike, male and female the same, not heads and broad hats, short doublets, and long points; neither do they ever untrusse for distinction, but laugh and lie downe in Moone-shine, and stab with their ponyards; you doe not know the delight of the *Epecanes* in Moon-shine.

2 HE. And when they ha' tasted the springs of pleasure enough, and bild, and kist, and are readie to come away; the shee's only lay certain egges (for they are never with Child there,) and of those egges are disclosed a race of Creatures like men, but are indeed a sort of Fowle, in part covered with feathers (they call'hem *Volateers*), that hop from Island to Island, you shall see a covey of hen if you please presently.

1 HE. Yes faith, tis time to exercise their eies, for their eares begin to be wearie.

2 HE. *Then know, we doe not move these wings so soone,
On which our Poet mounted to the Moone
Menippus-like; but all twixt it and us,
Thus clears and helpes to the presentment, thus.*

The Antimaske of Volateers.

2 HE. **V**VE have all this while (though the *Muses Herald*) adventured to tell your Majestie no newes; for hitherto we have mov'd rather to your delight, than your belife. But now be pleased to expect a more noble discovery worthis of your care, as the object will be your eye; A race of your owne form'd, animated, lightned, and heightned by you, who rapt above the Moone far in speculation of your vertues, have remain'd their intranc'd certaine houres, with

with wonder of the pietie, wisdom, Majesty reflected by you, on them,
from the Divine light, to which onely you are lesse. These by how much
higher they have beene carried from earth to contemplate your great-
nesse, have now conceiv'd the more haste and hope in this their returne
home to approach your goodnesse, and led by that excellent likenesse
of your selfe, the truth uniting *Præritum* endeavour, that all their mo-
tions be form'd to the musicke of your peace, and have their ends in your
favour, which alone is able to resolve and thaw the cold they have pre-
sently contracted in coming through the colder Region.

They descend and shake off their spots.

I. Song.

How ere the brightnesse may amaze,
Move you, and stand not still at gaze;
As dazzled with the light;
But with your motions fill the place,
And let their fulnesse win your Grace,
Till you collect your sight.
So while the warmth you doe confesse,
And temper of these Raies no lesse,
To quicken then refine:
You may by knowledge grow more bold,
And so more able to behold
The bodie whence they shine.

The first Dance followes.

II. Song.

Now looke and see in yonder throne,
How all those beames are cast from one.
This is that Orbe so bright,
Has kept your wonder so awake;
Whence you as from a mirror take
The Suns reflected light:
Read him as you would doe the booke
Of all perfection, and but looke
What his proportions be,
No measure that is thence contriv'd,
Or any motion thence deriv'd,
But is pure harmonic.

Maine Dance, and Revells.

III. Song.

Not that we thinke you wearie be,
That did this motion give, *for he*
And made it so long live,

Could

Could likewise give it perpetuie.
 Nor that we doubt you have not more,
 and store
 Of changes to delight,
 For they are infinite,
 As is the power that brought forth those before.
 But since the earth is of his name,
 and fame
 So full you cannot adde,
 Be both the first, and glad
 To speake him to the Region whence you came.

The last Dance.

III. Song.

Looke, looke alreadie where I am,
 bright fame,
 Got up unto the skie,
 thus high,
 Vpon my better wing,
 to sing

The knowing King,
 And make the musicke here,
 With yours on earth the same.

CHORUS. { Foye then to tell his name,
 and say but JAMES is he;
 All eares will take the voyce,
 And in the tune rejoyce,
 Or trush hath left to breath, and fame hath left to be.

1 HER. See, what is that this musicke brings,
 And is so carried in the ayre about?

2 HER. Fame that doth nourish the renoune of Kings,
 And keeps that fayre, which envie would blot out.

The End.

A
MASQUE OF
 THE
METAMORPHOSD
THE GYPSIES.

AS
IT WAS THRICE
PRESENTED TO
KING JAMES.

FIRST,
AT BURLEIGH
on the Hill.

NEXT,
AT BELVOYR.

AND LASTLY,
AT WINDSOR.

AUGUST,
1621.

THE
PROLOGUE
AT WINDSOR.

A S many blessings as there be bones
In *Prologue's* fingers and all at ones,
Held up in *Andrew's* Crosse for the nones.

Light on you good Master,
I dare be no waster
Of time, or of speech
Where you are in place:
I onely beseech
You take in good grace,
Our following the Court,
Since 'tis for your sport
To have you still merrie,
And not make you wearie.
We may strive to please,

So long (some will say) till we grow a discase

But you Sir, that twice

Have grac't us alreadie, encourage to thrice,
Wherein if our boldnesse your patience invade,
Forgive us the fault that your favour hath made.

THE
SPEECH AT THE
KINGS ENTRANCE
AT BURLEIGH.

IF for our thoughts there could but speech be found,
And all that speech be uttered in one sound;
So that some power above us would afford
The means to make a language of a word,
It should be welcome: In that onely voyce
We would receive, retaine, enjoy, rejoyce,
And all effects of love, and life dispence,

Till it were call'd a copious eloquence:
For should we vent our spirits (now you are come,)
In other syllables, were as to be dumbe:

Welcome, O welcome then, and enter here,
The House your bounty hath built, and still doth reere
With those high favours, and those heap't increases,
Which shewes a hand not greiv'd, but when it ceases:
The Master is your creature, as the place;
And every good about him is your grace:
Whom though he stand by silent, thinke not rude,
But as a man turn'd all to gratitude.

For what he never can hope, how to restore,
Since while he meditates one, you heape on more:
Forthsafe to thinke, he onely is oppress'd
With their abundance, not that in his breast
His powers are stupid grown: for please you enter
Him, and his house, and search them to the center:
You'll finde within no thunders, or vomes thereo' shorter;
For having troas'd thus much to his Porters

The

THE
GYPSIES
METAMORPHOSD.

Enter a Gypsie, leading a Horse laden with five little Children bound in a trace of scarffes upon him. A second, leading another Horse laden with stoll'n Poultry: The first leading Gypsie speaks, being thus

JACKMAN.

Roome for the five Princes of Egypt, mounted all upon the Horse like the four Sonnes of Aymon, to make the miracle the more, by a head, if it may be: gaze upon them, as on the Offspring of Ptolomie, begotten upon severall *Clapnetts*, in their severall Counties, especially on this brave Spawke brooke out of *Flora's* side, upon Justice Fugges Daughter then Sheriff of the County, who running away with a kinsman of our Captaine; and her Father pursuing her to the Marshes, Hee great with Justice, She great with Juggling, they were both for the time turn'd stone upon the sight each of other, in *Chelton*: Till at last (see the Wonder) A Jugg of the Towne Ale reconciling them, the memoriall of both their gravities, his in beard, and hers in bellie, hath remain'd ever since preserv'd in picture upon the most stone Jug of the Kingdome. The famous impe yet grew a wretchecke, and though for seven yeares together, he were very carefully carried at his mothers backe, rock'd in a cradle of Welch-cheese, like a Maggot, and there fed with broken beere, and blowne wine o the best dayly, yet looks he, as if he never saw his *Guinquennium*. Tis true, he can thread needles o horse-backe, to draw a yard of intide through his nose: But what's that to a growne Gypsie, one of the blood, and of his time if he had thriv'd: Therefore, till with his painefull Progenitors, he be able to beat it off the hard hoofe, or the bene *Bawse*, or the *Starling*, *Ken* to nip a *Fan*, and *Cly* the *Fack*; tis thought fit he march in the Infants equipage.

*With the Convoy, Cheats, and peckage,
Out of Clutch of Harman Beckage,
To their libkins at the Crackmans,
Or some skipper of the Blackmans.*

2 Gypsies

2 GIPSIE.

WHere the Cacklers, but no *Grunters*;
 Shall uncas'd be for the *Hunters*;
 Those we still must keepe alive;
 I, and put them out to thrive
 In the *Parkes*, and in the *Chases*,
 And the finer walled places,
 As Saint *James-es*, *Greenwich*, *Tibballs*,
 Where the *Acornes* plump as *Chibballs*,
 Soone shall change both kinde and name;
 And proclaime'em the *Kings game*.
 So the act no harme may be
 Unto their keeper *Barnabee*;
 It will prove as good a service,
 As did ever *Gipsie Jervice*,
 To our *Captaine Charles* the tall man,
 And a part too of our *Salmon*.

JACKMAN.

IF we here be a little obscure, it is our pleasure; for rather than wee
 will offer to be our owne interpreters, we are resolv'd not to be un-
 derstood: yet if any man doubt of the significancie of the language, wee
 referre him to the third vollume of reports, set forth by the learned in
 the lawes of *Canting*, and published in the *Gippies* tongue: Give me my
Guitarra, and roome for our *Chiefe*.

Dance.

Which is the entrance of the *Captaine*, with sixe more attendant;
 After which the *Jackman* sings.

Song.

From the famous *Peacke* of *Darby*,
 And the *Devills* arse there hard-by,
 Where we yearly keepe our *musters*,
 Thus the *Egiptians* throng in clusters.
 Be not frighted with our *fashian*,
 Though we seeme a *tattered Nation*,
 We account our *raggies*, and *riches*,
 So our *tricks* exceed our *stitches*.
 Give us *Bacon*, *rindes* of *Walnuts*,
Shells of *Cockles*, and of *Smalnuts*;
Ribands, *bells*, and *Safron* *lynnen*,
 All the *World* is ours to winne in.
Knackes we have that will delight you,
Sight of *hand* that will invite you,
 To endure our *tawny* faces.

Wo. *Quit your places, and not cause you cut your laces.
 All your fortunes we can tell yee,
 Be they for the backe or bellie;
 In the Moodes too, and the Tenses;
 That may fit your fine five senses.
 Draw but then your gloves we pray you,
 And sit still, we will not fray you;
 For though we be heare at Burley,
 Wee'd be loth to make a hurly.*

PATRICO.

STay my sweet Singer,
 The touch of thy finger,
 A little, and linger;
 For me that am bringer
 Of bound to the border,
 The rule and Recorder,
 And mouth of the order,
 As Priest of the game,
 And Prelate of the same.

THer's a *Gentry Cove* here,
 Is the top of the Shiere,
 Of the *Bever Ken*,
 A man among men;
 You need not to feare,
 I have an eye, and an eare
 That turnes here and there,
 To looke to our geare.

Some say that there be
 One or two, if not three,
 That are greater then he.

ANd for the *Roome-Morts*,
 I know by their ports,
 And their jollie resorts,
 They are of the forts
 That love the true sports
 Of King *Ptolemee*,
 Of great *Coriphæus*,
 And *Queene Cleopatra*,
 The *Gippies* grand *Matra*.
 Then if we shall sharke it,
 Here *Fayre* is, and *Market*.
 Leave *Pig by*, and *Goose*,
 And play fast, and loose,
 A short cut, and long,
 Some inch of a fong,
Pythagoras long,

Drawne out of a pot,
 With what sayes *Alchindus*;
 And *Pharoses Indus*,
John de Indagine
 With all their *Pagine*
 Of faces and *Palmistrie*,
 And this is *Almistrie*.

Lay by your wimbles,
 Your boring for thimbles;
 Or using your nimbles,
 In diving the pockets,
 And sounding the sockets
 Of *Simper-the Cockets*;
 Or angling the purses,
 Of such as will curse us;
 But in the strict duell
 Be merry, and cruell,
 Strike faire at some jewell,
 That mine may accrue well,
 For that is the fuel,
 To make the Town brew well,
 And the pot wring well,
 And the braine sing well,
 Which we may bring well
 About by a string well,
 And doe the thing well.
 It is but a straine
 Of true legerdemaine,
 Once twice and againe.
 Or what will you say now
 If with our fine play now,
 Our feates, and our fingring,
 Here without lingring;
 Cosening the fights
 Of the Lords, and the knights,
 Some one of their Georges
 Come off to save charges.
 Or what will you say now
 If with our fine play now,
 Our knackes, and our dances,
 We worke on the fancies
 Of some of these Nauties,
 These trinkets, and tripfies,
 And make'em turne Gipsies,
 Heer's no Justice Lippus
 Will seeke for to nip us,
 In *Crampring*, or *Cippus*,
 And then for to strip us,
 And after to whip us.
 His justice to vary,

While here we doe tarry;
 But be wise, and wary,
 And we may both carry,
 The *Kate*, and the *Mary*,
 And all the bright æ'ry,
 Away to the quarry.
 The George and the Garter,
 Into our owne quarter;
 Or durst I goe further
 In methood and order:
 Ther's a purse and a Seale,
 I have a great minde to steale.
 That when our tricks are done,
 We might seale our owne pardon,
 All this we may doe,
 And a great deale more too,
 If our brave *Ptolomee*,
 Will but say follow mee.

3. GIPSIE.

Captaine, if ever at the *Boxing Ken*,
 You have in draught of *Darby* drill'd your men;
 And we have ser'd there armed all in Ale,
 With the browne bowle, and charg'd in bragget stale;
 If muster'd thus, and disciplin'd in drinke,
 In our long watches we did never shrink,
 But so commanded by you kept our station,
 As we preserv'd our selves a royall Nation;
 And never yet did branch of Statute breake,
 Made in your famous Pallas of the Peake.
 If we have deem'd, that Mutton, Lambe, or Veale,
 Chicke, Capon, Turkey, sweetest we did steale;
 As being by our *Magna Charta* taught
 To judge no urands wholesome that are bought.
 If for our Linnen we still us'd the list,
 And with the hedge (our trades increafe) made shift;
 And ever at your solemne feast, and calls,
 We have beene readie with the *Egyptian* bralls;
 To set *Kit Callet* forth in Prose or Rhime,
 Or who was *Cleopatra* for the time.
 If we have done this, that, more, such, or so,
 Now lend your care but to the *Parico*.

CAPTAINE.

Well, Dance another straine, and wee'l thinke how

Dance 2.

1. Straine. Song 2.

THe faery beame upon you,
The starres to glister on you;
A Moone of light,
In the noone of night,
Till the Fire-drake hath ore gon you;
The wheele of fortune guide you,
The Boy with the bow beside you;
Runne aye in the way;
Till the bird of day,
And the luckier lot betide you.

CAPTAINE.

Blesse my sweet Masters, the old, and the young,
From the gall of the heart, and the stroke of the tongue;
With you luckie Bird I begin, let me see,
Iayme at the best, and I trow you are he,
Heer's some lucke already, if I understand
The grounds of mine Art; here's a Gentlemans hand.
Ile kisse it for lucks sake, you shall by this line
Love a Horse, and a Hound; but no part of a swine.
To hunt the brave Stagge, not so much for the food,
As the weale of your bodie, and the health o' your blood.
You a man of good meanes, and have Territories store
Both by Sea, and by Land; and were borne Sir to more,
Which you like a Lord, and the Prince of your peace,
Content with your havings, dispise to increase:
You are no great Wencher, I see by your table,
Although your *Mons Veneris* sayes you are able;
You live chaste, and single, and have buried your Wife,
And meane not to marrie, by the line of your life.
Whence he that conjectures, your qualitie learns,
You are an honest good man, and care of your Barnes.
Your *Mercuries* hill roo, a wit doth betoken,
Some booke-craft you have; and are pretty well spoken.
But stay, in your *Jupiters* mount, what's here?
A King, a Monarch; what wonders appeare!
High, Bountifull, Just: a Fove for your parts,
A Master of men, and that Reigne in their hearts.

Ile tell it my trayne,
And come to you againe.

Song 3.

To the old, long life and treasure,
 To the young, all health and pleasure;
 To the faire, their face
 With eternall grace,
 And the foule to be lov'd at leisure.

To the witty, all cleare mirrors,
 To the foolish, their darke errors;
 To the loving sprite,
 A secure delight,
 To the jealous his owne false terrors.

After which the Kings fortune is pursued by the

CAPTAINE.

Could any doubt that saw this hand,
 Or who you are, or what command
 You have upon the fate of things;
 Or would not say you were let downe
 From Heaven, on earth to be the Crowne,
 And top of all your neighbour Kings?
 To see the wayes of truth you take,
 To sallance businesse, and to make
 All Christian differences cease.
 Or till the quarrell, and the cause
 You can compose, to give them lawes,
 As arbitror of Warre, and Peace.
 For this, of all the world you shall
 Be stiled *JAMES*, the just, and all
 Their states dispose, their Sons and daughters,
 And for your fortune you alone,
 Among them all shall worke your owne,
 By peace, not by humane slaughters:
 But why doe I presume, though true,
 To tell a Fortune, Sir, to you,
 Who are the maker here of all;
 Where none doe stand, or sit in view,
 But owe their fortune unto you,
 At least what they good fortunes call?
 My selfe a *Gipsie* here doe shine,
 Yet are you maker, Sir, of mine.
 Oh that confession could content
 So high a bounty, that doth know
 No part of motion, but to flow,
 and giving never to repent.
 May still the matter wayte your hand,
 That it not feele, or stay, or stand,
 but all desert still over charge.

And

And may your goodnesse ever finde
In me whom you have made, a minde;
As thankfull as your owne is large.

1 Dance. 2 Straine.

After which, the Princes fortune is offered at by the

2 GIPSIE.

AS my Captaine hath begun
With the Sire, I take the Sonne,
Your hand Sir.

Of your fortune be secure,
Love, and she, are both at your
Command Sir.

See what States are here at strife,
Who shall tender you a Wife,
A brave one;

And a fitter for a man,
Then is offer'd here, you can
Not have one.

She is Sister of a starre,
One the noblest now that are,
Bright Hesper.

Whom the Indians in the East,
Phosphore call, and in the West,
Hight Vesper.

Courses even with the Sunne,
Doth her mighty brother runne,
For splendor.

What can to the marriage night,
More then morne, and evening light
Attend her?

Save the promise before day,
Of a little *Fames* to play
Hertafter.

Twixt his Grandfiers knees, and move
All the pretty wayes of love,
And laughter.

Whil'st with care you strive to please,
In your giving his cares ease,
And labours;

And by being long the ayd
Of the *Empire*, make a frayd
Ill Neighbours.

Till your selfe shall come to see
What we wish, yet farr to be
Attending:

For it skills not when, or where
That begins, which cannot feare
An ending.

Since

Since your name in peace, or warres,
Nought shall bound untill the starres
up take you.

2 Dance. Staine 3:

After which, the Ladie Marques Buckingham by the

3 Gipsie:

Hurle after an old shooe;
Ile be merrie what ever I doe,
Though I keepe no time,
My words shall chyme;
Ile over-take the sence with a ryme.

Face of a rose
I pray thee depose
Some small piece of silver: It shall be no losse;
But onely to make the signe of the crosse;
If your hand you hallow,
Good fortune will follow.

I swear by these ten,
You shall have it agen,
I doe not say when.
But Ladie, either I am tipsie,
Or you are to fall in love with a Gipsie;
Blush not Dame Kate,
For early, or late,

I doe assure you it will be your fate;
Nor need you be once asham'd of it Madam,
Hee's as handsome a man, as ever was Adam.

A man out of waxe,
As a Ladie would axe,
Yet hee's not to wed yee:
H'has enjoyd you alreadie,
And I hope he has sped yee.
A dainty yong fellow,
And though he looke yellow,
He never will be jealous,
But love you most zealous.

There's never a line in your hand but doth tell us.
And you are a soule so white, and so chaste,
A table so smooth, and so newly raste,

As nothing cald foule;
Dare approach with a blot,
Or any least spot.

But still you controule,
Or make your owne lot,
Preserving love pure as it first was begot:

But Dame I must tell yee,
The fruit of your bellie,

Is that you must tender,
And care so to render;
That as your selfe came
In blood, and in name,
From one house of fame,
So that may remaine
The glory of twaine.

2 Dance. 4 Straine.

After which, the Countesse of Rutlands by the

3 GIPSIE.

You sweet Ladie have a hand too,
And a fortune you may stand too;
Both your brav'ry, and your bounty
Stile you Mistris of the County;
You will finde it from this nighr;
Fortune shall forget her spight,
And heape all the blessings on you,
That she can poure out upon you;
To be lov'd, where most you love,
Is the worst that you shall prove;
And by him to be imbrac't,
Who so long hath knowne you chaste,
Wife, and faire, whil'st you renew
Joyes to him, and he to you:
And when both your yeares are told,
Neither thinke the other old.

And the Countesse of Exeters by the

PATRICO

MAdam we know of your coming so late;
We could not well fit you a nobler fate
Then what you have readie made;
An old mans wife,
Is the light of his life,
A young one is but his shade.
You will not importune,
The change of your fortune;
For if you dare trust to my forecasting,
T'is presently good, and will be lasting.

Dance 2. 3 Straine.

After which, the Countesse of Buckinghams by the

4 GIPSIE.

Your pardon Ladie, here you stand,
If some should judge you by your hand
The greatestt fellow in the Land
Detected;

I cannot tell you by what Arts,
But you have stolne so many hearts,
As they would make you at all parts

Suspected.

Your very face first, such a one
As being view'd it was alone,
Too slipperie to be lookt upon;

And threw men:

But then your graces they were such,
As none could er'e behold too much;
Both ev'ry taste, and ev'ry touch

So drew men:

Still blest in all you thinke, or doe;
Two of your Sons are *Gipsies* too,
You shall our *Queene* be, and see who

Importunes

The heart of either yours, or you;
And doth not with both *George*, and *Sue*,
And every *Barne* besides, all new

Good fortunes:

The Lady Putbecks by the

2 GIPSI.

HElpe me wonder, her's a booke,
Where I would for ever looke;
Never yet did *Gipsie* trace,
Smoother lines in hands, or face:
Venus here doth *Saturne* move
That you should be *Queene* of love;
And the other *Starres* consent,
Onely *Cupid* not content;
For though you the theft disguise,
You have told him of his eyes:
And to shew his envie further,
Here he chargeth you with murder;
Sayes, although that at your sight,
He must all his troches light;
Though your either cheeks discloses;
Mingled bathes of milke and *Roses*,
Though your lips be bankes of blisses;
Where he plants, and gathers kisses;
And your selfe the reason why;
Wise men for love may dye,
You will turne all hearts to tinder,
And shall make the World once kinder:

And

And the Ladie Elizabeth Hattons by the

5 GIPSIER.

Mistris, of a fayrer table
Hath not history, nor fable;
Others fortunes may be showne,
You are builder of your owne.
And what ever Heav'n hath given you,
You preserve the state still in you,
That which time would have depart;
Youth without the helpe of Art,
You doe keepe still, and the glory
Of your Sexe, is but your story.

The Lord Chamberlaine by the

JACKMAN.

THough you Sir be Chamberlaine, I have a key
To open your fortune alittle by the way;
You are a good man,
Deny it that can;
And faithfull you are,
Deny it that dare.

You know how to use your sword and your Pen;
And you love not alone the Arts, but the men;
The graces and Muses ev'ry where follow
You, as you were their second *Apollo*;
Onely your hand here tells you to your face,
You have wanted one grace,
To performe, what has beene a right of your place;
For by this line which is *Mars* his Trench,
You never yet help'd your Master to a Wench:
Tis well for your honour hee's pious, and chaste;
Or you had most certainly beene displac't.

Dance 2. Straine 3.

The Lord Keepers fortune by the

PATRICO.

AS happie a Palme Sir, as most i'the Land;
It should be a pure, and an innocent hand;
And worthie the trust;
For it sayes youle be just,
And carry that Purse;
Without any curle
Of the Publick-weale;
When you take out the Scale;

You

You doe not appeare,
 A Judge of a yeare,
 Ile venter my life
 You never had wife,
 But ile venter my skill,
 You may when you will.
 You have the Kings conscience too in your brest,
 And that's a good guest;
 Which you will have true touch of,
 And yet not make much of,
 More then by truth your selfe forth to bring,
 The man that you are, for God, and the King.

The Lord Treasurers fortune by the

3 GIPSIES.

I Come to borrow, and you'le grant my demand Sir,
 Since tis for no money, pray lend me your hand Sir;
 And yet this good hand if you please to stretch it,
 Had the Errant beene money, could easily fetch it;
 You command the Kings treasure, and yet on my soule
 You handle not much, for your palme is not foule:
 Your fortune is good, and will be to set
 The Office upright, and the King out of debt;
 To put all that have Pensions soone out of their paine,
 By bringing th' Exchequer in credit againe.

The Lord Privie-Seales,

2 GIPSIES.

Honest, and old,
 In those the good part of a fortune is told;
 God send you your health,
 The rest is provided, honour, and wealth;
 All which you possesse,
 Without the making of any man lesse,
 Nor need you my warrant, enjoy it you shall,
 For you have a good Privie-Scale for it all.

The Earle Marshalls,

3 GIPSIES.

Next the great Master, who is the Donor,
 I reade you here the preserver of honour,
 And spie it in all your singular parts,
 What a father you are, and a nurse of the Arts:
 By cherishing which, a way you have found,
 How the free to all, to one may be bound,
 And they againe love their bonds, for to be
 Obliged to you, is the way to be free:

But

But this is their fortune; Hearken to your owne,
Yours shall be to make true Gentry knowne
From the fictitious, not to prize blood
So much by the greatnesse, as by the good;
To shew, and to open cleere vertue the way;
Both whether she should, and how farre she may;
And whilst you doe judge twixt valour, and noyse
To'extinguish the race of the roaring boyes.

The Lord Stewards by the

4 GIPSI E.

I finde by this hand
You have the command
Of the very best mans house in the land:
Our Captaine, and wee,
Ere long will see
If you keepe a good table,
Your Master's able.
And here be bountifull lines that say
You'le keepe no part of his bounty away!
Thus written to Franke
On your *Tennis* banke;
To prove a false steward you'le find much adoe;
Being a true one by blood, and by office too.

Lord Marquesse Hamiltons by the

3 GIPSI E.

O Nely your hand, and welcome to Court;
Here is a man both for earnest, and sport:
You were lately employ'd
And your Masteris joy d
To have such in his traine
So well can sustaine
His person abroad,
And not shrinke for the load;
But had you beene here,
You should have beene a *Gipsie* I sweare;
Our Captaine had summond you by a doxie,
To whom you would not have answer'd by proxie,
One, had she come in the way of your Scepter,
Tis ods, you had layd it by to have leapt her.

The Earle of Buckclongs by the

PATRICKO.

A Hunter you have beene heretofore,
And had game good store,

But

But ever you went
 Upon a new fent,
 And shifted your loves
 As often as they did their smockes, or their gloves:
 But since that your brave intendments are
 Now bent for the warre,
 The world shall see
 You can constant be,
 One Mistris to prove,
 And court her for your love.
Pallas, shall be both your *Sword*, and your *Gage*;
Truth, beare your *Shield*, and fortune your *Page*.

PATR. **W**Hy this is a sport,
 See it *North*, see it *South*,
 For the taste of the *Court*,

JACK. For the *Courts* own mouth.
 Come *Windsor*, the *Towne*,
 With the *Mayor*, and oppose,
 Weell pur them all downe,

PATR. Do--do--downe like my hose.
 A *Gipsie* in his shape
 More calls the beholder,
 Then the fellow with the *Ape*,

JAC. Or the *Ape* on his shoulder.
 H's a fight that will take
 An old Judge from his *Wench*,
 I, and keepe him awake,

PAT. Yes, awake on the *Bench*:
 And has so much worth,
 Though he sit i' the *stocks*,
 He will draw the *Girls* forth,

JAC. I, forth i' their *smocks*.
 Tut, a man's a man;
 Let the *Clownes* with their *Sluts*
 Come mend us if they can,

PAT. If they can, for their guts.
 Come mend us, come lend us, their shouts, and their noyse,
 BOTH. Like thunder, and wonder at *Ptolomies* boyes.

2 Dance. 6 *Strasse*, which leads into Dance 3.

During which, Enter the *Clownes*,

COCKRELL, CLOD, TOWNSHED, PUPPIS.

COCK. **O**H the Lord! what be these? *Tom* dost thou know?
 Come hither, come hither *Dick*, didst thou ever see
 such? the finest Olive-colour'd spirits, they have so danc'd, and gingled
 here, as if they had beene a sett of over-growne *Fayries*.

CLO.

CLO. They should be Morris-dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins:

CO. No, nor a Hobby-horse.

CL. Oh, hees often forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no *Mayd-marian*, nor *Friar* amongst them, which is the surer marke.

CO. Nor a Foole that I see.

CL. Unlesse they be all fooles.

TOVV. Well sed *Tom foole*; why thou simple pish Ass! thou! didst thou never see any *Gipsies*? these are a covie of *Gipsies*, and the bravest new-come, that ever Constable flew at; goodly game *Gipsies*, they are *Gipsies* o' this yeare, o' this Moone in my conscience.

CL. Oh they are called the Moone men I remember now!

COC. One shall hardly see such gentleman-like-*Gipsies*, though under a hedge in a whole Summers day, if they be *Gipsies*.

TOVV. Male *Gipsies* all, not a *Mort* among them.

PUP. Where? where? I could never endure the sight of these *Rogues* *Gipsies*, which be they? I would faine see'em.

CL. Yonder they are.

PUP. Can they *Can*, or *Mill*? are they masters of their Arts?

TO. No bachelours these, they cannot have proceeded so farre; they have scarce had their time to be lowlie yet.

PU. All the better; I would be acquainted with them while they are in cleane life, the'ile doe their tricks the cleanlier.

COC. We must have some musick then, and take out the Wenches.

PUP. Musick, wee'll have a whole poverty of pipers, call cheeks upon the Bagpipe, and *Tom Ticklefoot* with his Tabor; see where he comes!

CO. I, and all the good wenches of *Windser*; after him, yonder is *Prue* o' the Parke,

TOVV. And *Frances* o' the Castle;

PUP. And long *Meg* of *Eaton*;

CLO. And *Christian* o' *Dorny*.

TOVV. See the miracle of a Minstrell.

CO. Hees able to muster up the smocks of the two Shieres;

PU. And set the *Codpees* and they by th'ea res at pleasure.

TO. I cannot hold now, ther's my groat, let's have a fit for mirth sake.

CO. Yes, and the'ile come about us for lucke sake.

PU. But looke to our pockets, and purses, for our own sake.

CL. I, I have the greatest charge; gather the money.

CO. Come *Girls*, here be *Gipsies* come to town, let's dance'em down.

The Clownes take out their Wenches.

PRUDENCE, FRANCES, MEGGE, CHRISTIAN.

Country Dance.

During which, the Gipsies come about them prying, and after the

PATRICO.

Sweet *Doxies*, and *Dells*,
My *Roses*, and *Knells*,
Scarce out of the shells,
Your hands nothing ells.

Wering you no knells
 With our Ptolomies bells,
 Though we come from the fells,
 But bring you good spells,
 And tell you some chances,
 In midst of your dances,
 That fortune advances,
 To Prudence, or Frances;
 To Sisly, or Harry,
 To Roger, or Mary,
 Or Pegge of the Dary;
 To Maudlin, or Thomas,
 Then do not runne from us,
 Although we looke tawny,
 We are healthie, and branny,
 What ere your demand is,
 Weell give you no jaundis.

PUP. Say you so old *Gipsie*? 'slid these go too't in rymes; this is better then cawting by tone halfe.

TO. Nay, you shall heare'em; peace, they begin with *Prudence*, mark that.

PUP. The wiser *Gipsie's* the Marry.

TO. Are you advis'd?

PUP. Yes, and ile stand too't, that a wise *Gipsie* (take him at time o' year) is as pollique a peece of flesh, as most Justices in the County where hee stalkes.

3 GIP. To love a Keeper, your fortune will bee;
 But the *Doucets* better then him, or his fee.

TO. Ha *Prue*, has he hit you it'h teeth with a sweet bit?

PU. Let her alone, shee'll swallow well enough; A learned *Gipsie*.

TO. You'le heare more hereafter.

PU. Marry, and ile listen; who stands next? *Jack Cockrell*.

You'le ha' good lucke to horse-flesh o'my life,

You plow'd so late with the Vicars wife.

PU. A Prophet, a prophet, no *Gipsie*; or if he be a *Gipsie*, a divine *Gipsie*.

TO. Mark *Frances*, now shee's going too't, the virginitic o'the Parish.

PAT. Feare nor, in hell you le never lead Apes;

A mortifi'd mayden, of five scapes.

PU. Birlady he toucht the virgin string there a little too hard, they are arrant learned men all I see; what say they upon *Tom, Clod, List*.

1 GIP. *Clods* feet will in *Christmas* goe neere to be bare,
 When he has lost all his honayles at Post and paire.

PU. Has hit the right nayle o'th head, his owne game.

TO. And the very mettall he deales in at play if you marke it.

PU. Peace, who's this? *Long Meg*?

TO. *Long*, and foule *Meg*, if she be a *Meg*, as ever I saw of her inches; pray God they fit her with a faire fortune.

PU. They slip her, and treat upon *Tickle-foot*.

1 GIP. On Sundayes you robbe the poores boxe with your tabor,
 The Collectors would doe it, you save them a labor.

PU.

PUP. Faith but a little, they'le doe it *non upstam*.

TO. Heer's my little *Christian*, forget, ha you any fortune left for her, a straight-lac'd *Christian* of fixteene.

PAT. *Christian* shall get her a loose bodide-gowne, In tri'mge, how a Gentleman differs from a Clowne.

PUP. Is that a fortune for a *Christian*; a *Turke*, or a *Gipsie* could not have told her a worse.

TO. Come, Ile stand my selfe, and once venter the poore head o'the Towne, doe your worst, my name's *Townshhead*, and heers my hand Ile not be angry.

3 GIP. A *Cuckold* you must be, and that for three lives;
Your owne, the Parsons, and your Wives.

TO. I sweare Ile never marry for that, an't be but to give fortune my foe the lye; Com *Pan Puppie* you must in too;

PUP. No, I'me well enough, I would ha' no good fortune an I might:

PAT. Yet looke to your selfe, you'le ha some ill luck,
And shortly, for I have his purse at a plucke:

*Away birds Mum;
I heare by the Hum;
If Beck-harman come,
Hee'le strike us all dumbe;
With a noyse like a Drum;
Let's give him our roome;
Here, this way some,
And that way others;
We are not all brothers;
Leave me to the cheats;
Ile shew em some feates.*

PUP. What! are they gone? flowne all of a sudden? this is fine i'faith? a covie call y'em, they are a covie soone scatter'd mee thinke, who sprung'em I marle?

TO. Marry your selfe *Puppie* for ought I know, you quested last.

CLO. Would he had quested first, and sprung y'em an 'owre agoe, for mee.

TO. Why! what's the matter man?

CLO. 'Slid, they ha' sprung my purse, and all I had about me.

So. They ha' not, ha'they?

CLO. As I am true *Clod*, ha'they, and ransacked me of every penny; outcept I were with child with an owle (as they say) I never saw such lucke, it's enough to make a man a whore.

PUP. Hold thy peace, thou talk'st as if thou had'st a license to lose thy purse alone in this company; 'slid here be those can lose a purse in honour of the *Gipsies*, as well as thou for thy heart, and never make word of it: I ha' lost my purse too.

COC. What was there i'thy purse, thou keep'st such a whining; was the lease of thy house in it.

PU. Or thy *Grannams* silver ring.

CI. No, but a *Mill* sixe-pence I lov'd as dearly, and a 2 pence I had to spend over and above, besides, the *Harper* that was gathered amongst us, to pay the *Piper*.

TOM. Our whole stocke, is that gone? how will *Tom Tickle-foot* doe to wet his whistle then?

PUP. Marry, a new collection, ther's no musicke else matters, hee can ill pipe that wanes his upper lippe, Money.

PRU. They have robb'd me too of a dainty race of ginger, and a jerring I had, to draw Jacke draw hether a holydayes.

TOM. Is't possible? fine finger'd *Gippies* i' faith.

MA. And I have lost an enchanted Nutmegge, all guilded over, was enchanted at *Oxford* for mee, to put i' my sweet-hearts Ale a mornings, with a row of white-pins that pricke me to the very heart, the losse of them.

CLO. And I have lost, besides my purse, my best bride-lace I had at *Foane Turners* wedding, and a halpeworth of hobnayles: *Francis Addebrech* has lost somewhat too, besides her Mayden-head.

FRA. I have lost my thimble, and a skeine of *Coventry-blew* I had to worke *Gregory Lichfield* a handkercheife.

CHR. And I unhappie *Christian* as I am, have lost my Practice of Pietie, with a bowed groat, and the ballet of *Whoope Barnibie*, which grieves me ten times worse.

CLO. And *Tickle-foot* h'as lost his cloute he sayes, with a three pence and foure tokens in't, besides his *Tabouring-sticke* ev'n now.

CO. And I my knife and sheath, and my fine *Dogs-leather* gloves.

TO. H'a we lost never a dogge amongst us, wher's *Puppie*.

PUP. Here goodman *Townshead*, you have nothing to lose it seemes, but the *Towne-braines* you are trusted with.

O H my deare marrowes!
No shooting of arrowes,
Or shafts of your wit,
Each other to hit,
In your skirmishing fit?
Your store is but small,
Then venter not all.
Remember each mocke,
Doth spend o'the stocke;
And what was here done,
Being under the Moone,
And at afternoone,
Will prove right soone
Disceptio visus,
Done Gratia risus.
Ther's no such thing,
As the losse of a ring,
Or what you count worse,
The misse of a purse.
But haye for the maine,
And passe of the straine,
Heer's both come againe.
And ther's an old twinger,
Can show yee the ginger;

*The Pinnes, and the Nutmegge
Are safe here with Slut-megge;
Then strike up your Tabour,
And ther's for your labour;
The sheath, and the knife, Ile venter my life,
Shall breed you no strife,
But like man, and wife,
Or Sister, and brother, keepe one with another;
And light as a feather,
Make haste to come hither.*

THe Coventry-blew,
Hangs there upon Prue,
And heer's one opens
The Clout, and the Tokens;
Denie the bow'd groat,
And you lie i' your throat.
Or the Tabourers nine pence,
Or the sixe fine pence.
As for the ballet,
Or the booke what you call it;
Alas our societie,
Mell's not with pietie,
Himselfe hath forsooke it,
That first undertooke it;
For thimble, or bride-lace
Search yonder side lasse.
All's to be found,
If you looke your selves round;
We scorne to take from yee,
We had rather spend on yee,
If any man wrong yee,
The Theef's among yee.

Tovv. **E**Xcellent i' faill, a most restorative Gipsie, all's here agen;
and yet by his learning of *Legier-demaine*, he would make
us beleewe we had robb'd our selves.

Co. A Gipsie of qualitie beleewe it, and one of the Kings Gipsies; this
a *Drinke-alian*, or a *Drinke-braggatan*?

Aske him.

The King has his noyse of Gipsies, as well as of *Bearwards*, and other
Minstrells.

Pu. What sort or order of Gipsies, I pray sir.

A *Flagon-sekian*,
A *Devils-arse-a Pekian*;
Borne first at *Niglington*,
Bred up at *Filchington*,
Boarded at *Tappington*,
Bedded at *Wappington*.

To. Fore me, a dainty deriv'd *Gipsie*.

Pu. But I pray sir, if a man might aske on you, how came your *Captaines* place first to be call'd

the *Devills-arfe*.

PAT.

For that take my word,
We have a record,
That doth it afford,
And sayes our first Lord,
Cocklorrell he hight,
On a time did invite
The Devill to a feast;
The taylor of the yeast,
Though since it be long,
Lives yet in a song;
Which if you would heare,
Shall plainly appeare.
He call in my Clarke
Shall sing like a Larke,
Come in my long sharke,
With thy face browne and darke;
With thy tricks, and thy toys,
Make a merry merry noyse,
To those mad Country boyes,
And chant out the fart of the *Grand-devils arfe*.

SONO.

Cock-lorrell, would needs have the Devill his guest,
And bad him once into the Peake to dinner,
Where never the Fiend had such a feast,
Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His stomacke was queasie (for comming there *Coacht*),
The jogging had caus'd some crudities rise;
To helpe it he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turne up the egg's of his eyes.

And so recover'd unto his wish,
He sate him downe, and he fell to eate;
Promooter in plum-broth was the first dish,
His owne privie kitchin had no such meate.

Yet though with this he much were taken
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher
As soone as he sp'd the Bawd, and bacon,
By which you may nose the devill's a wench.

Sixe pickl'd Taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tyrewomen, fit for his pallas;
With Feathermen, and perfumers put,
Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand sallet.

A rich fat Usurer stū'd in his marrow,
And by him a Lawyers head and green-sawce;
Both which his belly tooke in like a barrow,
As if till then he had neuer scene sawce.

Then Carbonadoed, and Cook't with paines;
Was brought up a cloven Serjants face;
The sauce was made of his Yeamans braines,
That had beene beaten out with his owne mace.

Two roasted Sheriffes came whole to the board,
(The feast had nothing beene without 'em)
Both living, and dead, they were foxt, and fūrd,
Their chaines like sawsages hung about 'em.

The very next dish, was the Mayor of a Towne,
With a pudding of maintenancethrust in his belly;
Like a Goose in the feathers drest in his gowne,
And his couple of Hinch-boyes boyld to a jelly.

A London Cuckold, hot from the spit,
And when the Carver up had broke him;
The Devill chopt up his head at a bit,
But the hornes were very neere like to have choakt him.

The chine of a Lecher too there was roasted,
With a plump Harlots haunch and garlicke;
A Panders petitoe that had boasted
Himselfe for a Captaine, yet never was warlicke.

A large fat pastie of a Mid-wife hot,
And for a cold bak't meat into the story,
A revexend painted Ladie was brought,
And coffin'd in crust, till now she was hoary.

To these, an over-growne-justice of peace,
With a Clarke like a gizzard thrust under each arme;
And warrants for sippers, layd in his owne grease,
Set o're a chaffing dish to be kept warme.

The joule of a Faylor, serv'd for fish;
A Constable souf'd with vineger by;
Two Aldermen lobsters asleepe in a dish,
A Deputy tart, a Churchwarden pye.

All which devour'd, He then for a close,
Did for a full draught of Derby call;
He heav'd the huge vessell up to his nose,
And left not till he had dranke up all.

Then from the table he gave a start,
Where banquet, and wine were nothing scarce;

*All which he flirled away with a fart,
From whence it was call'd the Devils Arse.*

*And there he made such a breach with the winde,
The hole too standing open the while,
That the sent of the vapour, before, and behinde,
Hath foully perfumed most part of the Isle.*

*And this was Tobacco, the learned suppose;
Which since in Countrey, Court, and Towne,
In the Devils glister-pipe smoaks at the nose
Of Pollicat, and Madam, of Gallant; and Clowne.*

*From which wicked weed, with Swines-flesh, and Ling;
Or any thing else thats feast for the Fiend:
Our Captaine, and wee, cry God save the King,
And send him good meate, and mirth without end.*

PUP. **A**N excellent song, and a sweet Songster, and would have done rarely in a Cage, with a dish of water, and hempseed; a fine breast of his owne: Sit you are a Prelate of the Order, I understand, and I have a terrible grudging now upon mee to bee one of your company; will your Captaine take a Prentise Sir? I would binde my selfe to him bodie and soule, either for one and twenty yeares, or as manie lives as he would.

CLO. I, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too; I am sorry I had no more money in my purse when you came first upon us Sir; If I had knowne you would have pickt my pocket so like a Gentleman, I would have beene better provided; I shall bee glad to venter a purse with your Worshippe at any time you'll appoint, so you would preferre mee to your Captaine; Ile put in security for my truth, and serve out my time, though I dye to morrow.

COC. I, upon those termes Sir, and in hope your Captaine keeps better cheere then he made the Devill, for my stomacke will nere agree with that dyet, wee'll be all his followers; Ile goe home and fetch a little money Sir, all I have, and you shall picke my pocket to my face, and i'll avouch it; A man would not desire to have his pocket pick't in better company.

PUP. Tut, they have other manner of gifts then picking of pockets, or telling fortunes; if they would but please to shew'em, or thought us poore Countrey mortalls worthy of them; what might a man doe to be a Gentleman of your company Sir?

I, a Gipsie in ord'nary, or nothing.

PAT.

FReinds not to resell yee,
Or any way quell ye;
To buy or to sell ye,
I onely must tell ye;
Ye ayme at a mystery;
Worthie a History;

There

Ther's much to be done,
 Ere you can be a Sonne,
 Or brother of the Moone;
 Tis not so soone
 Acquir'd, as desir'd.
 You must be *Pen-bowse*,
 And sleepy, and drowzie,
 And lasie, and lowsie,
 Before ye can rowse yee,
 In shape that arowse yee.
 And then you may stalke
 The *Gippies* walke;
 To the *Coopers*, and the *Pennes*,
 And bring in the *Hennes*,
 Though the *Cocke* be fullen,
 For losse of the *Pullen*:
 Take *Turkie*, or *Capon*,
 And *Gammons* of *Bacon*,
 Let nought be forsaken;
 Wee'll let you go loose,
 Like a *Foxe* to a *Goose*,
 And shew you the *stie*
 Where the little *Pigs* lie;
 Whence if you can take
 One or two, and not wake
 The *Sow* in her dreames;
 But by the *Moone* beames;
 So warily hye,
 As neither doe cry.
 You shall the next day
 Have license to play
 At the hedge a flirt,
 For a sheet, or a shirt;
 If your hand be light,
 Ile shew you the flight
 Of our *Ptolomies* knot,
 It is, and 'tis not,
 To change your complexion;
 With the noble confection
 Of *Wall-nuss*, and *Hogs-grease*,
 Better then *Dogs-grease*:
 And to milke the *Kine*,
 Ere the *Milke-mayd* fine
 Hath open'd her einc.
 Or if you desire
 To spit, or fart fire,
 Ile teach you the knacks,
 Of eating of *flaxe*,
 And out of their noses,
 Draw *Ribbands*, and *pones*.

As for example, of abundance
 Mine owne is as ample,
 And fruitfull a nosegay,
 As a wit can suppose;
 Yet it shall goe hard,
 But there will be spard,
 Each of you a yard,
 And worth your regard.
 When they collour, and size
 Arrive at your eyes.

And if you encline
 To a cup of good wine,
 When you suppe, or dine;
 If you chance it to lacke,
 Be it Clarret, or Sacke;
 Ile make this snout,
 To deale it about,
 Or this to runne out,
 As it were from a spont.

TOVV. **A**dmirable tricks, and he does'em all *se defendendo*, as if he would not be taken in the trappe of authority, by a fraile fleshy Constable.

PVP. Without the ayd of a Cheese,

CLO. Or helpe of a fitch of bacon.

CO. Oh, he would chirp in a paire of stockes sumptuously; I'de give any thing to see him play loose with his hands, when his feet were fast.

PVP. O my conscience he feares not that, and the Marshall himselfe were here; I protest I admire him.

PAT. **I**S this worth your wonder,
 Nay then you shall under-
 Stand more of my skill.
 I can (for I will)
 Here at *Burley* o'th Hill,
 Give you all your fill,
 Each Jacke with his Gill,
 And shew you the King,
 The Prince too and bring;
 The *Gipsies* were here,
 Like *Lords* to appeare,
 With such there attenders,
 As you thought offenders,
 Who now become *new men*,
 Youle know them for *true men*,
 For he weallcheife,
 Ile tell ye in breife,
 Is so farre from a theife,
 As he gives ye releife
 With his bread, beare, and beife.

And

And tis not long since
Ye dranke of his Wine,
And it made you fine;
Both Clarret, and Sherris;
Then let us be merrie,
And helpe with your call,
For a Hall, a Hall.
Stand up to the wall,
Both good men, and all,
We are one mans all.

BEVER.

THE fift of August,
Will not let saw-dust
Lie in your throats,
Or cobwebs, or Oates,
But helpe to scorne ye.
This is no Courtier,
Has drawne *James* hither,
But the goodman of *Bever*,
Our *Buckingham* Father,
Then so much the rather
Make it a jolly night,
For tis a holy night,
Spight of the Constable,
Or Mas *Deane* of *Dunstable*.

ALL.

A Hall, a hall, a hall.

The Gipsies chang'd

Dance.

PATRICK.

W Hy now ye behold,
Twas truth that I told;
And no devise;

They are chang'd in a trice;
And so will I;
Be my selfe, by and by.

I onely now
Must studie how

To come off with a grace;
With my *Patrick's* place;
Some short kind of blessing;
It selfe addressing
Unto my good Master,
Which light on him faster;
Then wishes can flye.
And you that stand by
Be as jocund as I.

L z

Each

Each man with his voyce;
Give his heart to rejoyce;
Which I le requie;
If my Art hit right;
Though late now at night;
Each ~~claw~~ where in fight;
Before day light;
Shall provide good ~~light~~;
And your ~~Letter~~ Pages
Worthie their wages;
Where fancie engages
Girles to their ages;

CLOV. Oh any thing for the ~~Pat~~, what ist: what ist?

PAT. Nothing, but beare the bob of the clofe;
It will be no burthen you well may suppose.
But blesse the Sov'raine, and his sences,
An to wish away offences.

CLO. Let us alone, blesse the Sov'raine, and his sences;

PAT. Wee'll take them in order, as they have being,
And first of seeing.

PAT. **F**rom a Gipsie, in the morning,
Ora paire of squint-eyes turning:
From the Goblin, and the spiegle,
Ora Drunkard, though with Nettar;
From a woman true to no man,
Which is ougly, besides common;
A smocke rampant, and the itches,
To be putting on the breeches:
Wher so'ere they ha' their being,
Blesse the Sov'raine, and his seeing!

From a foole, and serious toyes;
From a Lawyer, three parts noyfe;
From impertinence, like a Drum
Beate at dinner in his room;
From a tongue without a file,
Heapes of ~~Plugs~~, and a file;
From a Fiddle out of tune,
As the ~~Catch~~ is in ~~Fane~~;
From the candlesticks of ~~And~~,
And the lowd ~~put~~ wives of ~~Banbury~~;
Ora long pretended ~~say~~,
Meant for mirth, but is nocht:
Onely time, and cause ~~not~~ wearing,
Blesse the Sov'raine, and his hearing.

From a strolling Tinkers sheete;
 Or a payre of Carriers feet:
 From a Ladie that doth breath,
 Worke above; then underneath.
 From the *Doy* and the knowledge
 Of the students in *Beares* colledge:
 From *Tobacco*, with the pipe
 Of the *Devills* glister-pipe;
 Or a stinke all stincks excelling;
 A *Fishmongers* dwelling,
 Bless the *Sou'raigne*, and his smelling.

From an *Oyster*, and fry'd fish
 A *Steele* babye in a dish:
 From any portion of a Swine,
 From *bull* Venison, and worke wine.
Ling, or *Chate* so ere it boyle,
 Though with mustard sawc'd and oyle;
 Or what else would keepe man fasting;
 Bless the *Sou'raigne*, and his tasting.

Both from birdlime, and from pitch;
 From a *Doric*, and her itch.
 From the bristles of a Hogge,
 Or the ring, worke in a Dogge.
 From the courtshippe of a brier,
 Or St. *Anthonies* old fier.
 From a pebble; or a thorne,
 I the bed at Ev'n, or Morne.
 Or from any *Gowtes* least grutching.
 Bless the *Sou'raigne*, and his touching.

Blesse him too from all offences;
 In his sports, as in his fences.
 From a Boy to crosse his way,
 From a fall, or a foule day.

Blesse him, o bleffe him Heav'n, and lend him long
 To be the *fatred* burthen of all song;
 The *A&ts*, and yeares, of all our *Kings* t'out go;
 And while hee's mortall, we not thinke him so.

After

After which, ascending up, the Jackman sings.

Song. T'gaillous & mo
THe sports are done, you do not let
 Your joyes in sudden silence sett
 Delight, and dumbnesse never meet
 In one selfe satisfaction
 If things oppos'd must mixt appeare,
 Then adde a boldnesse to your feare,
 And speake a hymne to him,
 Where all your duties do of right belong,
 Which I will sweeten with an under song.

CAPTAINE.

GLory of ours, and grace of all the Bath;
 How well your figure doth become your birth;
 As if your forme, and fortune equall stood
 And onely vertue got above your blood.
Song.
 Vertue, his Kingly vertue which did meritt
 This Ile entire, and you are to inherit.

4 GIPSIE.

How right he doth confesse him in his face,
 His browe, his eye, and ev'ry marke of State;
 As if he were the issue of each Grace,
 And bore about him both his fame, and fate.

Song.

Looke, looke, is hee not faire,
 And fresh, fragrant, too
 As Summer skie, or purged Aire,
 And lookes as Lillies doe,
 That were this morning blowing.

4 GIPSIE.

Oh more! that more of him were knowne.

3 GIPSIE.

Looke how the Windes upon the Waves growne tame,
 Take up Land sounds upon their purple wings;
 And catching each from other, beare the same
 To ev'ry angle of their sacred springs.

So will we take his praise, and hurle his name
About the *Globe*, in thousand Ay'ry rings,
If his great vertue be in lore with fame,
For that contem'd, both are neglected things:

SONG 4.

Good Princes soare above their fame,
And in their worth,
Come greater forth,
Then in their name.

Such, such the Father is,
Whom ev'ry title strives to kisse;
Who on his Royall grounds unto himselfe doth raise,
The worke to trouble fame, and to astonish praise.

4 GIPSE.

I Ndeed hee's not Lord alone of all the State,
But of the love of men, and of the Empires fate:
The *Muses* Arts, the *Schools* commerce, out honours lawes,
And *Vertues* hang on him, as on their working cause.

- 2 GIP. His Hand-mayd *Iustice* is,
- 3 GIP. *Wisedome*, his Wite;
- 4 GIP. His Mistresse, *Mercie*;
- 5 GIP. *Temperance*, his life.
- 2 GIP. His Pages bounty, and grace which many prove;
- 3 GIP. His Guards are *Magnanimitie*, and love.
- 4 GIP. His Ushers, *Councell*, *Truth*, and *Pierie*,
- 5 GIP. And all that followes him, *Felicitee*.

SONG 5.

O H that we understood
Our good;
Ther's happinesse indeed in blood,
And store,
But how much more,
When vertu's flood
In the same streame doth hit?
As that growes high with yeares, so happinesse with it.

CAPTAIN.

L Ove, love his fortune then, and vertues knowne;
Who is the toppe of men,
But makes the happinesse our owne;
Since where the *Prince*, for goodnesse is renownd,
The Subject with *Felicitee* is Crownd.

The End.

The EPILOGUE.

AT Burley, Bever, and now last at Windfor,
 Which shewes we are Gipsies of no common kinde Sir;
 You have behold (and with delight) their change,
 And how they came transform'd, may I thinke it strange:
 It being a thing not touch't at by our Poet,
 Good Ben slept there, or else forgot to shew it;
 But least it prove like wonder to the sight,
 To see a Gipsie, as an *Aethiope*, white.
 Know, that what dy'd our faces, was an oymment
 Made, and layd on by Mr. Woolfes appointment,
 The Court Licanthropos; yet without spells;
 By a meere Barber, and no Magicke ells:
 It was fetcht off with water, and a ball,
 And to our transformation, this is all,
 Save what the Master Fashioneer calls his,
 For to Gipsies Metamorphosis,
 Who doth disguise his habit, and his face,
 And takes on a false person by his place:
 The power of Poetrie can never faile her,
 Assisted by a Barber, and a Taylor.

FINIS.

THE
MASQUE OF
AUGURES.
 WITH
THE SEVERALL
ANTIMASQVES
 PRESENTED ON
 TWELFE-NIGHT,
 1622.

The first Antimasque had for the SCENE
 The Court Buttry-hatch.

The Presenters were from St. KATHARINES,

Notch a Brewer; Clarke, Slug a Lighterman, Van-goose a rare Artist, Lady Alewife, her two Women, three dancing Beares, Urson the Bear-ward, Groome of the Revells.

NOTCH. Come, now my head's in, Ile even venture the whole: I ha seene the Lyons ere now, and he that hath seene them may see the King.

SLUG. I thinke he may; but have a care you go not too high (neighbour Notch) least you chance to have a Tally made of your pate, and bee clawed with a cudgell; there is as much danger going too nere the King, as the Lyons.

GROOM. Whither? whither now gamesters? what is the businesse? the affaire? stop I beseech you.

NOR. This must be an Officer, or nothing, he is so peart and breife in his demands! a pretty man! and a pretty man is a little o' this side nothing; howsoever we must not be daunted now, I am sure I am a greater man than he out of the Court, and I have lost nothing of my Sire since I came to it.

GROOM. Hey-da! what's this? A hoghead of beere broake out of the Kings buttry, so some Dutch Hulke! whether are you bound? The winde is against you, you must backe; doe you know where you are?

NOR. Yes sir, if we bee not mistaken, we are at the Court, and would

be glad to speake with something of lesse authority, and more wit, that knowes a little in the place.

GRO. Sir, I know as little as any man in the place, speake, what is your businesse? I am an Officer, Groome of the Revels, that is my place.

NOT. To fetch Bonge of Court a parcell of invisable bread, and beere for the Plaiers (for they never see it) or to mistake fixe Torches from the Chandry, and give them one.

GRO. How sir?

NOT. Come, this is not the first time you have carried coales to your owne house, I meane that should have warn'd them.

GROOM. Sir I may doe it by my place, and I must question you farther.

NOT. Be not so musty sir, our desire is only to know whether the Kings Majesty, and the Court expect any disguise here to night.

GRO. Disguise! what meane you by that? doe you thinke that his Majesty sits here to expect drunkards?

NOT. No, if hee did, I beleeve you would supply that place better then you do this: Disguise was the old English word for a Masque sir, before you were an implemēt belonging to the Revels.

GR. There is no such word in the Office now I assure you sir, I have serv'd here, man, and boy a Prentiship or twaine, and I should know. But, by what name so ever you call it, here will be a Masque, and shall be a Masque, when you and the rest of your Comrogues shall sit disguis'd in the stocks.

NOTCH. Sure by your language you were never meant for a Courtier, howsoever it hath beene your ill fortune to be taken out of the nest young; you are some Constables egge, some such Widgin of Authority, you are so easily offended! Our comming was to shew our loves sir, and to make a little merry with his Majesty to night, and we have brought a Masque with us, if his Majestie had not beene better provided.

GRO. Who you? you a Masque? why you stincke like so many bloat-herrings newly taken out of the chimney? In the name of Ignorance, whence came you? or what are you? you have beene hang'd in the smoake sufficiently, that is smelt out already.

NOTCH. Sir, we doe come from among the Brewhouses in Saint Katherinees, that's true, there you have smoak'd us, (he Docke comfort your nostrills,) and we may have lived in a mist there, and so mist our purpose, but for mine owne part I have brought my properties with me to expresse what I am, the keyes of my calling hang here at my girdle, and this the Register booke of my function shewes mee no lesse then a Clarke at all points, and a Brewers Clarke, and a Brewers head Clarke.

GRO. A man of account sir! I cry you mercie.

SLY. I sir, I knew him a fine Merchant, a merchant of Hops, till all hops into the water.

NOTCH. No more of that, what I have beene, I have beene; what I am, I am: I Peter Notch, Clarke, hearing the Christmas invention was drawne drie at Court; and that neither the King's Poet,

nor

nor his Architect had wherewithall left to entertaine so much as a Baboon of quality, nor scarce the *Welsh* Embassadour if hee should come there: Out of my allegiance, to wit, drew in some other friends that have as it were presumed out of their own naturalls, to fill up the *VACUUM* with some pretty presentation, which we have addrest, and conveighed hither in a Lighter at the generall charge, and landed at the backe doore of the Buttery, through my neighbour *Slag*'s credit there.

SLVG. A poore Lighter-man sir, one that hath had the honour sometimes to lay in the Kings beere there; and I assure you I heard it in no worse place then the very Buttry, for a certaine, there would bee no Masque, and from such as could command a jacke of beere, two, or three.

VAN. Dat is all true, exceeding true, de inventors be barren, *leij*, *thoo*, dre, four mile, I know that from my selfen; dey have no ting, no ting van deir otone, but dat dey take from de eard, o2 de sea, o2 de heaven, o2 de hell, o2 de rest van de deir Clementen, de place a, dat be so common as de bench in de Burdello, *How* me would bying in some saintly new ting, dat never was, no; never fall be in de rebus natura; dat has neder van de materia, no2 de forma, no; de hossen, no; de boote, but a meta devisa of de bzaine—

GROOM. Hey-da! what *Hans Flutterkin* is this? what *Dutchman* doe's build or frame Castles in the Aire?

NOT. He is no *Dutch* man sir, he is a *Brittaine* borne, but hath learn'd to misuse his owne tongue in travell, and now speakes all languages in ill English; a rare Artist he is sir, and a Projector of Masques. His Project in ours is, that we should all come from the three dancing Beares in Saint *Katherines* (you may hap know it sir) hard by where the Priest fell in, which Alehouse is kept by a distressed Lady, whose name (for the honour of Knighthood) will not bee knowne, yet she is come in person here Errant, to fill up the adventure with her two women that draw drinke under her, Gentlewomen borne all three, I assure you.

SLVG. And were three of those Gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of *Englands* joy in fixe hundred and three.

LADY. What talke you of *Englands* joy, Gentlemen? you have another master in hand I wis, *Englands* sport and delight if you can manage it. The poore Cattle yonder are passing away the time, with a cheat loose, and a bumbarde of broken beere, how will ye dispose of them?

GRO. Cattle! what cattle doe's she meane?

LADY. No worse then the Kings game I assure you, The Beares, Beares both of qualitie and fashion, right Beares, true Beares.

NOT. A devise only to expresse the place from whence we come (my Ladies house) for which we have borrowed three very Beares that (as her Ladyship aforesayd sayes) are well bred, and can dance to present the signe, and the Beareward to stand for the signe-poast.

GRO. That is prettie, but are you sure you have sufficient Beares for the purpose.

SLVG. Very sufficient Beares as any are in the Ground, the *Parish-Garden*, and can dance at first sight, and play their owne tunes if need bee. *John Vryson* the Beare-ward, offers to play them with any Citie-dancers christned, for a ground measure.

NOT. Marry, for lofty tricks, or dancing on the Ropes hee will not under-

undertake, it is out of their element he sayes: Sir, all our request is since we are come, we may be admitted, if not for a Masque, for an *Antickmask*, and as we shall deserve therein, we desire to be returned with credit to the Buttry from whence we came, for reward, or to the Porters Lodge with discredit, for our punishment.

Gro. To be whipt with your Beares? Well, I could bee willing to venture a good word in behalfe of the Game, if I were assured the afore-sayd game would be cleanly, and not fright the Ladies.

No. For that sir, the Bear-ward hath put in securitie, by warranting my Ladie and her Women to dance the whole changes with them in safety, and for their abusing the place you shall not need to feare, for he hath given them a kinde of Dycet-bread to binde them to their good behaviour.

Gro. Well, let them come, if you need one, Ile helpe you my selfe.

Enter John Urson with his Beares singing.

Ballad.

Though it may seeme rude
For me to intrude,

With these my Beares by chance-a,

I were sport for a King,

If they could sing

As well as they can dance-a

Then to put you out

Of feare or doubt,

We came from St. Katharin-a,

These dancing three,

By the helpe of mee,

Who am the Post of the signe-a

We sell good ware,

And we need not care

Though Court and Country knew it,

Our Ale's o'the best,

And each good guest

Prayes for their soules that brew it.

For any Ale-house,

We care not a louse,

Nor Taverne in all the Towne-a,

Nor the Vintry Cranes,

Nor St. Clements Dances,

Nor the Devill can put us down-a,

Who has once there beene,

Comes thither agen,

The liquor is so mighty;

*Beere ſtrong and ſtale,
And ſo is our Ale,
And it burnes like Aquavice.*

*To a ſtranger there,
If any appeare,
Where never before he has bin;
We ſhew th' iron Gate,
The wheele of St. Kate,
And the place where the Prieſt fel in.*

*The Wives of Wapping
They trudge to our ſapping,
And ſtill our Ale deſire;
And there ſit and drinke,
Till the ſpue, and ſinke,
And often piſſe out our fire.*

*From morning to night,
And about to day-light,
They ſit and never grudge it;
Till the Fiſh-wives joyne
Their ſingle coyne,
And the Tinker paynes his budget.*

*If their braines be not well,
Or their bladders doe ſwell,
To eaſe them of their burden;
My Ladie will come
With a bowle and a broome,
And her Hand-mayd wiſh a lorden.*

*From Court we invite
Lord, Ladie, and knight,
Squire, gentleman, yeoman and groom.
And all our ſtiſſe drinkers,
Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,
And the beggars ſhall give ye roome.*

VAN. How like you? how like you?

GRO. Excellent! The Beares have done learnedly, and ſweetly.

VAN. 'Tis noting, 'tis noting; bill you ſee ſomething? Jek Tall bzing in de Turkiſchen, met all zin Baſhawes, and zin dirty towſand Yanicſaries met all zin Whoozen, Cunniken, all met an ander, de Sofie van Perſia, de Tarrar Cham met de groat King of Mogull, and make deſt men, and deſt horſe, and deſt Elephanten be ſeene fight in de ayre, and be all killen, and all ben, and no ſuch ting. And all dis met de Ars van de Catropricks, by de reſſeſſe van de glaſſen.

NOR. Oh, he is an admirable Artiſt.

SLVG. And a halfe ſir.

GRO. But where will he place his glaſſes?

VAN.

VAN. Foto, dat is all ean, as it betide, hee, hee, wife, thousand Pile off: Jek fall multipliren de vizioun, met an ande; secret dat Jek heb: Spreck, bat vil you haben?

GRO. Good sir put him toor, bid him doe something that is impossible, he will undertake it I warrant you.

NOT. I doe not like the *Mogul*, nor the great *Turke*, nor the *Tartar*, their names are somewhat to big for the Roome; marry if he could shew us some Countrey Plaiers, strolling about in severall Shires, without licence from the Office, that would please I know whom, or some Welsh Pilgrims.

VAN. Pilgrim? now you talke of de Pilgrim, it come in my head, Jek vill shew you all de whole brabe pilgrim o' de Worlde: de Pilgrim dat goe now, now at de instant, two, vze thousand Pile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, o' here, here, every where, make de fine Labyrinth, and shew all de brabe erro' in de worlde.

SLVG. And shall we see it here?

NAN. Pau, here, here, here in dis Roome, tis very Roome: bel bat is dat to you if Jek doe de ting? bat an debill, bern boten debill?

GRO. Nay, good sir be not angry.

NOT. 'Tis a disease that followes all excellent men, they cannot governe their passions; but let him alone, try him one bout.

GRO. I would try him, but what has all this to doe with our Maske?

VAN. O Sir, all de better vo' an Antick-mask, de moze absurd it be, and from de purpose, it be ever all de better. If it goe from de nature of de ting, it is de moze Art: so' deare is Art, and deare is Nature, you shall see. Hochos-pochos, Paucos, Palabros.

The Second Antimaske.

*Which was a perplex'd Dance of straying and deform'd Pilgrims taking severall
pathes, till with the opening of the light above, and breaking forth of
Apollo, they were all frighted away, and the Maine
Masque begun.*

(^a) APOLLO descending, Sung.

IT is no dreame, you all doe wake, and see;
Behold, who comes! (^b) far-shooting Phœbus he
That can both hurt and (^c) heale; and with his (^d) voyce
Reare Townes, and make societies rejoyce;
That taught the Muses all their harmonie,
(^e) And men the tunefull Art of Augurie.
Apollo stoopes, and when a God descends,
May Mortalls thinke he hath no vulgar ends.

(^a) Aztes eximias quatuor Apollini acceptas tulit antiquitas (^b) Sagittandi peretiam, unde apud Homerum, frequens illud Epitheton cæcigolos, longe jaculans. (^c) Medicinam, unde Medici nomen adeptus. (^d) Musicam, unde μουσικήν appellatus. (^e) Et Divinationem (in qua etiam Augurium) unde Augur Apollo dictus, Virg. Æneid. lib. 4. & Horat. Car. lib. 1. Ode. 2. Nube cadentes humeros amictus Augur Apollo. Et Car. secul. ult. ubi doctissimus Poeta has artes totidem verbis complectitur. Augur ex fulgente decorum arcum Phœbus, acceptum qui neminem cavens, Qui salutare levat arte fessos corporis artus.

Being neere the earth, he call'd these persons following, who came forth
as from their Tombs.

(^f) **L** Inus, and (^g) Orpheus, (^h) Branchus, (ⁱ) Idmon, all
My sacred Sons, rise at your Fathers call
From your immortall Graves, where sleepe, not death,
Yet bindes your powers.

LINVS. Here.

ORPHEVS. Here.

BRANCHVS. What sacred breath

Doth re-inspire us?

IDMON. Who is this we feele?

(^k) PHOEMONOE.

What heat creeps through me, as when burning Steele
Is dipt in water?

Apollo. I, Phœmonoe,
Thy Father Phœbus's fury filleth thee;
Confesse my Godhead; once againe I call,
Let whole *Apollo* enter in you all,
And follow me.

CHORVS.

We flie, we doe not tread,
The Gods doe use to ravish whom they lead.

(^f) Linus Appollinis & Terpsichores filius. Paul. (^g) Orpheus, Apollinis & Calliopes, d^{us}
quibus Virg. in Ecloga inscript. Non me Carminibus vincet, nec Thraetum Orpheus. Nec Linus, huius
mater quamvis, atque huius pater adit Orphei Calliopea Lino formosus Apollo. (^h) Branchus, Apollinis
& Ianeus filius, de quo vid. Sirab. lib. 4. & Statium, Thebaid. lib. 3. -- patrioque æqualis honori
Branchus. (ⁱ) Idmon, Apollinis & Asteris filius. De illo vid. valer. Flac. lib. 1. Argonautic. --
Contra Phœbus Idmon non pallere viris non ullo honore cemarum terribilis, plenus fati, Phœboque quic-
to cui genitor tribuit prænoscere Divum Omina, seu Flammæ, seu lubrica cominus extra seu plenum certis
interroget æra pennæ. (^k) Phœmonoe filia Phœbi, quæ prima carmen heroicum cecinit. Hesiod. in
Theog.

*Apollo descended, shewed them where the King sat, and
sung forward.*

Behold the love and care of all the Gods
Of the Ocean, and the happy Isles;
That whilst the World about him is at odds,
Sits Crowned Lord here of himselfe, and smiles:

CHORVS.

To see the erring mazes of mankinde;
Who seeke for that, doth punish them to finde.

Then he advanced with them to the King.

APOLLO.

Prince of thy Peace, see what it is to love
The Powers above;
Jove hath commanded me
To visit thee;

W

And

And in thine honour with my ⁽¹⁾ Musique reare
⁽²⁾ a Colledge here,
 Of tunefull Augures, whose divining skill,
 Shall waite thee still,
 And be the Heralds of his highest mill.
 The worke is done,
 And I have made their President thy Sonne;
 Great Mars too, on these nights,
⁽³⁾ hath added Salian rites.
 Yond, yond asarre,
 They closed in their ⁽⁴⁾ Temple are,
 And each one guided by a starre.

CHORVS.

Haste, haste, to meet them, and as they aduancee
 'twixt every Dance,
 Let us interpret their Prophetick trance.

(1) Allusio ad illud Ouidij Epistol. Epist. Parid. Ilion aspi. ies, firmataq; turribus altis Mœnia Apollineæ struella cœuore lyre. (2) Augurandi scientia nobilis erat & antiqua, apud Gentes præsertim Hetruscos: quibus erat Collegium & Domicilium celeberrimum Augurum, quorum summa fuit Auctoritas & Dignitas per totam Italiam potissimum Romæ. Romulus urbe condita, Collegium & Augures ibi instituit, ipse nobiles, ut apud Liu. Lib. i. & Tull. lib. i. Optimus Augur. Eorum officium fuit auspiciâ capere & ex his colligere signa futurarum rerum, Deorumq; monita considerare de eventibus prosperis vel aduersis. Sacer erat Romanis & res regia habita, dignitasq; penes patricios & principes viros mansuetiorem apud Imperatores obtinuit unde ab Apolline nostro, tales Præfes pulchre designatus. (3) Sæptationes in rebus sacris adhibebantur apud omnes pene gentes: & a saltando, seu saltatione sacra ad saliare carmen instituta, & alij dicti & Marti consecrati. Omnes etiam qui ad cantum & tibiam iudebant Salij & Salisubuli dicebantur. Salius, duxta dæ vet. gloss. & Pacuui. Pro Imperio sua Salisubulus vestro excubet Mars. & Virg. Æneid. lib. 8. Tum Salij ad Cantus incensa altaria circum populæis adsunt evincti tempora ramis. (4) Auguria captantur celum eligeant purum & serenum, aëre, nitido Lituum (qui erat baculus incuruus Augurale Signum) manu tenebat Augur. Hoc ostendit regiones designabat, & metas intra quas contineri debebant Auguria: & hæ vocabantur Tempia: unde Contemplatio dicta est. Consideratio, & meditatio rerum sacrarum, ut dextrum sinistrumq; latus observaret. In imperiis sibi ipso regiones designabat, in oblato manum respexit laevam aut dextram. Regiones ab Oriente in occasum terminabat limite decumano, & cardine ex tra: verso signo metato, quo oculi ferrent quam longissime. Artica in Orium vergebat. Postica regio à Tergo ad occasum. Dextra ad meridiem. Sinistra ad septentrionem. Observationes fiebant Augure sedente, capite velato, toga duplici Augurali candida amictu, à media nocte ad mediam diem, crescente non deficiente die. Neq; capiebantur Auguria post mensem Julium, propterea quod Aves redderentur imbeciliores & morbida, Pulchritudo eorum esset imperfecta.

Here they fetch'd out the Maskers, and came before them with
 the Torch-bearers along the Stage, singing this
 full Song.

APOLLO and CHORUS.

Which way, and whence the lightning flew,
 Or how it burn'd, bright, and blew,
 Designe, and figure by your lights:
 Then forth, and shew the severall flights

Your (P) Birds have made, or what the wing
 Or voyce in Augurie doth bring.
 Which hand the Crow cried on, how high
 The Vulture, or the Erne did flie,
 What wing the Swan made, and the Dove,
 The Storke, and which did get above:
 Shew all the Birds of food or Prey,
 But passe by the unluckie Fay,
 The Night-Crow, Swallow, or the Kite
 Let those have neither right, CHOR. Nor part,
 In this nights art.

(P) Augurandi scientia ορνιθομαντεια dicta. Divinatio per aves. Aves aut Oscines, aut Præpeteres
 Oscines, quæ ore, Præpeteres, quæ volatu Augurium significant. Pulli tripudio. Aves auspicate, & Præ-
 peteres, Aquila, Vultur, Sanquale seu ossifraga, Triarches, sive Buteo, Immusculus, Accipiter, Cygnus,
 Columba, Oscines, Cornix, Cornus, Anser, Cicentia, Ardea, Noctua, inauspicata; Milvum, Parus, Ny-
 cticorax, Striges, Hirundo, Picus, &c.

The Torch-bearers daunced.

After which the Augures layd by their Staves, and Danced their
 Entrie, which done, APOLLO and the rest, interpreted
 the Augurie.

APOLLO.

The Signes are (q) luckie all, and (q) right
 There hath not beene a voyce, or flight
 Of ill Presage. Linus. The (r) bird that brings
 Her Augurie alone to Kings
 The Dove, hath flowne. Orpheus. And to thy peace
 Fortunes and the Fates increafe.

BRANCHUS.

(r) Minerva's Henshaw, and her Owle,
 Doe both proclaime, thou shalt controle
 The course of things. Idmon. As now they be
 With tumult carried: Apollo. And live free
 From hatred, faction, or the feare,
 To blast the Olive thou dost weare.

CHORYS.

More is behind, which these doe long to show,
 And what the Gods to so great vertue owe.

(q) Habebant dextra & leva omnia; antica & postica; Orientalia & Occidentalia. Græci cum fe-
 ad Septentrionem obverterent. Ortum ad dextram habuere. Romanicum Meridiem in aspiciendo cum
 tuerentur Ortum ad levam habuere. Itaq; sinistre partes eadem sunt Romanis quæ Græcis dextra ad
 ortum. Sinistra igitur illis meliora, Dextra pejora: Græcis contra. Sinistra, pertinentia ad ortum:
 Salutaria, qui ortus lucis index & assessor. Dextra, quia spectant occasum tristitia. (r) Columbe auguria
 non nisi regibus dant; quia nunquam singule volant: sicut Rex nunquam solus incedit. Nuptie pacis.
 (s) Ardea, & Ardeola, rerum arduarum auspiciis. Minerva sacra. Apud Homer. Iliad. K.
 ορνιθομαντεια.

The maine Daunce.

CHORUS.

Still, still the (*) *Auspice is so good,*
We wish it were but understood;
It even puts Apollo
To all his strengths of art, to follow,
 (") *The flights, and to devine*
What's meant by every Signe.

Thou canst not lesse be, then the charge
of every Dietie.

That thus art left here to enlarge,
And shield their pietie!

Thy neighbours at thy fortune long have gaz'd,
But at thy wisdom, all doe stand amaz'd.

And wish to be,

Or come, or governed by thee!

Safetie it selfe so sides thee, where thou goest,
And Fate still offers what thou cover'st most!

(*) *Auspiciam, ab aye specienda. Paul. Nam quod nos cum prepositione dicimus ASPICIO apud veteres sine prepositione SPICIO dicebatur. (") Signa qua sese offerent, erat multifaria: nam si obiceretur avis aliqua, considerabatur quo volatu ferretur, an abliquo vel promo, vel supino motu Corporis, quo flecteret, contraheret, aut contraheret membra; qua in parte se occultaret; an ad dextram vel sinistram canerent Oscines, &c.*

THE REVELLS.

After which Apollo went up to the King and Sung,

Doe not expect to heare of all
Your good at once, lest it forestall

A sweetnesse would be now:

Some things the Fates would have conceal'd
From us the Gods, lest being reveal'd

Our powers shall envy you.

It is enough your people learne

The reverence of your peace

As well as Strangers doe discern

The Glories, by th increase

And that the (x) princely Augur here, your Sonne
Doe by his Fathers lights his courses run.

CHORUS.

Him shall you see triumphing over all

Both foes and vices: and your young and tall

Nephewes, his Sonnes grow up in your embraces,

To give this Island Princes in long races.

(x) *Romulus augur fuit, & Numa, & reliqui reges Romani sunt ante eos Turnus, Rhamesses & alij. Lacedemonij suis regibus Augurem Assessorum dabant, Cilices, Lycij, Cares, Arabes, in sua generatione habuerunt Auguria.*

Here the heaven opened, and *Jove*, with the Senate of the Gods,
were discovered, while *Apollo* returned to his Sear,
and ascending sung.

APOLLO.

SEE heaven expecteth my returne,
The forked fire begins to burne,
Jove beckons to me come.

JOVE.

Though *Phoebus* be the god of Arts,
Hee must not take on him all parts:
But leave his Frather some.

APOLLO.

My arts are only to obey. *Jove*. (Y) And mine to sway
Jove is that one, whom first, midst, last, you call
The power that governes, and conserveth all,
Earth, Sea, and Ayre, are subject to our checke,
And Fate with heaven, moving at our beck.

Till Jove it ratifie,
It is no Augurie,
Though uttered by the mouth of Destinie.

APOLLO.

Deare father, give the Signe, and seale it then.

The Earth riseth.

It is the joy of Earth and Men.

JOVE.

What doe their Mortals crave without our wrong?

Earth with the rest.

That Jove will lend us this our Sovereigne long;

Let our grand-children, and not wee,

His want or Absence ever see.

JOVE.

Your wish is blest.

(*) Jove knocks his Chin against his brest,

And firmes it with the rest.

CHORUS.

Sing then his fame, through all the orbes, the even

Proportions, rising still, from Earth to Heaven:

And of the lasting of it leave no doubt;

The power of time shall never put that out.

(*) Vide Orpheum in hymn. de omnip. Jovis. (*) Jovis, amantulo, vultu, & fratre in omni
nim. Apud Homer, &c.

This done the whole Scene ends, and the Maskers

advanced their last Dance.

The End.

N a

TIME

TIME VINDICATED TO HIMSELF. AND TO HIS HONORS.

In the presentation at COURT
on Twelfth night.

1623.

— qui semirantur, in illas
Virus habet: nos. hac novimus esse nihil.

TIME VINDICATED.

A Trumpet sounded.

FAME *entreats*, follow'd by the Curious, the Ey'd,
the Ear'd, and the Nos'd.

FAME. Give care, the worthy, hear what Fame proclaims!

EARS. What? what? I fit worth our cares?

EYES. Or eyes?

NOSE. Or noses?

For we are curious, Fame: indeed, the Curious,

EYES. We come to spy.

EARS. And hearken.

NOSE. And smell out.

FAME. More than you understand, my hot Inquirers,

NOSE. We cannot tell.

EYES. It may be.

EARS. However, goe you on, let us alone.

EYES. We may discern, that, which you never mean.

NOSE. And nose the thing you search for. First, whence come you?

FAME. I came from Saturne.

EARS. Saturne

EARES. *Saturne*, what is he?
 NOSE. Some Protestant I warrant you, a Time-server,
 As *Fame* her selfe is.
 FAME. You are neere the righe.
 Indeed, he is *Time* it selfe, and his name *Chronos*.
 NOSE. How I *Saturne*! *Chronos*! and the *Time* it selfe!
 You're found inough. Anorable old *Pagan*!
 EARES. One of their Gods, and eats up his owne children.
 NOSE. A Fencer, and do's travell with a fish.
 Instead of a long sword.
 EIES. Harh beene oft call'd from it,
 To be their Lord of misrule.
 EARES. As *Cincinnatus*
 Was from the plough, to be *Dictator*.
 EIES. Yes. All we would have him be.
 We need no interpreter on, what of *Time*?
 FAME. The *Time* hath sent me with my Trumpe to summon
 All sorts of persons worthy, to the view
 Of some great spectacle he meanes to night,
 To exhibite, and with all solemnitie.
 NOSE. O, we shall have his *Saturnalia*.
 EIES. His dayes of feast, and libertie agen.
 EARES. Where men might doe, and talke all that they list.
 EIES. Slaves of their lords.
 NOSE. The servants of their masters!
 EARES. And subjects of their Sovereigne.
 FAME. Not so lavish.
 EARES. It was a brave time that!
 EIES. This will be better:
 I spie it comming, peace. All the impostures,
 The prodigies, diseases, and distempers,
 The knaveries of the *Time*, we shall see all now.
 EARES. And heare the passages, and severall humors
 Of men, as they are swayd by their affections:
 Some grumbling, and some mutining, some scoffing,
 Some pleas'd, some pyning, at all these we laughing.
 NOSE. I have it here, here, strong, the sweat of it,
 And the confusion (which I love) I nose it.
 It tickles mee.
 EIES. My four eies itch for it.
 EAR. And my eares ring, would it would come forth
 This roome will not receive it.
 NOSE. That's the feare.

Enter **CHRONO-MASTIX.**

CHRON. What? what? my friends, will not this roome receive?
 EIES. That which the *Time* is presently to shew us.
 CHRO. The *Time*? Lo I the man, that hateth the time
 That is, that love it not, and (though in ryme, I have)

I here

I here doe speake it) with this whipp you see,
Doe lash the *Time*, and am my selfe lash-free.

FAME. Who's this ?

EARES. 'Tis *Chronomastix*, the brave *Satyre*,

NOSE. The gentlman-like *Satyre*, cares for no body,
His fore-head tip't with bayes, doe you not know him ?

EYES. Yes *Fame* must know him, all the Town admires him.

CHRO. If you would see *Time* quake and shake, but name us,
It is for that, we are both belov'd, and famous.

EYES. We know, Sir. But the *Time*'s now come about.

EARES. And promifeth all libertie.

NOSE. Nay licence.

EYES. We shall doe what we list.

EARES. Talke what we list.

NOSE. And censure whom we list, and how we list.

CHRO. Then I will looke on *Time*, and love the same,

And drop my whip: who's this ! my Mistris ! *Fame* !

The lady whom I honour, and adore !

What lucke had I not to see her before !

Pardon me, Madam, more than most accurst,

That did not spie your Ladiship at first,

T'have giv'n the stoop, and to salute the skirts

Of her, to whom all Ladies else are flirts !

It is for you, I revell so in rime,

Deare Mistris, not for hope I have the *Time*

Will grow the better by it. To serve *Fame*

Is all my end, and get my selfe a name.

FAME. Away, I know thee not, wretched Impostor,

Creature of glory, Mountebanke of witte,

Selfe-loving Braggart, *Fame* doth sound no trumpet

To such vaine, empy fooles : 'Tis Infamy

Thou serv'st, and follow'st, scorne of all the *Muse*,

Goe revell with thine ignorant admirers,

Let worthy names alone.

CHRO. O, you the *Curious*,

Breath you to see a passage so injurious,

Done with despight, and carried with such tumor

'Gainst me, that am so much the friend of rumor ?

(I would say *Fame* ?) whose *Muse* hath rid in rapture

On a soft ambling verse to every capture

From the strong guard, to the weak child that reads me,

And wonder both of him that loves, or dreads me !

Who with the lash of my immortall pen

Have scourg'd all sorts of vices, and of men !

Am I rewarded, thus : have I, I say,

From *Envies* selfe torne praise, and bayes away,

With which my glorious front, and word at large

Triumphs in private my admirers charge.

EARES. Rare thou who talkest in verse, just as he writes !

CHRO. When have I walkt the streets, but happy he

That had the finger first to point at mee,
 Prentice, or Journeyman! The shop doth know it!
 The unletter'd Clarke! *major* and *minor* Poet!
 The Sempster hath sate still as I pass'd by,
 And dropt her needle! Fish-wives staid their cry:
 The Boy with buttons, and the Basket wench!
 To vent their wares into my workes do trench!
 A pudding-wife that would despise the Times,
 Hath utter'd frequent pen' worths, through my rimes;
 And, with them, div'd into the Chamber-maid,
 And she unto her Lady hath convey'd
 The season'd morsels, who hath sent me pensions,
 To cherish, and to heighten my inventions.
 Well, *Fame* shall know it yet, I have my faction,
 And friends about me, though it please detraction;
 To doe me this affront. Come forth that love me,
 And now, or never, spight of *Fame*, approve me.

At this the Mutes come in.

THE ANTIMASQUERS.

FAME. How now! what's here? Is hell broke loose?
 EIES. You'l see.
 That he ha's favourers, *Fame*, and great ones too.
 That unquous Bounry, is the Bosse of *Belinsgate*,
 EARES. Who feasts his *Muse* with claret wine, and oysters;
 NOSE. Growes big with *Satyre*,
 EARES. Goes as long as an Elephant:
 EIES. She labours, and lies in of his inventions,
 NOSE. Ha's a male-poem in her belly now,
 Big as a colt,
 EARES. That kicks at *Time* already,
 EIES. And is no sooner foald, but will neigh sulphure:
 FAME. The next?
 EARES. A *quondam* Justice, that of late
 Hath beene discarded out o' the pack o' the peace,
 For some lewd *levitic* he holds in *capite*,
 But constantly loves him. In dayes of yore,
 He us'd to give the charge out of his poems,
 He carries him about him, in his pocket,
 As *Philip's* Sonne did *Hamor*, in a casket,
 And cries, O happy Man, to the wrong party,
 Meaning the *Poet*, where he meant the subject:
 FAME. What are this paire?
 EIES. The ragged rascalls?
 FAME. Yes.
 EIES. Meere rogues, you'd thinke them rogues, but they are friends;
 One is his Printer in disguise, and keeps
 His presse in a hollow tree, where to conceale him,

He workes by glow-worme light, the Moone's too open.
The other zealous ragge is the Compositor,
Who in an angle, where the ants inhabite,
(The emblem's of his labours) will sit curl'd
Whole dayes, and nights, and worke his eyes out for him.

Nos B. Strange arguments of love! There is a Schoolemaster
Is turning all his workes too, into *Latine*,
To pure *Satyricke Latine*; makes his Boyes
To learne him; calls him the times *Juvenal*;
Hangs all his Schoole with his sharpe sentences;
And o're the Execution place hath painted
Time whipt, for terror to the Infanterie.

EIES. This Man of warre, i'th' rere, He is both Trumpet
And Champion to his *Muse*.

EARES. For the whole City.

Nos B. H'as him by roat, recites him at the tables,
Where he doth governe; swears him into name,
Upon his word, and sword, for the sole youth
Dares make profession of *Poetick* truth,
Now militant amongst us: To th' incredulous,
That dagger is an article he uses,
To rivet his respect into their pates,
And makethem faithful. *Fame*, you'l find you've wrongd him.

FAME. What a confederacie of *Folly* is here!

*They all dounce but Fame, and make the first Antimasque,
In which they adore, and carry forth the Satyre,
and the Curious come up agen.*

EIES. Now *Fame*, how like you this?

EARES. This falls upon you
For your neglect.

Nos B. He scornes you, and defies you,
H'as got a *Fame* on's owne, as well as a Faction.

EIES. And these will deifie him, to despise you.

FAME. I envie not the *Axottion*.
'Twill prove but deifying of a Pompon.

Nos B. Well, what is that the *Time* will now exhibite?

EIES. What gambols? what devises? what new sports?

EARES. You promis'd us, we should have any thing.

Nos B. That *Time* would give us all we could imagine.

FAME. You might imagine so, I never promis'd it.

EIES. Pox, then 'tis nothing. I had now a fancie
We might have talk'd o'the King.

EARES. Or State.

Nos B. Or all the World.

EIES. Censur'd the Counsell, e're they censure us.

EARES. We doe it in *Pauls*.

Nos B. Yes, and in all the tavernes!

FAME. A comely licence. They that censure those

They

They ought to reverence, meet they that old curse,
To beg their bread, and feele eternall Winter.

Ther's difference twixt liberty, and licence.

NOS. Why if it be not that, let it be this then
(For since you grant us freedom, we will hold it.)

Let's have the giddy world turn'd the heeles upward,
And sing a rare blacke *Sanctus*, on his head,
Of all things out of order.

EIES. No, the Man

I the Moone daunce a *Corranio*, his butt
At's backe, a fire; and his dogge piping *Lalbrima*.

EARES. Or let's have all the people in an uprore;
None knowing, why, or to what end; and in
Themidd'lt of all, start up an old mad woman
Preaching of patience.

NOS. No, no, I'd ha' this.

EIES. What?

FAME. Anything.

NOS. That could be monstrous:

Enough, I mean. A *Babel* of wild humours.

EARES. And all disputing of all things they know not;

EIES. And talking of all men they never heard of;

EARES. And all together by the eares o' the sudden;

EIES. And, when the matter is at hottest, then
All fall asleepe.

FAME. Agree among your selves,

And what it is you'd have, I'll answer you.

EIES. O, that we shall never doe.

EARES. No, never agree.

NOS. Not upon what. Something that is unlawfull.

EARES. I, or unreasonable.

EIES. Or impossible.

NOS. Let't be uncivill enough, you hit us right.

EARES. And a great noyse.

EIES. To little, or no purpose.

NOS. And if there be some mischief, 'twill become it.

EIES. But see, there be no cause, as you will answer it.

FAME. These are meere Monsters.

NOS. I, all the better.

FAME. You doe abuse the *Time*. These are fit freedoms

For lawlesse Prentices, on a Shrovetuesday,

When they compell the *Time* to serve their riot.

For drunken Wakes, and strutting Beare-baytings;

That favour only of their owne abuses.

EIES. Why, if not those, then something to make sport;

EARES. Wee only hunt for novelty, not truth.

FAME. I'll fit you, though the *Time* faintly permit it.

*The second Antimasque of Tumblers, and Jugglers, brought
in by the Carle and Jellies, who make sport with the
Cutpurses, and drive them away.*

FAME. Why now they are kindly us'd, like lish spectators,
That know not what they would have. Commonly,
The curious are ill natur'd, and like flies,
Seeke Times corrupted parts to blow upon;
But may the found ones live with fame, and honour,
Free from the molestation of those flies;
Who being fled, Fame now perishes here and

Loud **MVSIQUE.**

*To which the whole Scene opens, where Saturne sitting with
Venus is discover'd above, and certaine Votaries
comming forth below, which are
the Chorus.*

FAME. For you, great King, to whom the Time doth owe
All his respects, and reverence, behold
How Saturne, urged at request of Love,
Prepares the object to the place to night.
Within yond' darknesse, Venus hath found out
That Hecate (as she is Queene of shades)
Keepes certaine glories of the Time obcur'd,
There, for her selfe alone to gaze upon,
As she did once the faire Endimion.
These, Time hath promis'd at Loves suit to see,
As being fitter to adorne the age,
By you restor'd on earth, most like his owne:
And fill this world of beautie here, your Court.
To which his bountie, see, how men prepare
To fit their votes below, and thronging come
With longing passion to enjoy th' effect
Harke, it is Love begins to Time. Expect.

VENUS.

*Beside, that it is done for Love,
It is a worke, great Time, will prove
Thy honour, and mine hopes above.*

SATVRN.

*If Love be pleas'd, I am I.
For Time could never get deny
What Love did aske, if Love knew why.*

VOTARIES.

VOTARIES.

Shee know, and hath exprest it now.
And so doth every publike vov
That heard her why, and waites thy how.

SATURN E.

You shall not long expect : with ease
The things come forth, are borne to please :
Looke, have you scene such lights as these ?

The Masquers are discovered, and that
which obscur'd them,
vanisheth.

VOTARIES.

These, these must sure some wonders bee !

CHORUS.

O, what a glory 'tis to see
Mens wishes, Time, and Love agree { A Pause

There SATVRNE and VENVS passe away,
and the Masquers descend.

CHORUS.

What griefe, or envie had it beene,
That these, and such had not beene scene,
But still obscur'd in shade !
Who are the glories of the Time,
Of youth, and feature too, the prime,
And for the light were made !

VOTARIES.

- 1 Their very number, how it takes !
- 2 What harmony their presence makes !
- 3 How they inflame the place !

CHORUS.

Now they are neerer scene, and viewd ;
For whom could Love have better su'd ?
Or Time have done the grace ?

Hereto a loud Musique, they march into their
figure, and daunce their ENTERT,
or first DAVNCE.

After which.

VENUS.

The night could not these glories misse,
Good Time, I hope, is ta'ne with this.

SATURN E.

If Time were not, I am sure Love is
Betwene us it shall be no strife :
For now 'tis Love, gives Time his life.

VOTARIES OV

Let Time then so with Love conspire,
as straight be sent into the Court
A little Cupid, arm'd with fire,
Attended by a jocund Sport,
To breed delight, and a desire
of being delighted, in the nobler sort.

SATURN E.

The wish is crown'd, as soone as made.

VOTARIES.

And CUPID conquers, & ne he doth invade.
His victories of lightest trouble prove.
For there is never labour, where is Love.

Then, follows the maine DAVNCE, which done,
CYPID, with the SPORT, goes out.

CUPID.

{ To the Masquers.

Take breath awhile, young Blonds, to bring
Your forces up, whilst we goe sing
Fresh charges, to the Beauties here.

SPORT.

Or, if they charge you, doe not feare,
Though they be better arm'd then you:
It is but standing the first view,
And then they yeeld.

CUPID.

Or quit the field.

SPORT.

Nay, that they'l never doe.
They'l rather fall upon the place,
Then suffer such disgrace.
You are but Men at best, they say,
And they from those ne're ran away.

{ Pause.

CUPID.

{ To the King.

You, Sir, that are the Lord of Time,
Receive it not as any crime
'Gainst Majesty, that Love and Sport
To night have entred in your Court.

SPORT.

Sir, doubt him more of some surprise
Vpon your selfe. He hath his eyes.
You are the noblest object here,
And 'tis for you alone I feare:
For here are Ladies, that would give
A brave reward, to make Love live
Well, all his life, for such a draught.
And therefore, looke to every sight,
The Wags a Deacon in his shaft.

{ Pause.

CUPID.

{ To the Lords.

My Lords, the Honors of the Crowne,
Put off your sowerneffe, doe not fromme,
Bid cares depart, and businesse hence:
A little, for the Time dispence.

SPORT.

Trust nothing that the Boy lets fall,
My Lords, he hath plots upon you all.
A Pensioner unto your wives,
To keepe you in uxorious gives,
And so your sense to fascinate,
To make you quit all thoughts of state,
His amorous questions to debate.
But, heare his Logicke, he will prove
There is no businesse, but to be in love.

CUPID.

The words of Sport, my Lords, and course.

{ Pause. Your Ladies yet, will not thinke worse
Of Love for this: they shall command
My Bow, my Quiver, and my Hand.

{ To the Ladies.

SPORT.

What, here to stand
and kill the Flies?
Alas, thy service they despise.
One Beauty here, hath in her eyes,
More shafts then from thy bow e're flew,
Or that poore quiver knew.

These Dames,
They need not Love's, they have Natures flames:

CUPID.

I see the Beauty, that you so report.

SPORT.

Cupid, you must not point in Court,
Where live so many of a sort.
Of Harmony those learn'd their speech,
The Graces did them footing teach,
And, at the old Idalian bralls,
They daunc'd your Mother downe. Shee calls:

CUPID.

Arme, arme then all.

SPORT.

Young blonds come on,
And charge: Let every man take one.

CUPID.

And try his fate.

SPORT.

These are faire warres,
And will be carried without scars.

CUPID.

Masques.

CUPID.

*A joyning, but of feet, and hands.
Is all the Time, and Love commands.*

SPORT.

*Or if you doe their gloves off-strip.
Or taste the Nectar of the lip:
See, so you temper your desires,
For kisses, that yee sucke not fires.*

The REVELS follow, which ended, the CHORUS
appareagen, and DIANA descends to HIPPO-
LITUS, the whole Scene being chang'd to
a Wood, out of which he
comes.

CHORUS.

*The Courtly strife is done, it should appeare,
Betwene the Youths, and Beauties of the yeare,
Wee hope that now these lights will know their spheare,
And strive hereafter to shine ever here:
Like brightest Planets, still to move
In th' eye of Time, and orbis of Love.*

DIANA.

Hippolitus, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Diana?

DIANA.

Shee.

*Beready you, or Cephalus,
To waite on me.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Wee ever be.

DIANA.

*Your Goddesse hath beene wrong'd to night,
By Loves report unto the Time.*

HIPPOLITUS.

*The injury, it selfe will right,
Which only Faine hath made a crime.*

For Time is wise,

And hath his eares as perfect as his eyes.

SATURN.

Who's that descends? Diana?

VOTARIES.

Yes.

VENUS.

By like her troope shee hath begun to misse.

SATURN.

Let's meet, and question what her errand is.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Shee will prevent thee, Saturne, ~~and I will~~
 Her-selfe unto thee, rather to complaine
 That thou and Venus both should ~~be~~
 The name of Dian, as to entertaine
 A thought, that she had purpos'd ~~to~~
 The Time, of ~~any~~ ~~time~~ ~~and~~ ~~place~~
 To doe Time honour rather ~~than~~
 His worth, hath beene her ~~owne~~

DIANA.

I call'd these Youth's ~~for~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~hunting~~ ~~and~~ ~~prime~~
 (of) ~~the~~ ~~hunting~~ ~~and~~ ~~prime~~
 To make them fitter so to serve the Time
 By labour, riding, and those ancient arts,
 That first enabled men unto the warres;
 And furnish'd Heaven with so many Starres:

HIPPOLYTUS.

As Perseus, Castor, Pollux, and the rest,
 Who were of Hunters first, of men the best;
 Whose shades doe yet remaine within yond' groves;
 Themselves there sporting with their nobler loves:

DIANA.

And ~~from~~ ~~these~~ ~~day~~ ~~if~~ ~~the~~ ~~Time~~ ~~give~~ ~~leave~~.

SATURNE.

Chast Dians purpose we doe now conceive,
 And yeeld thereto.

VENUS.

And so doth Love.

VOTARIES.

All Votes doe in one circle move.

CHORUS.

Turne Hunters then,
~~again~~

Hunting, it is the noblest exercise,
 Makes men laborious, active, wise,
 Brings health, and doth the spirits delight,
 It help's the hearing, and the sight:
 It teacheth arts that never slip
 The memory, good horsemanship,

Search,

Search, sharpnesse, courage, and defence,
And chafeth all ill habitude.

Turne Humour then,

But not of men,

Follow his ample,

And just example,

That hates all chace of malice, and of blood:

And studies only wayes of good,

To keepe soft Peace in breath.

Man should not hunt Mankind to death,

But strike the enemies of Man,

Kill vices if you can:

They are your wildest beasts.

And when they thickest fall, you make the Gods true feasts,

The End.

NEPTVNES

NEPTUNES
TRIUMPH
FOR
THE RETVRNE
OF
ALBION.

CELEBRATED IN A
Masque

At the Court on the Twelfth
night. 1624.

Omnia & ad reducem jam litas ara Deum.
Mart. lib. viii. Epig. xiv.

NEPTUNES TRIUMPH.

His Masque being set, and the loude Musique ceasing, All
that is discovered of a Scene, are two erected Pillars, de-
dicated to Neptune, with this inscription upon the one,
NEP. RED.

On the other,

SEC. IOV.

The POET entering on the STAGE, to disperse the Argument, is
call'd to by the Master-Cooke.

COOKE.

Doe you heare, you, Creature of diligence, and businesse! what is
the affaire, that you plucke for so, under your cloake?

POET.

Nothing, but what I colour for, I assure you; and may encounter
with, I hope, if *Luck* favour me, the Gamsters Goddesse.

P

COOKE.

COOKE.

You are a *Poet* of hers, it seemes by your language. What went you upon? may a man aske you?

POET.

Certainties, indeed Sir, and very good ones, the presentation of a *Masque*, you'll see't, anon.

COOKE.

Sir, this is my roome, and region too, the banquetting-house. And in matter of feast, the solemnitie, nothing is to be presented here, but with my acquaintance, and allowance to it.

POET.

You are not his Majesties *Confessioner*? Are you?

COOKE.

No, but one that has as good title to the roome, his *Master-Cooke*. What are you, Sir?

POET.

The most unprofitable of his servants, I, Sir, the *Poet*. A kind of a *Christmas* Engine? one, that is used, at least once a yeare, for a trifling instrument, of wit, or so.

COOKE.

Were you ever a *Cooke*?

POET.

A *Cooke*? no surely.

COOKE.

Then you can be no good *Poet*: for a good *Poet* differs nothing at all from a *Master-Cooke*. Eithers *Art* is the wisdom of the Mind.

POET.

As how, Sir?

COOKE.

Expect. I am by my place, to know how to please the palates of the guests; so, you, are to know the palate of the times: study the severall tastes, what every Nation, the *Spaniard*, the *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Walloon*, the *Neapolitan*, the *Brittan*, the *Sicilian*, can expect from you.

POET.

That were a heave and hard taske, to satisfie *Expectation*, who is so severe an exactresse of duties; ever a tyrannous mistresse: and most times a pressing enemy.

COOKE.

She is a powerfull great Lady, Sir, at all times, and must be satisfied: So must her sister, Madam *Curiositie*, who hath as daintie a palate as she, and these will expect.

POET.

But, what if they expect more then they understand?

COOKE.

That's all one, Mr. *Poet*. you are bound to satisfie them. For, there is a palate of the Understanding, as well as of the Senses: The Taste is taken with good relishes, the Sight with faire objects, the Hearing with delicate sounds, the Smelling with pure scents, the feeling with soft and plump bodyes, but the Understanding with all these: for all which you must begin at the Kitchen. There, the *Art* of *Poetrie* was learn'd,
and

and found out, or no where: and the same day, with the *Art of Cookery*.

POET.

I should have giv'n it rather to the Cellar, if my suffrage had bin askt.

COOKE.

O, you are for the *Oracle* of the *Bottle*, I see, *Hoghead Trismegistus*: He is your *Pegasus*. Thence flowes the spring of your *Muses*, from that *hoofe*.

Seduced *Poet*, I doe say to thee,---

A *Boylor*, *Range*, and *Dresser* were the fountaines

Of all the knowledge, in the *Universe*,

And that's the *Kitchin*. Where, a *Master-Cooke*!

Thou do'st not know the man! nor canst thou know him!

Till thou hast serv'd some yeares in that deepe schoole,

That's both the *Nource*, and *Mother* of the *Arts*,

And hear'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate.

A *Master-Cooke*! why, he is the man of men,

For a *Professor*! He designs, he drawes,

He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,

Makes *Citadels* of curious fowle, and fish,

Some he dry-ditches, some motes round with broths;

Mounts marrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;

Reares bulwarke pies; and, for his outer workes,

He raiseth ramparts of immortall crust;

And teacheth all the *tacticks* at one dinner:

What ranks, what files, to put his dishes in

The whole *Art Militarie*! Then he knowes

The influence of the starres, upon his meates;

And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,

And so, to fit his relishes, and sauces!

He, has *Nature* in a pot! 'bove all the *Chemists*,

Or bare-breech'd brethren of the *Rosie-Crosse*!

He is an *Architect*, an *Inginer*,

A *Souldier*, a *Physition*, a *Philosopher*,

A generall *Mathematician*!

POET.

It is granted.

COOKE.

And, that you may not doubt him for a *Poet*,

POET.

This *Fury* shewes, if there were nothing else!

And 'tis divine!

COOKE.

Then, *Brother Poet*,

POET.

Brother.

COOKE.

I have a suite.

POET.

What is it?

COOKE.

Your devise.

P 2

POET.

POET.

As you came in upon me, I was then
Offering the argument, and this it is.

COOKE.

Silence.

POET.

The mightie *Neptune*, mightie in his styles,
And large command of waters, and of Isles,
Not, as the *Lord and Sovereigne of the Seas*,
But, *Chiefe in the art of riding*, late did please
To send his *Albion* forth, the most his owne,
Upon discovery, to themselves best knowne,
Through *Celtiberia*, and, to assist his course,
Gave him his powerfull *MANAGER of Horse*,
With divine *Proteus*, Father of disguise,
To waite upon them with his counsels wife,
In all extreames. His great commands being done,
And he desirous to review his Sonne,
He doth dispatch a floating Ile, from hence,
Unto the *Hesperian* shores, to waite him thence.
Where, what the arts were, us'd to make him stay,
And how the *Syrens* woo'd him, by the way,
What Monsters he encountred on the coast,
Howneere our generall Joy was to be lost.
Is not our subject now: though all these make
The present gladnesse greater, for their sake,
But what the triumphs are, the feast, the sport,
And proud solemnities of *Neptunes Court*,
Now he is safe, and *Fame's* not heard in vaine,
But we behold our happie pledge againe.
That with him, loyall *HIPPVS* is return'd,
Who for it, under so much envie, burn'd
With his owne brightnesse, till her sterv'd snakes saw
What *Neptune* did impose, to him was law.

COOKE.

But, why not this, till now?

POET.

To mixe this Musick with the vulgar chime.
Stay, till th'abortive, and extemporall dinn
Of balladry, were understood. Then
Minerva cry'd: that, what tumultuous verse,
Or prose could make, or steale, they might rehearse,
And every Songster had sung out his fir
That all the Countrey, and the Citie-wit,
Of bells, and bonfires, and good cheere was spent,
And *Neptunes Guard* had drunke all that they meant;
That all the tales and stories now were old
Of the Sea-Monster *Archy*, or growne to old:

The

The *Muses* then might venter, undererr'd,
For they love, then, to sing, when they are heard.

COOKE.

I like it well, 'tis handsome: and I have
Some thing would fit this. How doe you present 'hem?
In a fine Island, say you?

PORT.

Yes, a *Delus*:

Such, as when faire *Latona* fell in travaile,
Great *Neptune* made emergent.

COOKE.

I conceive you.

I would have had your Ile brought floring in, now
In a brave broth, and of a sprightly greene,
Just to the colour of the Sea; and then,
Some twentie *Syrens*, singing in the kettle,
With an *Arion*, mounted on the backe
Of a growne Conger, but in such a posture,
As, all the world should take him for a Dolphin:
O, 'twould ha' made such musick! Ha' you nothing,
But a bare Island?

PORT.

Yes, we have a tree too;

Which we doe call the Tree of *Harmonie*,
And is the same with what we read, the *Sunne*,
Brought forth in the *Indian Musicians* first,
And thus it growes. The goodly bole, being got
To certaine cubits height, from every side
The boughes decline, which taking roote afresh,
Spring up new boles, and those spring new, and newer,
Till the whole tree become a *Particure*,
Or arch'd Arbour, able to receive
A numerous troupe, such as our *Albion*,
And the Companions of his journey are.
And this they sit in.

COOKE.

Your prime *Masquers*?

PORT.

Yes.

COOKE.

But where's your *Antimasque* now, all this while?
I hearken after them.

PORT.

Faith, we have none.

COOKE.

None?

PORT.

None, I assure you, neither doe I thinke them
A worthy part of presentation,
Being things so *heterogene*, to all devise.

Meere *By-works*, and at best *Out-landish* nothings.

COOKE.

O, you are all the heaven awrie! Sir.
For blood of *Poetry*, running in your veins,
Make not your selfe so ignorantly simple.
Because Sir, you shall see I am a *Poet*,
No lesse then *Cooke*, and that I find you want
A speciall service here, an *Antimasque*,
I'll fit you with a dish out of the Kitchin,
Such, as I thinke, will take the present palates,
A *metaphoricall* dish! And, doe but marke,
How a good wit may jumpe with you. Are you ready, Child?
(Had there bin Maske, or no Maske, I had made it.)
Child of the boyling house.

CHILD.

Here, Father.

COOKE.

Bring forth the pot. It is an *Olla Podrida*,
But I have persons, to present the meates.

POET.

Persons!

COOKE.

Such as doe relish nothing, but *di stato*,
(But in another fashion, then you dreame of)
Know all things the wrong way, talke of the *affaires*,
The clouds, the cortines, and the mysteries
That are afoot, and, from what hands they have hem
(The master of the Elephant, or the Camels)
What correspondences are held, the Posts
That goe, and come, and know, almost, their minutes,
All but their businesse: Therein, they are fishes.
But ha' their garlick, as the *Proverb* sayes,
They are our *Quest of enquiry*, after newes.

POET.

Together with their learned *Authors*?

CHILD.

Yes Sir,

And of the *Epicene* gender, Hees, and Shees:
Amphibion Archy is the chiefe.

COOKE.

Good boy!

The Child is learned too. Note but the Kitchin.
Have you put him, into the pot, for Garlick?

CHILD.

One in his coate, shall stinke as strong as he, Sir,
And his friend *Giblets* with him.

COOKE.

They are two,

That give a part of the seasoning.

POET.

I conceive

The way of your *Gally-mansfey*.

COOKE.

You will like it,

When they come pouring out of the pot together.

CHILD.

O, if the pot had beene big enough!

COOKE.

What then, Child?

CHILD.

I had put in the Elephant, and one Camel,
at least, for Biefe.

COOKE.

But, whom ha' you for Partridge?

CHILD.

A brace of Dwarfs, and delicate plump birds!

COOKE.

And whom for Mutton, and Kid?

CHILD.

A fine lac'd Mutton,

Or two; and either has her frisking Husband:

That reads her the *Corranto*, ev'ry weeke.

Grave M^r. *Ambler*, Newes-master of *Poules*,

Supplies your Capon, and growne Captaine But

(His *Emissary*) under-writes for Turkey,

A Gentleman of the *Forrest* presents Pheasant,

And a plump Poultrers wife, in *Graces street*,

Plays Hen with egges i' the belly, for a Coney,

Chooſe which you will.

COOKE.

But, where's the Bacon, *Thom*?

CHILD.

Hogrel the Butcher, and the Sow his wife,

Are both there.

COOKE.

It is well, goe, diſh'hem out.

Are they well boyld?

CHILD.

Podrida!

POET.

What's that? rotten?

COOKE.

O, that they muſt be. There's one maine ingredient

We have forgot, the *Artichoke*.

CHILD.

No Sir,

I have a Fruiterer, with a cold red noſe,

Like a blue fig, performs it.

COOKE.

COOKE. I conceive

The fruit looks so.

Good child, goe poure'hem out, shew their concoction.
 They must be rotten boyld, the broth's the best on't,
 And that's the Dance. The stage here is the Charger.
 And Brother Poet, though the serious part
 Be yours, yet, envie not the Cooke his art.

POET.

Not I. *Nam lusus ipse Triumphus amat.*

*The Antimasque is danc'd by the persons describ'd,
 coming out of the pot.*

POET.

Well, now, expect the *Scene* it selfe; it opens!

The Iland is discovered, the *Masquers* sitting in their
 severall sieges. The heavens opening, and *Apollo*,
 with *Mercury*, some *Muses*, & the *Goddesse Har-*
mony, make the musique, the while, the
 Iland moves forward, *Proteus* sitting
 below, and *APOLLO* sings.

Song.

APOLLO.

Looke forth, the *Shepherd of the Seas*,
 And of the *Ports*, that keep' st the *keyes*,
 And to your *Neptune* tell,
 His *ALBION*, Prince of all his *Isles*,
 For whom the *sea*, and land so *smiles*,
 Is home returned well.

CHORVS.

And be it thought no common Cause,
 That, to it, so much wonder drawes,
 And all the Heav'ns consent,
 With *HARMONY*, to tune their notes,
 In answer to the publike votes,
 That, for it, up were sent.

It was no envious *Stepdames* rage,Or *Tyrants* malice of the age,

That did employ him forth,

But such a *Wisdome*, that would prove,

By sending him, their hearts, and love

That else might feare his worth.

By this time, the Island hath joyned it selfe with the
shore: And *Proteus*, *Portunus*, and *Saron*; come
forth, and goe up singing to the Stage,
while the Masquers take time
to Land.

Song.

PROTEVS.

*I ! now the Pompe of Neptunes triumph shines !
And all the glories of his great designs
Are read, reflected, in his sonnes returne !*

PORTVNVS.

*How all the eyes, the lookes, the heart here burne
at his arrivall !*

SARON.

*These are the true fires,
Are made of joyes !*

PROTEVS.

Of longing !

PORTVNVS.

Of desires !

SARON.

Of hopes !

PROTEVS.

Of feares !

PORTVNVS.

No intermitted blocks.

SARON.

But pure affections, and from odorous stocks !

CHORVS.

*'Tis incense all, that flames !
And these materials scarce have names !*

PROTEVS.

*My King looks higher, as he scorn'd the warres
Of windes, and with his trident touch'd the starres,
There is no wrinkle in his brow, or frowne,
But, as his cares he would in Nectar drowne,
And all the silver-footed Nymphs were drest,
To waite upon him, to the Oceans feast.*

PORTVNVS.

*Or, here in rowes upon the bankes were set,
And had their severall hayres made into net
To catch the youths in, as they come on shore.*

SARON.

How ! Galatea sighing ! O, no more.

Banish your feares.

PORTVNVS.

And Doris dry your teares.

Albion is come :

Q

PROTEVS.

PROTEVS.

And Haliclyon, too,
That kept his side, as he was charg'd to doe,
With wonder.

SARON.

And the Syrens have him not.

PORTVNVS.

Though they no practise, nor no arts forgot,
That might have wonne him, or by charms, or song.

PROTEVS.

Or laying forth their treasures all along
Upon the glassie waves;

PORTVNVS.

Then diving:

PROTEVS.

Then,
Up with their heads, as they were mad of men.

SARON.

And there, the highest-going billowes crowne,
Untill some lustie Sea-god pull'd them downe.

CHORVS.

See! He is here!

PROTEVS.

Great Master of the mayne,
Receive thy deare, and precious pawne againe.

CHORVS.

SARON, PORTVNVS, PROTEVS, bring him thus,
Safe, as thy Subjects wishes gave him us:
And of thy glorious Triumph let it be
No lesse a part, that thou their loves doest see,
Then, that his sacred head's return'd to thee.

This sung, the Island goes backe, whilst the upper
Chorus takes it from them, and the
Masquers prepare for
their figure.

CHORVS.

Bring all the Graces of the age,
And all the Loves of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime:
Adde all the softnesses of Courts
The lookes, the laughers, and the sports,
And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph halts.

Here, the Masquers daunce their Entry.

*Which done, the first perspective of a maritime Palace, or
the house of Oceanus is discovered, with
lowd Musique.*

And the other above is no more seene.

POET.

Behold the Palace of *Oceanus* !
Hayle Reverend structure ! Boast no more to us
Thy being able, all the Gods to feasts ;
We have seene enough : our *Albion* was thy guest.

Then follows the Maine Daunce.

*After which the second prospect of the Sea, is showne, to
the former Musicke.*

POET.

Now turne and view the wonders of the deepe,
Where *Proteus* herds, and *Neptunes* Orkes doe keepe,
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pasture's greene
The wayes are found, and yet no pathes are seene.

*There Proteus, Portunus, Saron, goe up to the
Ladies with this Song,*

PROTEVS.

*Come noble Nymphs, and doe not hide
The joyes, for which you so provide :*

SARON.

*If not to mingle with the men,
What doe you here ? goe home agen.*

PORTVNVS.

*Your dressings doe confesse,
By what we see, so curious parts
Of Pallas, and Arachnes arts,
That you could meane no lesse.*

PROTEVS.

*Why doe you weare the Silke-wormes toyles ;
Or glory in the shell-fish spoyles ?
Or strive to shew the graines of ore
That you have gather'd on the shore,
Whereof to make a stocke
To graft the greener Emerald on
Or any better-water'd stone ?*

SARON.

Or Ruby of the rocke ?

Q 2

PROTEVS

PROTEVS.

*Why doe you smell of Amber gris,
Of which was formed Neptunes Neice,
The Queene of Love, unlesse you can
Like Sea-borne Venus love a man?*

SARON.

Try, put your selves unto's.

CHORVS.

*Your lookes, your smiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrosian hands, and silver feet,
doe promise you will do't.*

The Revells follow.

*Which ended, the Fleete is discovered, while the three
Cornets play.*

POET.

*'Tis time, your eyes should be refresh'd at length
With something new, a part of Neptunes strength
See, yond', his fleete, ready to goe, or come,
Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,
So to secure him both in peace, and warres,
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.*

*A shout within followes.
After which the Cooke enters.*

COOKE.

*I have another service for you, Brother Poet, a dish of pickled
Saylors, fine salt Sea-boyes, shall relish like Anchoves, or Ca-
weare, to draw downe a cup of Nectar, in the skirts of a night.*

SAYLORS.

*Come away boyes, the Towne is ours, hay for Neptune, and
our young Master.*

POET.

*He knowes the Compasse, and the Card,
While Castor sits on the maine yard,
And Pollux too, to helpe your bayles;
And bright Leucothoe, fils your sayles:
Ariens sings, the Dolphins swim,
And, all the way, to gaze on him.*

The Antimasque of Saylors.

Then

*The last Song to the whole Masque, five Lutes, three
Cornets, and ten voyces.*

Song.

PROTEVS.

*Although we wish the Triumph still might last
For such a Prince, and his discovery past,*

*Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Isles,
Give Proteus leave to turne unto his wiles :*

PORTUNVS.

*And, whilst young Albion doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to thy Ports,*

SARON.

And Saron to thy Seat :

*To meet old Nereus, with his fifty girls,
From aged Indus laden home with Pearles,
And orient gummes, to burne unto thy name.*

CHORVS.

*And may thy Subjects hearts be all on flame :
Whilst thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And 'mongst the winds dost suffer no debate.
But both at Sea, and Land, our powers increase
With health, and all the golden gifts of peace.*

The last Daunce.

The End.

P A N S

P A N S
ANNIVERSARIE;
OR,
THE SHEPHERDS
HOLY-DAY.

THE SCENE
ARCADIA.

As it was presented at Court before
King JAMES. 1625.

The Inventors,
Inigo Jones. Ben. Iohnson.

The first presentation is of three Nymphs strewing severall sorts
of flowers, followed by an old Shepherd with a
Censer and perfumes.

NYMPH I.

Thus, thus, begin the yearly rites
Are due to P A N on these bright nights;
His Morn now riseth, and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:
All Envious, and Prophane away,
This is the Shepherds Holy-day.

NYMPH II.

Strew, strew, the glad and smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound
The Prime-rose drop, the Springs owne sponse,
Bright Dayes-eyes, and the lips of Cowes,
The Garden-star, the Queene of May,
The Rose, to crowne the Holy-day.

NYMPH III.

Drop, drop you Violets, change your hues,
Now red, now pale, as Lovers use,
And in your death goe out as well,
As when you liv'd unto the smell:
That from your odour all may say,
This is the Shepherds Holy-day.

SHEP.

SHEPHERD.

*Well done my pretty ones, vaine Roses still,
 Untill the last be drapt: Then hence: and fill
 Your fragrant prickles for a second shower,
 Bring Corn-flag, Tulips, and Adonis flower,
 Faire Oxe-eye, Goldy-locks, and Columbine,
 Pinkes, Goulands, King-cups, and sweet Sops-in-wine,
 Blew Harebells, Pagles, Pansies, Calamint,
 Flower-gentle, and the faire-hair'd Hyacinth,
 Bring rich Carnations, Flowe-de-luces, Lillies,
 The chequ'd, and purple-ringed Daffodillies,
 Bright Crowne-imperiall, Kings-speare, Holy-hocks,
 Sweet Venus Navill, and soft Lady-smocks,
 Bring too, some branches forth of Daphnes haire,
 And gladdest myrtle for these postes to wear
 With Spikenard weav'd, and Marjoram betweene,
 And star'd with yellow-golds, and Meadows Queene,
 That when the Altar, as it ought is drest,
 More odour come not from the Phanix nest;
 The breadth thereof Panchaia may envie,
 The colours China, and the light the skye.*

LOUD MUSIQUE.

*The Scene opens, and in it are the Masquers discover'd sitting about the
 Fountaine of light.*

*The Musicians attyr'd like the Priests of Pan standing in the works
 beneath them, when entreteth to the old Shepherd.*

A Fencer flourishing.

Roome for an old Trophie of Time; a Sonne of the sword, a Servant of Mars, the Minion of the Muses, and a Master of Fence. One that hath showne his quarters, and plaid his prizes at all the games of Greece in his time; as Fencing, Wrestling, Leaping, Dauncing, what not? And hath now usher'd hither by the light of my long-sword certaine bold Boyes of *Baotia*, who are come to challenge the Arcadians at their owne sports, call them forth on their owne holy-day, and Daunce them down on their owne Greene-swarthi.

SHEPHERD.

'Tis boldly attempted, and must be a *Baotian* enterprize by the face of it, from all the parts of Greece else, especially at this time when the best, and bravest spirits of *Arcadia*, called together by the excellent *Arcas*, are yonder sitting about the Fountaine of light, in consultation of what honours they may doe the great *Pan* by encrease of anniverfarie rites fitted to the Musique of his peace.

FEN-

FENCER.

Peace to thy *Pam*, and mum to thy Musique, Swaine; There is a Tinker of *Thebes* a coming, called *Epam*, with his kettle will make all *Arcadia* ring of him; What are your sports for the purpose? say, if singing, you shall be sung downe, if dauncing, daunc'd downe. There is no more to be done with you, but know what; which it is, and you are in smoke, gone, vapour'd, vanish'd, blowne, and (as a man would say) in a word of two fillables, Nothing.

SHEPHERD.

This is short, though not so sweet. Surely the better part of the solemnitie here will be dauncing.

FENCER.

Enough; They shall be met with instantly in their owne sphere, the sphere of their owne activitie a daunce. But by whom, expect: No Cy-nætheian, nor Satyres; but (as I said) Boyes of *Beotia*; thinges of *Thebes*, (the Towne is ours, Shepheard) mad merry Greekes, Lads of life, that have no gall in us, but all ayre and sweetnesse. A Tooth-drawer is our Foreman, that if there be but a bitter tooth in the company, it may bee called out at a twitch; he doth command any mans teeth out of his head upon the point of his Poynard; or tickles them forth with his ryding rod: Hee drawes teeth a horse-backe in full speed, yet hee will daunce a foot, he hath given his word: He is yeoman of the mouth to the whole Brotherhood, and is charged to see their gummies bee cleane, and their breath sweet, at a minutes warning. Then comes my learned *Theban*, the Tinker I told you of, with his kettle Drum (before and after) a Master of Musique, and a man of mettall, He beates the march to the tune of Tickle-foot, *Pam, pam, pam*, brave *Epam* with a *nondus*. That's the straine;

SHEPHERD.

A high one.

FENCER.

Which is followed by the trace, and tract of an excellent Juggler, that can juggle with every joynt about him, from head to heele. He can doe tricks with his toes, wind filke, and thred Pearle with them, as nimble a fine fellow of his feet, as his hands: For there is a noble Corne-cutter his companion, hath so pared, and finised them----. Indeed, he hath taken it into his care, to reforme the feet of all, and fit all their footing to a forme, onely ones play-foot in the company, and he is a Bellowes-mender, allow'd who hath the looking to of all their lungs by patent, and by his place is to set that leg afore still, and with his pusses keeps them in breath during pleasure; A Tinder-box-man to strike new fire into them at every turne, and where he spies any brave sparke that is in danger to goe out, plie him with a match presently.

SHEPHERD.

A most politique provision.

FENCER.

Nay, we have made our provisions beyond example, I hope. For to these there is annexed a Clock-keeper, a grave person, as *Time* himselfe, who is to see that they all keepe time to a nick, and move every elbow in order, every knee in compasse. He is to wind them up, and draw them downe as he sees cause; Then is there a subtille shrewd-bearded Sir, that hath

hath beene a Politician, but is now a maker of Mouſe-traps, a great Inginner yet, and he is to catch the Ladies favours in the Daunce with certaine cringes he is to make, and to baite their benevolence. Nor can wee doubt of the ſucceſſe, for we have a Prophet amongſt us of that peremptorie pate, a Taylour, or maſter Faſhioner, that hath found it out in a painted cloth, or ſome old hanging (for thoſe are his Librarie) that we muſt conquer in ſuch a time, and ſuch a halfe time, therefore bids us goe on croſſe-leg'd, or however thred the needles of our owne happineſſe, goe through-ſtitch with all, unwind the clew of our cares, he hath taken meaſure of our mindes, and will fit our fortune to our footing. And to better aſſure us, at his owne charge, brings his Philoſopher with him, a great Clerke, who (they ſay) can write, and it is ſhrewdly ſuſpected but he can read too. And he is to take the whole Daunces from the foot by Brachygraphie, and ſo make a memoriall, if not a map of the buſineſſe. Come forth lads, and doe your owne turnes.

*The Antimaſque is Daunced.
After which*

FENCER.

How like you this Shepheard? was not this geare gotten on a holy day?

SHEPHERD.

Faith, your folly may deſerve pardon, becauſe it hath delighted: But, beware of preſuming, or how you offer compariſon with perſons ſo neere Deities. Behold where they are, that are now forgiven you, whom ſhould you provoke againe with the like, they will juſtly puniſh that with anger, which they now diſmiſſe with contempt, Away.

*And come you prime Arcadians forth, that taught
By P A N the rites of true ſocietie,
From his loud Muſicke, all your manners wrought
And made your Common-wealth a harmonie
Commending ſo to all poſteritie.
Your innocence from that faire Fount of light
As ſtill you ſit without the injurie
Of any rudeneſſe, Folly can, or ſpight:
Daunce from the top of the Lycæan mountaine
Downe to this valley, and wiſh neerer eye
Enjoy, what long in that illumin'd Fountaine
You did farre of, but yet with wonder ſpye.*

HYMNE I.

*I. Of P A N we ſing, the beſt of Singers Pan
That taught us ſwaines, how firſt to tune our layes,
And on the pipe more aires then Phœbus can.
C H O. Heare O you groves, and hills reſound his praiſe.*

R

2. of

2. Of Pan we sing, the best of Leaders, Pan
That leads the Nymph's, and the Dryad's forth,
And to their daunces more then Hermes can.
CHO. Heare O you groves, and hills, resound his worth.
3. Of Pan we sing, the best of Hunters, Pan
That drives the Heart to seeke unused wayes,
And in the chase more then Sylvanus can,
CHO. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.
4. Of Pan we sing, the best of Shepherds, Pan,
That keeps our flocks, and us, and both leads forth
To better pastures then great Pales can :
CHO. Heare O you groves, and hills resound his worth.
And while his powers, and praises thus we sing
The Valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

The Masquers descend, and dance.
their Entrée.

HYMNE II.

PAN is our All, by him we breath, wee live,
Wee move, we are; 'Tis he our lambes doth reare,
Our flocks doth blesse, and from the store doth give
The warme and finer fleeces that we weare.
He keepes away all beastes, and colds,
Drives all diseases from our folds :
Makes every where the Spring to dwell,
The Bwes to feed, their udders swell;
But if he frowne, the sheepe (alas)
The Shepheards wither, and the grasse.
Strive, strive, to please him then by still increasing thus
The rites are due to him, who doth all right for us.

The Maine Daunce.

HYMNE III.

If yet, if yet
Pans orgies you will further fit,
See where the silver-footed Fayes doe sit,
The Nymphes of wood and water;
Each trees, and Fountaines daughter,
Goe take them forth, it will be good
To see some wave it like a wood,
And others wind it like a flood;
In springs,
And rings,
Till the applause it brings,
Wakes Eccho from her seat,
The closes to repeate.
(ECH. The closes to repeate)

Eccho

*Eccho the trueſt Oracle on ground,
Though nothing but a ſound.*

(*ECH. Though nothing but a ſound.*)

Belov'd of Pan, the Valleyes Queene

(*ECH. The Valleyes Queene*)

And often heard, though never ſcene,

(*ECH. Though never ſcene.*)

REVELLS.

FENCER.

Roome, roome there: where are you Shepheard? I am come againe with my ſecond part of my bold Bloods, the brave Gameſters: who aſſure you by me, that they perceive no ſuch wonder in all is done here, but that they dare adventure another tryall. They looke for ſome ſheepiſh deviſes here in *Arcadia*, not theſe, and therefore a hall, a hall they demand.

SHEPHERD.

Nay, then they are paſt pittie, let them come, and not expect the anger of a Deitie to purſue them, but meet them. They have their puniſhment with their fact. They ſhall be ſheepe.

FENCER.

O ſpare me, by the law of Nations, I am but their Ambaſſadour:

SHEPHERD.

You ſpeake in time Sir.

2. ANTIMASQUE.

SHEPHERD.

Now let them returne with their ſolide heads, and carry their ſtupiditie into *Baotia*, whence they brought it, with an embleme of themſelves; and their Countrey. This is too pure an aire for ſo groſſe Braines.

*End you the rites, and ſo be eas'd
Of theſe, and then great Pan is pleas'd.*

HYMNE III.

*Great Pan the Father of our peace, and pleaſure,
Who giv'ſt us all this leaſure,
Heare what thy hallow'd troope of Herdſmen pray
For this their Holy-day,
And how their vowes to Thee, they in Lycæum pay:*

*So may our Ewes receive the mounting Rammes,
And wee bring thee the earlieſt of our Lambes:
So may the firſt of all our fells be thine,
And both the beſtning of our Goates, and Kine*

*As thou our folds dost still secure,
 And keep'st our fountains sweet and pure
 Driv'st hence the Wolfe, the Toad, the Brook,
 Or other vermine from the flock,
 That wee preserv'd by Thee, and thou observ'd by us
 May both live safe in shade of thy lov'd Mænalus.*

SHEPHERD.

*Now each retorne unto his Charge,
 And though to day you have liv'd at large,
 And well your flocks have fed their fill,
 Yet doe not trust your hirelings still.
 See, yond they goe, and timely doe
 The office you have put them to,
 But if you often give this leave
 Your sheepe, and you they will deceave.*

The End.

THE

THE MASQUE

OF

OWLES

AT

KENELWORTH.

Presented by the Ghost of Captaine *Coxe*
mounted in his Hobby-horse.

1626.

CAP. COXE.

Roome, roome, for my Horse will wince,
If he come within so many yards of a Prince;
And though he have not on his wings,
He will doe strange things.
He is the *Pegasus* that uses
To waite on *Warwick* Muses;
And on gaudy-dayes he paces
Before the *Coventrie* Graces;
For to tell you true, and in rime,
He was foald in Q. *Elizabeths* time;
When the great Earle of *Lester*
In this Castle did feast her.

Now, I am not so stupid
To thinke, you thinke me a *Cupid*;
Or a *Mercurie*, that fit him:
Though these Cocks here would fit him;
But a spirit very civill,
Neither Poets God, nor Devill,
An old *Kenelworth* Fox,
The Ghost of Captaine *Cox*,
For which I am the bolder,
To weare a Cock on each shoulder.

This Captaine *Cox*, by *St. Mary*,
Was at *Bullen* with King *Harry*;
And (if some doe not vary)
Had a goodly library,
By which he was discerned
To be one of the learned

To entertaine the Queene here,
 When last she was seene here.
 And for the Towne of *Coventrie*
 To act to her soveraigntie.
 But so his lot fell out,
 That serving then afoot,
 And being a little man;
 When the skirmish began
 'Twixt the *Saxon*, and the *Dane*,
 (For thence the storie was tane)
 Hee was not so well seene
 As he would have beene o' the Queene.
 Though this sword were twice so long
 As any mans else in the throng
 And for his sake, the Play
 Was call'd for the second day.
 But he made a vow
 (And he performes it now)
 That were he alive, or dead,
 Hereafter, it should never be sed
 But *Cap. Cox* would serve on horse
 For better or for worse,
 If any Prince came hither.

And his horse should have a feather
 Nay, such a Prince it might be
 Perhaps he should have three.

Now, Sir (in your approach
 The rumbling of your Coach
 Awaking me, (his Ghost)
 I come to play your Host,
 And feast your eyes and eares,
 Neither with Dogs, nor Beares,
 Though that have beene a fit
 Of our maine-shire wit,
 In times heretofore,
 But now, we have got a little more.

These then that we present
 With a most loyall intent
 And (as the Author saith)
 No ill meaning to the Catholique faith,
 Are not so much beasts, as Fowles,
 But a very Nest of Owles,
 And naturall, so thrive I,
 I found them in the Ivy,
 A thing, that though I blundred at,
 It may in time be wondred at,
 If the place but affords
 Any store of lucky birds,
 As I make 'em to flush
 Each Owle out of his bush.

Now,

Now, these Owles (some say) were men,
And they may be soagen,
If once they endure the light
Of your highnesse sight:
For Bank-rupts, we have knowne
Rise to more then their owne.
With a little-little favour
Of the Princes favour,
But, as you like their tricks,
I'll spring 'em, they are but fix.

Hey, Owle first.

This Bird is *London* bred
As you may see by his horn'd head.
And had like to have beene tane
At his shop in Jvy-lane,
Where he sold by the peney
Tobacco, as good as any;
But, whether it did provoke
His conscience, he sold smoke;
Or some other toy he tooke,
Towards his calling to looke:
He fled by Moone-shine thence;
And broke for sixteene pence.

Hey, Owle second.

This too, the more is the pittie
Is of the breed, of the same Citie,
A true Owle of *London*
That gives out he is undone,
Being a Cheese-monger,
By trusting two of the younger
Captaines, for the hunger
Of their halfe-staru'd number,
Whom since they have shipt away:
And left him God to pay,
With those eares for a badge
Of their dealing with his Madge.

Hey, Owle third.

A pure native Bird
This, and though his hue
Be not *Conventrie*-blue,
Yet is he undone
By the thred he has spunne;
For since the wise towne
Has let the sports downe
Of May-games, and Morris,
For which he right forry is:
Where their Maides, and their Makes,
At dancings, and Wakes,
Had their Napkins, and poses,
And the wipers for their noses.

And their smocks all be-wrought
 With his thred which they bought,
 It now lies on his hands,
 And having neither wit, nor lands,
 Is ready to hang, or choke him,
 In a skeyne of that, that broke him:

Hey, Owle fourth.

Was once a Bankrupt of worth;
 And having run a shifting race
 At last by money, and grace,
 Got him a Serjeants place,
 And to be one of Chace.
 A full fortnight was not spent,
 But out comes the Parliament,
 Takes away the use of his Mace,
 And left him in a worfe, then his first case.

Hey, Owle the fifth.

But here was a defeat,
 Never any so great,
 Of a *Don*, a Spanish Reader,
 Who had thought to have bin the Leader
 (Had the Match gon on)
 Of our Ladyes one by one,
 And triumpht our whole Nation,
 In his *Rodomant* fashion:
 But now since the breach,
 He has not a Scholler to teach.

Hey, Owle sixth.

The Bird-bringer up is a Knight,
 But a passionate wight,
 Who, since the Act against swearing,
 (The tale's worth your hearing)
 In this short times growth
 Hath at twelve pence an oath,
 For that (I take it) is the rate
 Sworne himsele out of his estate.

The third varied.

A Crop-eard Scrivener, this,
 Who when he heard but the whif-
 per of moneys to come downe,
 Fright got him out of Towne
 With all the Bills and Bands
 Of other mens in his hands,
 And cry'd, who will drive the trade,
 Since such a Law they had made:
 It was not he that broke.
 Two i'the hundred spoke,
 Nor car'd he for the curse,
 He could not heare much worfe,
 He had his eares in his purse.

The End.

THE

THE FORTUNATE ISLES,

AND THEIR VNION. CELEBRATED IN A MASQUE

Design'd for the Court, on the
Twelfth night. 1626.

Hic choreæ, cantusque vigent.

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

His M^{tie} being set,

Entreth in, running, JOHPHIEL, an aëry spirit, and (according to the Magi) the Intelligence of Jupiters sphere: Attired in light silkes of severall colours, with wings of the same, a bright yellow haire, a chaplet of flowers, blew silke stockings, and pumper, and gloves, with a silver fan in his hand.

JOHPHIEL.

Like a lightning from the skie,
Or an arrow shot by Love,
Or a Bird of his let fly;
Bee't a Sparrow, or a Dove:
With that winged haift, come I,
Loofed from the Sphere of love,
To wish good-night
To your delight.

To

To him enters a Melancholique Student, in bare and worne cloathes,
shrowded under an obscure cloake, and the eaves of an old hat,
ferching a deepe sigh, his name, Mr. Mere-Foole.

MERE-FOOLE.

Oh, oh !

JOHPHIEL.

In Saturn's name, the Father of my Lord !
What over-charged piece of Melancholie
Is this, breakes in betweene my wishes thus,
With bombing fighes ?

MERE-FOOLE.

No ! no Intelligence !

Not yet ! and all my vowes now nine dayes old !
Blindnesse of fate ! Puppies had seene by this time :
But I see nothing ! that I should ! or would see !
What meane the Brethren of the Rose-Crosse
So to desert their votarie !

JOHPHIEL.

O ! 'tis one

Hath vow'd himsef unto that aërie order,
And now is gaping for the flie they promis'd him.
I'll mixe a little with him for my sport.

MERE-FOOLE.

Have I both in my lodging, and my dyer,
My cloathes, and every other solcenne charge
Observ'd 'd 'hem ! made the naked bords my bed !
A fagot for my pillow ! hungred sore !

JOHPHIEL.

And thirsted after 'hem !

MERE-FOOLE.

To looke gaunt, and leane !

JOHPHIEL.

Which will not be.

MERE-FOOLE.

(Who's that ?) yes, and outwatcht,
Yea, and out-walked any Ghost alive
Insolitarie circle, worne my bootes,
Knees, armes, and elbowes out !

JOHPHIEL.

Ran on the score !

MERE-FOOLE.

That have I (who suggests that ?) and for more
Then I will speake of, to abate this flesh,
And have not gaind the fight !

JOHPHIEL.

Nay scarce the sence,

MERE-FOOLE.

(Voice, thou art right) of any thing but a cold
Wind in my stomacke.

JOHPHIEL.

And a kind of whimfie.

MERE-FOOLE.

Here in my head, that puts me to the staggers,
Whether there be that Brotherhood, or no.

JOHPHIEL.

Belceve fraile man, they be: and thou shalt see.

MERE-FOOLE.

What shall I see?

JOHPHIEL.

Mee:

MERE-FOOLE.

Thee? Where?

JOHPHIEL.

Here. If you

Be Mr. Mere-Foole.

MERE-FOOLE.

Sir, our name is *Mery-Foole*.

But by contraction *Mere-foole*.

JOHPHIEL.

Then are you

The wight I seeke: and Sr. my name is *Fophiel*,
Intelligence to the Sphere of *Jupiter*,
Anaery jocular spirit, employ'd to you
From Father OVTIS.

MERE-FOOLE.

OVTIS? who is hee?

JOHPHIEL.

Know yee not OVTIS? Then you know No body:
The good old *Hermit*, that was said to dwell
Here in the forrest without trees, that built
The Castle in the aire, where all the Brethren
Rhodostaurotick live. It flies with wings,
And runnes on wheeles: where *Julian de Campis*
Holds out the brandisht blade.

MERE-FOOLE.

Is't possible

They thinke on mee?

JOHPHIEL.

Rise, be not lost in wonder,

But heare me, and be faithfull. All the Brethren
Have heard your vowes, salute you, and expect you,
By me, this next returne. But the good Father
Has bin content to die for you.

MERE

MERE-FOOLE.

For mee?

JOHNSHIEL.

For you. Last New-yeares day, which some give out,
Because it was his Birth-day, and began
The yeare of *Fabile*, he would rest upon it,
Being his hundred five and twentieth yeare:
But the truth is, having observ'd your *Genesis*,
He would not live, because he might leave all
He had to you.

MERE-FOOLE.

What had he?

JOHNSHIEL.

Had? An office,

Two, three, or foure.

MERE-FOOLE.

Where?

JOHNSHIEL.

In the upper Region:

And that you'll find. The Farme of the great Customes,
Through all the Ports of the Aires Intelligences;
Then Constable of the Castle *Rosie-Crosse*:
Which you must be, and Keeper of the Keyes
Of the whole *Kaball*, with the Seales; you shall be
Principall Secretarie to the Starres;
Know all their signatures, and combinations,
The divine rods, and consecrated roots.
What not? Would you turne trees up like the wind,
To shew your strength: march ouer heads of armies,
Or points of pikes, to shew your lightnesse: force
All doores of arts, with the petarre, of your wit:
Reade at one view all bookes: speake all the languages
Of severall creatures: master all the learnings
Were, are, or shall be: or, to shew your wealth,
Open all treasures, hid by nature, from
The rocke of Diamond, to the mine of Sea-coale:
Sir, you shall doe it.

MERE-FOOLE.

But how?

JOHNSHIEL.

Why, by his skill,

Of which he has left you the inheritance,
Here in a pot: this little gally pot
Of tincture, high rose tincture. There's your Order,
You will ha' your Collar sent you, er'tbe long.

MERE-FOOLE.

I lookt Sir, for a halter, I was desperate.

JOHNSHIEL

JOHNNIEL.

Reach forth your hand.

MERE-FOOLE.

O Sir, a broken sleeve

Keepes the arme back as 'tis i' the proverbe.

JOHNNIEL.

Nay,

For that I doe commend you: you must be poore
 With all your wealth, and learning. When you ha' made
 Your glasses, gardens in the depth of Winter,
 Where you will walke invisable to Man-kind,
 Talkt with all birds and beasts in their owne language,
 When you have penetrated hills like ayre,
 Div'd to the bottome of the Sea, like leade,
 And ris' againe like corke, walk't in the fire
 An'twere a *Salamander*, pass'd through all
 The winding orbes, like an Intelligence,
 Up to the *Empyreum*, when you have made
 The World your gallery, can dispatch a businesse
 In some three minutes, with the *Antipodes*,
 And in five more, negotiate the *Globe* over;
 You must be poore still.

MERE-FOOLE.

By my place, I know it.

JOHNNIEL.

Where would you wish to be now? or what to see?
 Without the fortunate purse to beare your charges,
 Or wishing hat? I will but touch your temples,
 The corners of your eyes, and tinct the tip,
 The very tip o' your nose, with this *Collyrium*
 And you shall see i' the ayre all the *Idea's*,
 Spirits, and *Atomes*, Flies, that buz about
 This way, and that way, and are rather admirable;
 Then any way intelligible.

MERE-FOOLE.

O, come, tinct me,

Tinct me: I long, save this great belly, I long.
 But shall I onely see?

JOHNNIEL.

See, and command

As they were all your varlets, or your foot-boyes:
 But first you must declare, (your greatnesse must,
 For that is now your stile) what you would see.
 Or whom.

MERE-FOOLE.

Is that my stile? My Greatnesse, then,

Would see King *Zoroastres*.

T

JOHNNIEL.

JOHN HIEL.

Why you shall:

Or any one beside. Think whom you please:
Your thousand, Your ten thousand, to a million:
All's one to me, if you could name a myriad.

MERE-FOOLE.

I have nam'd him.

JOHN HIEL.

You say reason.

MERE-FOOLE.

I, I have reason.

Because he's said to be the Father of conjurers,
And a cunning man i' the starres.

JOHN HIEL.

I, that's it troubles us.

A little for the present: For, at this time
He is confuting a French *Almanack*,
But he will straight have done, Ha' you but patience;
Or think but any other in meane time.
Any hard name.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, *Hermes Trismegistus*.

JOHN HIEL.

O, *trismegistos*? Why, you shall see him,
A fine hard name. Or him, or whom you will,
As I said to you afore. Or what doe you thinke
Of *Howle-glasse*, in stead of him.

MERE-FOOLE.

No, him

I have a mind to.

JOHN HIEL.

O', but *Vlen-shiegle*.

Were such a name! but you shall have your longing.
What lucke is this, he should be busie too?
He is waighing water, but to fill three houre-glasses,
And marke the day in pen'orths like a cheese,
And he has done. 'Tis strange you should name him
Of all the rest! there being *Famblious*,
Or *Porphyrie*, or *Proclus*, any name
That is not busie.

MERE-FOOLE.

Let me see *Pythagoras*.

JOHN HIEL.

Good.

MERE-FOOLE.

Or *Plato*.

JOHN HIEL.

Plato, is framing some *Idea's*.

Are now bespoken, and great a dozen,
Three grosse at least: And, for *Pythagoras*,

He

He has rashly run himselfe on an employment,
Of keeping *Asses* from a field of beanes;
And cannot be stav'd off.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, *Archimedes*!

JOHNSON.

Yes, *Archimedes*!

MERE-FOOLE.

I, or *Æsop*.

JOHNSON.

Nay,

Hold your first man, a good man, *Archimedes*;
And worthy to be seene; but he is now
Inventing a rare Mouse-trap with *Owles* wings
And a *Catts*-foot, to catch the *Mice* alone:
And *Æsop*, he is filing a *Fox* tongue;
For a new fable he has made of Court;
But you shall see 'hem all, stay but your time
And aske in season, Things as'kd out of season
A man denies himselfe. At such a time
As *Christmas*, when disguising is o'foot,
To aske of the inventions, and the men,
The witts, and the ingines that move those Orbes!
Me thinkes, you should enquire now, after *Skelton*,
Or *Mr. Skogan*.

MERE-FOOLE.

Skogan? what was he?

JOHNSON.

O' a fine Gentleman, and a *Master of Arts*,
Of *Henry* the fourth's times, that made disguises
For the Kings sonnes, and writ in ballad-royall
Daintily well.

MERE-FOOLE.

But, wrote he like a Gentleman?

JOHNSON.

In rime! fine tinckling rime! and slow and verse!
With now and then some sence! and he was paid for't;
Regarded, and rewarded: which few *Poets*
Are now adaies.

MERE-FOOLE.

And why?

JOHNSON.

Cause every Dabler

In rime is thought the same. But you shall see him.
Hold up your nose.

MERE-FOOLE.

I had rather see a *Brachman*,

Or a *Gymnosophist* yet.

JOHN PHIEL. You shall see him, Sir.
 Is worth them both. And with him *Domine Skogan*,
 The worshipfull *Poet Laureat* to *K. Harry*,
 And *Tyrtetu* of those times. Advance quick *Skogan*,
 And quicker *Skogan*, shew your craftie heads,
 Before this Heire of arts, this Lord of learning,
 This Master of all knowledge in reversion.

Enter SKOGAN, and SKELTON in like
 habits, as they tro'd.

SKOGAN.
 Seemeth we are call'd of a morall intent,
 If the words that are spoken, as well now be meant.

JOHN PHIEL.
 That Mr. *Skogan* I dare you ensute.

SKOGAN.
 Then, Sonne, our acquaintance is like to indure.

MERR-FOOLE.
 A pretty game! like *Crambo*. Mr. *Skogan*,
 Give me thy hand: Thou'rt very leane, me thinks,
 Is't living by thy wits?

SKOGAN.
 If it had beene that,
 My worshipfull Sonne, thou hadst ne're bin so fat.

JOHN PHIEL.
 He tels you true Sir. Here's a Gentleman
 (My paire of crafty *Clarks*) of that high caract,
 As hardly hath the age produc't his like.
 Who not content with the wit of his owne times,
 Is curious to know yours, and what hath beene,

MERR-FOOLE.
 Or is, or shall be.

JOHN PHIEL.
 Note his Latitude!

SKELTON.
O, vir amplissimus!
(Ut scholis dicimus)
Et gentilissimus!

JOHN PHIEL.
 The question is
 Is, should he aske a fight now, for his life;
 I meane, a person, he would have restor'd
 To memorie of these times, for a Play-fellow;
 Whether you would present him, with an *Hermes*,
 Or, with an *Houle-glas*?

SKELTON.

SKELTON.
An *Howleglasse*
To come, to passe
On his Fathers *Asses*.
There never was,
By day, nor night,
A finer fight,
With feathers upright
In his horned cap,
And crooked shape,
Much like an Ape.
With Owle on fist,
And Glasse at his wrist.

SCOGAN.
Except the foure Knaves entertain'd for the guards,
Of the Kings, and the Queenes that triumph in the cards.

JOHN HILL.
I, that were a fight and a halfe, I confesse,
To see'hem come skipping in, all at a messe!

SKELTON.
With *Elinor Rummie*.
To make up the mumming;
That comely *Gill*,
That dwelt on a hill,
But she is not grill:
Her face all bow sic,
Droopie, and drow sic,
Scurvy, and low sic,
Comely crinkled,
Wondrously wrinkled,
Like a rost pigs ears,
Bristled with hairs.

SCOGAN.
Or, what doe you say to *Ruffian Fitt-Ale*?

JOHN HILL.
An excellent fight, if he be not to stale.
But then, we can mix him with moderne *Papers*,
The Child of *Tobacco*, his pipes, and his papers.

MERE-FOOLE.
You talk'd of *Elinor Rummie*, I had rather
See *Ellen of Troy*.

JOHN HILL.
Her you shall see.
But credit mee,
That *Morie Ambree*
(Who march'd so free,
To the siege of *Gunn*,
And death could not daunt,
As the Ballad doth vaunt)

Were

Were a braver wight,
And a better sight.

SKELTON.

Or Westminster Meg,
With her long leg,
As long as a Crane;
And feet like a plane:
With a paire of heeles,
As broad as two wheelles;
To drive downe the dew,
As she goes to the stew:
And turnes home merry,
By Lambeth Ferry.
Or you may have come
In, *Thomas Thumbe*,
In a pudding fatt
With Doctor Ratt.

JOHPHIEL.

I, that! that! that!
Wee'll have 'em all,
To fill the Hall.

The Antimasque follows.

Consisting of these twelve persons, *Onleglasse*, the four
Knaves, two *Ruffians*, *Fitz-ale*, and *Vapere*, *Elnor Rum-*
ming, *Mary Ambree*, *Long-Meg of Westminster*,
Tom Thumbe, and *Doctor Ratt*.

Which done,

MERE-FOOLE.

What! are they vanish'd! where is skipping *Skelton*?
Or morall *Skogan*? I doe like their shew
And would have thank't 'em, being the first grace
The Company of the *Rosie-Crosse* hath done me.

JOHPHIEL.

The company o'the *Rosie-Crosse*! you wigion,
The company of *Players*. Goe, you are,
And will be still your selfe, a *Mere-foole*, In;
And take your pot of honey here, and hogs grease,
See, who has guld you, and make one. Great King,
Your pardon, if desire to please have trespass'd,
This foole should have beene sent to *Amycira*,
(The Ile of *Ellebore*) there to have purg'd,
Not hop'd a happie feat within your waters.
Heare now the message of the Fates, and *Fove*,
On whom those Fates depend, to you, as *Nepione*,
The great Commander of the Seas, and Iles,
That point of Revolution being come

When

When all the Fortunate Islands should be joynd,
 MACARIA, one, and thought a Principall,
 That hitherto hath floted, as uncertaine
 Where she should fix her blessings, is to night
 Instructed to adhere to your BRITANNIA:
 That where the happie spirits live, hereafter
 Might be no question made, by the most curious,
 Since the Macarij come to doe you homage,
 And joyne their cradle to your continent.

*Here the Scene opens, and the Masquers are discover'd sitting in
 their severall seiges. The ayre opens above, and APOLLO
 with Harmony, and the spirits of Musique sing, the
 while the Island moves forward, Proteus sitting
 below, and hearkening.*

SONG.

Looke forth the Shepheard of the Seas,
 And of the Ports that keepe the Reyes,
 And to your Neptune tell,
 MACARIA, Prince of all the Isles,
 Wherein there nothing grooves, but smiles,
 Doth here put in, to dwell.
 The windes are sweet, and gently blow,
 But Zephirus, no breache they know,
 The Father of the flowers:
 By him the virgin violets live,
 And every plant doth odours give,
 As new, as are the flowers.

CHORVS.

Then, thinke it not a common cause,
 That so it so much wonder draws,
 And all the heavens consent,
 With Harmony to tune their notes,
 In answer to the publike votes,
 That for it up were sent.

By this time, the Island having joynd it selfe to the shore;
 PROTEVS, PORTVNVS, and SARON come forth,
 and goe up singing to the State, while the Masquers
 take time to ranke themselves.

SONG.

I, now, the heights of Neptunes honours shine,
 And all the glories of his greater stile
 Are read, reflected in this happiest Ile.

PORTVNVS.

PORTVNVS.
How both the ayre, the soyle, the seat combine
To speake it blessed!

SARON.
These are the true groves,
Where joyes are borne.

PROTEVS.
Where longings,

PORTVNVS.
And where loves!

SARON.
That live!

PROTEVS.
That last!

PORTVNVS.
No intermitted wind
Blowes here, but what leaves flowers, or fruit behind.

CHORVS.
'Tis odour all, that comes!
And every tree doth give his gummes.

PROTEVS.
There is no sicknesse, nor no old age knowne
To man, nor any grieve that hee dares owne.
There is no hunger there, nor envy of state.
Nor least ambition in the Magistrate.
But all are even-hearted, open, free,
And what one is, another strives to be.

PORTVNVS.
Here all the day, they feast, they sport, and spring;
Now dance the Graces Hay, now Venus Ring:
To which the old Musicians play, and sing.

SARON.
There is ARION, tuning his bold Harpe,
from flat to sharpe.

PORTVNVS.
And light Anacreon;
He still is one!

PROTEVS.
Stesichorus there, too,
That Linus, and old Orpheus doth out-doe
To wonder.

SARON.
And Amphion! he is there,

PORTVNVS.
Nor is Apollo dainty to appeare
In such a quire, although the trees be thick,

PROTEVS.
He will looke in, and see the aires be quick,
And that the times be true.

PORTVNVS.

PORTVVS.

Then, chanting,

PROTEVS.

Then,

Up, with their notes, they raise the Prince of Men.

SARON.

*And sing the present Prophecie that goes
Of joyning the bright LILLIE, and the ROSE:*

CHORVS.

See! all the flowers

PROTEVS.

That spring the banks along,

Doe move their heads unto that under-song.

CHORVS.

SARON, PORTVVS, PROTEVS *help to bring*
Our Primrose in, the glory of the spring!
And tell the Daffadill, against that day,
That we prepare new Gyrlands fresh as May:
And enter-weave the Myrtle, and the Bay.

*This sung, the Island goes backe, whilst the upper
Chorus takes it from them, and the Masquers
prepare for their figure.*

CHORVS.

*Spring all the Graces of the age,
And all the Loves of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime:
Adde all the softnesses of Courts,
The looks, the laughers, and the sports:
And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph halts.*

*The Masquers Dance their Entry
or first dance.*

*Which done, the first Prospective, a Maritime Pa-
lace, or the house of Oceanus is discovered
to loude Musicke.*

The other above is no more scene.

JOHNSON.

*Behold the Palace of Oceanus!
Hayle Reverend structure! Boast no more to us
Thy being able, all the Gods to feast;
We saw enough: when ALBION was thy guest.*

The Measures.

*After which, the second Prospective, a Sea is shovne,
to the former Musicke.*

JOSEPHIEL.

Now turne, and view the wonders of the deepe,
Where *Proteus* Herds, and *Neptunes* Orkes doe keepe,
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pastures greene
New wayes are found, and yet no paths are scene.

Here *Proteus*, *Portunus*, *Saron*, goe up to the
Ladies with this Song.

PROTEVS.

Come noble Nymphs, and doe not hide
The joyes, for which you so provide :

SARON.

If not to mingle with the Men,
What doe you here? Goe home agen.

PORTVNVS.

Your dressings doe confesse,
By what we see, so curious parts
Of *Pallas*, and *Arachnes* arts,
That you could meane nolesse.

PROTEVS.

Why doe you weare the Silk-wormes toyles,
Or glory in the shell-fish spoyles,
Or strive to shew the graines of Ore
That you have gather'd on the shore,
whereof to make a stocke
To graft the greener Emerald on,
Or any better water'd stone,

SARON.

Or Rubie of the Rocke?

PROTEVS.

Why doe you smell of Amber-gris,
Of which was formed *Neptunes* Neice,
The Queene of Love: unlesse you can
Like Sea-borne *Venus* love a Man?

SARON.

Try, put your selves unto's.

CHORVS.

Your lookes, your smiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrosian hands, and silver feet,
Doe promise you will do't.

*The Revells follow.
Which ended, the Fleet is discovered, while the
three Corners play.*

JOSEPHIEL.

'Tis time, your eyes should be refresh'd at length
With something new, a part of NEPTUNE'S strength,
See yond', his Fleete, ready to goe or come,
Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,
So to secure him, both in peace, and warres,
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.

Then the last Song.

PROTEVS.

*Although we wish the glory still might last
Of such a night, and for the causes past:
Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Isles,
Give Proteus leave to turne unto his wiles.*

PORTVNVS.

*And, whilst young ALBION doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to the Ports.*

SARON.

*And Saron to the Seas:
To meet old Nereus, with his fiftie girles,
From aged Indus laden home with pearles,
And Orient gummes, to burne unto thy name.*

CHORVS.

*And may thy subjects hearts be all on flame,
Whil' st thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And 'mongst the winds, do'st suffer no debate,
But both at Sea, and Land, our powers increase,
With health, and all the golden gifts of Peace.*

After which, their last Dance.

The End.

V 2

LOVES

LOVES TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS.

Performed in a Masque at Court.

1630.

By his Majestie, with the Lords,
and Gentlemen assisting.

The Inventors.

Ben. Johnson.

Imigo Jones.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos?

To make the Spectators understanders.

WHereas all Representations, especially those of this nature in Court, publique Spectacles, either have beene, or ought to be the mirrours of mans life, whose ends, for the excellencie of their exhibitors (as being the donatives, of great Princes, to their people) ought alwayes to carry a mixture of profit, with them, no lesse then delight; Wee, the Inventors, being' commanded from the King, to thinke on something worthy of his Majesties putting in act, with a selected company of his Lords, and Gentlemen, called to the assistance: For the honour of his Court, and the dignitie of that heroique love, and regall respect borne by him to his unmatched Lady, and Spouse, the Queenes Majestie, after some debate of cogitation with our selves, resolved on this following argument.

First, that a Person, *boni ominis*, of a good Character, as *Euphemus*, sent downe from Heaven to *Callipolis*, which is understood, the Citie of *Beauty* or *Goodnesse*, should come in; and, finding her Majestie there enthron'd, declare unto her, that *Love* who was wont to be respected as a speciall Deitie in Court, and Tutelar God of the place, had of late receiv'd

ceiv'd an advertisement, that in the suburbs, or skirts of *Callipolis*, were crept in certaine Sectaries, or deprav'd Lovers, who neither knew the name, or nature of love rightly, yet boasted themselves his followers, when they were fitter to be call'd his *Furies*: their whole life being a continew'd *vertigo*, or rather a torture on the wheele of *Love*, then any motion, either of order or measure. When suddenly they leape forth below, a Mistrresse leading them, and with antick gesticulation, and action, after the manner of the old *Pantomimi*, they dance over a distracted *Comedy of Love*, expressing their confus'd affections, in the Scenicall persons, and habits of the foure prime *European Nations*.

A glorious boasting Lover.

A whining Ballading Lover.

An adventurous *Romance* Lover.

A phantasticke umbrageous Lover.

A bribing corrupt Lover.

A froward jealous Lover.

A fordid illiberall Lover.

A proud scornfull Lover.

An angry quarrelling Lover.

A Melancholique despairing Lover.

An envious unquiet Lover.

A sensuall brute Lover.

All which, in varied, intricate turnes, and involv'd mazes,
express, make the *Antimasque*: and conclude
the exit, in a circle.

EUPHONIMVS descends singing.

Foy, joy to mortals, the rejoicing fires
Of gladnesse, smile in your dilated hearts!
Whilst Love presents a world of chaste desires,
Which may produce a harmony of parts!

Love is the right affection of the minde,
The noble appetite of what is best:
Desire of union with the thing design'd,
But in fruition of it cannot rest.

The Father plenty is, the Mother want.

Plenty, the beauty, which it wanteth, drawes;
Want yeelds it selfe: affording what is want.
So, both affections are the union's cause.

Portus, and
Penia.

But, rest not here. For Love hath larger scopes,
New joyes, new pleasures, of as fresh a date
As are his minutes: and, in him no hopes
Are pure, but those he can perpetuate.

He goes up to the State. To you that are by excellence a Queene!

The top of beauty! but, of such an ayre,
As, onely by the minds eye, may be scene

Your enter-woven lines of good, and fayre!

Vouchsafe to grace Loves triumph here, to night,

Through all the streetes of your Callipolis;

Which by the splendor of your rayes made bright

The seat, and region of all beauty is.

Love, in perfection, longeth to appeare,

But prayes of favour, he be not call'd on,

Till all the suburbs, and the skirts be cleare

Of perturbations, and th' infection gon.

Then will he flow forth, like a rich perfume

Into your nostrils! or some sweeter sound

Of melting Musique, that shall not consume

Within the eare, but run the mazes round.

Here the Chorus walke about with their Censers,

CHORVS.

Meane time, wee make lustration of the place,

And with our solemne fires, and waters prove

I have frighted hence, the weake diseased race

Of those were torrur'd on the wheele of love.

¹The glorious, ²whining, ³the adventurous foale,

⁴Phantastique, ⁵bribing, and the ⁶jealous asse

¹The sordid, ²scornesfull, ³and the angry mule

⁴The melancholique, ⁵dull, and envious masse,

CHORVS.

With all the rest, that in the sensuall schoole
Of lust, for their degree of brute may passe.)

The prospect
of Sea ap-
peares.

All which are vapour'd hence.

No loves, but slaves to sense:

Meere cattell, and not men.

Sound, sound, and treble all our joyes agen,

Who had the power, and vertue to remove

Such monsters from the labyrinth of love.

The Triumph is first scene a-farre off, and led in by *Amphitrit*,
the Wife of *Oceanus*, with foure Sea-
gods attending her.

NEREUS, PROTEUS, GLAUCUS, PALEMÓN.

It consisteth of fifteene Lovers, and as many Cupids, who ranke them-
selves seven, and seven on a side, with each a Cupid before him, with a
light

lighted torch, and the middle person (which is his Majestic,) placed in the center.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. The provident. | 2. The judicious. |
| 3. The secret. | 4. The valiant. |
| 5. The witty. | 6. The joviall. |
| 7. The secure. | 15. The Heroicall. |
| 9. The modest. | 8. The substantiall. |
| 11. The courteous. | 10. The candid. |
| 13. The rationall. | 12. The elegant. |
| | 14. The magnificent. |

AMPHITRITE.

*Here, stay a while: This! this
The Temple of all Beautie is!
Here, perfect Lovers, you must pay
First-fruits; and on these altars lay
(The Ladies breast's) your ample vovves,
Such, as Love brings, and Beauty best allowes!
CHO. { For Love, without his object, soone is gone:
 { Love must have answering love, so looke upon.*

AMPHITRITE.

To you, best Judge then, of perfection!

EUPHEMVS.

The Queene, of what is wonder, in the place!

AMPHITRITE.

Pure object, of Heroique Love, alone!

EUPHEMVS.

The center of proportion-----!

AMPHITRITE.

Sweetnesse.

EUPHEMVS.

Grace?

AMPHITRITE.

Daigne to receive all lines of love in one.

EUPHEMVS.

And by reflecting of them fill this space.

CHO. { *Till it a circle of those glories prove,
 { Fit to be sought in Beauty, found by Love.*

SEMI-CHO. { *Where Love is mutuell, still
 { All things in order move,*

SEMI-CHO. { *The circle of the will
 { Is the true spheare of Love.*

CHO. { *Advance, you gentler Cupids, then advance,
 { And shew your just perfections in your daunce.*

The Cupids dance, their dance.

And the Masquers their entry.

Which done, Euclia, or a faire Glory appeares in the heavens, singing an applausive song, or Paean of the whole, which shee takes occasion to

to ingeminate in the second *Chorus*, upon the sight of a work of *Neptunes*, being a hollow rocke, filling part of the Sea-prospect, whereon the *Muses* sit.

*EVLIA*s Hymne.

So love, emergent out of Chaos brought
The world to light!

And gently moving on the waters, wrought
All forme to sight!

Looves appetite

Did beautie first excite:

And lest imprinted in the ayre,

Those signatures of good, and faire,

CHO. { Which since have flow'd forth upon the sense
To wonder first, and then to excellence,
By vertue of divine intelligence!

The ingemination.

And *Neptune* too,

Shewes what his waves can doe:

To call the *Muses* all to play,

And sing the birth of *Venus* day,

CHO. { Which from the Sea flow'd forth upon the sense
To wonder first, and next to excellence,
By vertue of divine intelligence!

Here follow the Revells.

Which ended, the Scene changeth to a Garden, and the heavens opening, there appeare foure new persons, in forme of a *Constellation*, sitting, or a new *Asterisme*, expecting *Venus*, whom they call upon with this song.

JUPITER, JUNO, GENIUS, HYMEN.

JVP. Hast daughter *Venus*, hast, and come away:

JVN. All powers, that governe Mariage, pray
That you will lend your light

GEN. Unto the constellation of this night,

HYM. *Hymen.*

JVN. And *Juno.*

GEN. And the *Genius* call,

JVP. Your father *Jupiter*,

CHO. And all
That blesse, or honour holy nuptiall.

VENUS here appears in a cloud, and passing through the *Constellation*, descendeth to the earth, when presently the cloud vanisheth, and she is scene sitting in a throne.

VENUS.

Here, here I present am
Both in my girdle, and my flame.
Wherein are woven all the powers
The Graces gave me, or the Hours
(My nourses once) with all the arts
Of gayning, and of holding hearts :
And these with I descend.

But, to your influences, first commend
The vow, I goe to take
On earth, for perfect love and beauties sake !

Her song ended, and she rising to goe up to the Queene, the Throne disappears: in place of which, there shooteth up a Palme tree with an imperiall Crowne on the top, from the roote whereof, Lillies and Roses, twining together, and imbracing the stemme, flourish through the crowne, which she in the song, with the *Chorus* describes.

Beauty and Love, whose story is mysteriall,
In yonder Palme-tree, and the Crowne imperiall,
Doe from the Rose, and Lilly so delicious,
Promise a shade, shall ever be propitious
To both the Kingdomes. But to Brittaines Genius
The snaky rod, and serpents of Cyllenius
Bring not more peace, then these, who so united be
By Love, as with it Earth and Heaven delighted be:
And who this King, and Queene would well historifie,
Need onely speake their names : Those them will glorifie.
MARY, and CHARLES, CHARLES with his MARY, named are
And all the rest of Loves, or Princes famed are.

After this they dance their going out,
and end.

The Masquers Names.

The King.

The Marquess <i>Hammilton.</i>	Lord <i>Chamberlaine.</i>
Earle of <i>Holland.</i>	Earle of <i>Carnarvan.</i>
Earle of <i>Newport.</i>	Vicount <i>Doncaster.</i>
Lord <i>Strange.</i>	Sir <i>William Howard.</i>
Sir <i>Robert Stanley.</i>	Sir <i>William Brooke.</i>
Master <i>Goring.</i>	Master <i>Raleigh.</i>
Master <i>Dimock.</i>	Master <i>Abercromy.</i>

The End.

CHLO:

CHLORIDIA

RITES TO

CHLORIS AND HER NYMPHS.

Personated in a Masque at Court.

By the Queenes Majestie
And her Ladyes.

At Shrove-tide.

1630.

The Inventors.

Ben. Johnson.

Inigo Jones.

Unine tellus anse coloris erat.

CHLORIDIA.

THe King, and Queens Majestie, having given their command for the Invention of a new argument, with the whole change of the *Scene*, wherein her Majestie, with the like number of her Ladyes, purposed a presentation to the King. It was agreed, it should be the celebration of some Rites, done to the Goddesse *Chloris*, who in a generall counsell of the Gods, was proclaim'd Goddesse of the flowers, according to that of *Ovid*, in the *Fasti*.

Arbitrium tu Dea floris habe.

And was to be stellified on Earth, by an absolute decree from *Jupiter*, who would have the Earth to bee adorn'd with starres, as well as the Heaven.

Upon this hinge, the whole Invention mov'd.

The ornament, which went about the *Scene*, was composed of Foliage, or leaves heightned with gold, and enter-woven with all sorts of flowers, and

and naked children, playing, and climbing among the branches; and in the midst, a great Garland of flowers, in which was written,
GLORIA.

The Curtaine being drawne up, the *Scene* is discover'd, consisting of pleasant hills, planted with young trees, and all the lower bankes adorned with flowers. And from some hollow parts of those Hills, Fountaines come gliding downe, which, in the farre-off Land-shape, seem'd all to be converted to a River.

Over all, a serene skie, with transparant cloudes, giving a great lustre to the whole worke, which did imitate the pleasant *Spring*.

When the spectators had enough fed their eyes, with the delights of the *Scene*, in a part of the ayre, a bright Cloud begins to breake forth; and in it is sitting a plump Boy, in a changeable garment, richly adorn'd, representing the mild *Zephyrus*. On the other side of the *Scene*, in a purplish Cloud, appeareth the *Spring*, a beautifull Maid, her upper garment Greene, under it, a white robe wrought with flowers; A garland on her head.

Here *Zephyrus* begins his Dialogue, calling her forth, and making narration of the Gods decree at large, which she obeyes, pretending, it is come to Earth already: and there begun to be executed by the Kings favour, who assists with all bounties, that may be either urg'd, as causes, or reasons of the *Spring*.

The first Song.

ZEPHYRVS.

Come forth, come forth, the gentle *Spring*,
And carry the glad newes, I bring,
To Earth, our common mother:
It is decreed, by all the Gods
The Heav'n, of Earth shall have no oddes,
But one shall love another:

Their glories they shall mutuall make,
Earth looke on Heaven, for Heavens sake;
Their honour's shall be even:
All emulation cease, and jarres;
Jove will have Earth to have her starres.
And lights, no lesse then Heaven.

SPRING.

It is already done, in flowers
As fresh, and new as are the houres,
By warmth of yonder Sunne.
But will be multiply'd on us,
If from the breath of *ZEPHYRVS*
Like favour we have wonne.

ZEPHYRVS.

Give all to him: His is the dew,
The heat, the humour,

SPRING

SPRING. --- *All the true.*
Beloved of the Spring!

ZEPHYRVS.
The Sunne, the Wind, the Verdure!

SPRING. --- *All,*
That wisest Nature cause can call
Of quick'ning anything.

At which, Zephyrus passeth away through the ayre, and the Spring descendeth to the Earth: and is receiv'd by the Naiades, or Napea; who are the Nymph's, Fountaines, and Servants of the season.

The second Song.

FOUNTAINES.

Fayre Maide, but are you come to dwell,
And tarry with us here?

SPRING.
Fresh Fountaines, I am come to tell
A tale in yond' soft care,
Whereof the murmur will doe well:
If you your parts will beare.

FOUNTAINES.
Our purlings waite upon the Spring.

SPRING.
Goe up with me, then: helpe to sing
The story to the King.

Here the Spring goes up, singing the argument to the King; and the Fountaines follow with the close.

SPRING.

Cupid hath ta'ne offence of late
As all the Gods, that of the State,
And in their Councell, he was so deserted,
Not to be call'd into their Guild
But slightly pass'd by, as a child.

FOUNTAINES.

Wherein he thinkes his honour was perverted.

SPRING.

And though his Mother seeke to season,
And rectifie his rage with reason,
By shewing he lives yet under her command,
Rebellious he, doth disobey,
And she hath forc'd his armes away.

FOUNTAINES.

To make him feel the Justice of her hand.

SPRING.

*Whereas the Boy, in fury fell,
 With all his speed, is gone to hell,
 There to excite, and stirre up Fealoufie,
 To make a party gainst the Gods,
 And set Heaven, Earth, and Hell at odds.*

FOUNTAINES.

And rayse a chaos of calamitie.

The Song ended, the Nymphs fall into a Daunce, to their voyces, and instruments, and so returne into the Scene.

THE ANTIMASQUE.

First Entrie.

A part of the under-ground opening, out of it enters a Dwarfes-Post from Hell, riding on a Curtall, with cloven feet, and two Lacqueys: These dance, and make the first entry of the Antimasque. Hee alights, and speakes.

POSTILION.

Hold my stirrop, my one Lacquey; and looke to my Curtall, the other: walke him well, Sirrah, while I expatiate my selfe here in the report of my office! oh the Furies! how I am joyed with the title of it! Postilion of Hell! yet no Mercury. But a meere Cacodemon, sent hither with a packet of newes! newes! never was Hell so furnished of the commoditie of newes! Love hath beene lately there, and so entertained by Pluto, and Proserpine, and all the Grandees of the place, as, it is there perpetuall Holy-day: and a cessation of torment granted, and proclaimed for ever! Halfe-famish'd Tantalus is fallen to his fruit, with that appetite, as it threaten's to undoe the whole company of Costard-mungers, and ha's a River afore him, running excellent Wine; Ixion is loos'd from his wheele, and turn'd Dancer, does nothing but cut capreols, fetch friskals, and leades Lavaltoes, with the Lamiae! Sisyphus ha's left rowling the stone, and is growne a Mr. bowler; challenges all the prime gamesters, Parsons in hell, and gives them odds: upon Tityus his brest, that (for sixe of the nine acres) is counted the subtillest bowling-ground in all Tartary. All the Furies are at a game call'd min-pins, or keilles, made of old Usurers bones, and their soules looking on with delight, and betting on the game. Newer was there such freedome of sport. Danaus Daughters have broke their bottomlesse tubs, and made bonfires of them. All is turn'd triumph there. Had Hell gates beene kept with halfe that strictnesse, as the entry here ha's beene to night, Pluto would have had but a cold Court, and Proserpine at bin presence, though both have a vast territorie. Wee had such a stirre to get in, I, and my Curtall, and my two Lacqueys all ventur'd through the eye of a Spanish needle, wee had never come in else, and that was by the favour

of one of the guard who was a womans-taylor, and held ope the passage. Cupid by commission hath carried *Fealousie* from Hell, *Disdaine*, *Feare*, and *Disimulation*, with other Goblins, to trouble the Gods. And I am sent after post, to raise *Tempest*, *Windes*, *Lightnings*, *Thunder*, *Rayne*, and *Snow*, for some new exploit they have against the Earth, and the Goddess *Chloris*, Queene of the flowers, and Mistris of the Spring. For joy of which I will returne to my selfe, mount my Bides, in a dance; and corvet upon my Curtall.

The speech ended, the *Postillion* mounts his Curtall, and with his *Lacqueys*, danceth forth as he came in.

2. Entry.

Cupid, *Fealousie*, *Disdaine*, *Feare*, and *Disimulation*, dance together.

3. Entry.

The *Queenes Dwarf*, richly apparell'd, as a *Prince of Hell*, attended by six infernall *Spirits*; He first danceth alone, and then the *Spirits*: all expressing their joy, for *Cupids* comming among them.

4. Entry.

Here the *Scene* changeth, into a horrid storme; Out of which enters the Nymph *Tempest*, with foure *Windes*, they dance.

5. Entry.

Lightnings, three in number, their habits glistering, expressing that effect, in their motion.

6. Entry.

Thunder alone dancing the tunes to a noyse, mixed, and imitating thunder.

7. Entry.

Rayne, presented by five persons all swolne, and clouded over, their hayre flagging, as if they were wet, and in their hands, balls full of sweet water, which, as they dance, sprinkle all the roome.

8. And last entry.

Seven with rugged white heads, and beards, to expresse *Snow*, with flakes on their garments, mix'd with hayle. These having danced, returne into the stormy *Scene*, whence they came.

Here, by the providence of *Juno*, the tempest on an instant cealeth: And the *Scene* is changed into a delicious place, figuring the bowre of *Chloris*.

Chloris. Where, in an arbour fayn'd of Gold-smiths worke, the ornament of which was borne up with *Termes* of *Sayres*, beautif'd with *Pestones*, *Garlands*, and all sorts of fragrant flowers. Beyond all this, in the skie a farre off appear'd a *Rainebow*, in the most eminent place of the Bowre, sate the Goddesse *Chloris*, accompanied with fourteene *Nymphs*, their apparell white, embroydered with silver, trim'd at the shoulders with great leaves of greene, embroydered with gold, falling one under the other. And of the same worke were their bases, their head-tyres of flowers, mix'd with silver, and gold, with some sprigs of *Egrets* among, and from the top of their dressing, a thin vayle hanging downe.

All which beheld,

The *Nymphs*, *Rivers*, and *Fountaines* with the *Spring*,
sung this rejoycing Song.

Song 3.

RIVERS, SPRING, FOUNTAINES.

*Run out, all the Floods, in joy with your silver feet;
And hast to meet, the enamour'd Spring;
For whom the warbling Fountaines sing:
The story of the flowers; preserved by the Howres;
At Juno's soft command, and Iris showers;
Sent to quench jealousy, and all those powers
Of Loves rebellious warre:
Whilst Chloris sits a shining starre
To crowne, and grace our jolly song, made long,
To the notes, that we bring, to glad the Spring.*

Which ended, the Goddesse, and her *Nymphs*, descend the degrees, into the roome, and dance the entry of the grand-masque.

After this, another Song by the same persons,
as before.

Song 4.

RIVERS, FOUNTAINES.

*Tell a truth, gay Spring, let us know
What feet they were, that so
Impres'd the Earth, and made such various flowers to grow!*

SPRING.

*She that led, a Queene was at left,
Or a Goddesse, 'bove the rest:
And all their graces, in her selfe expres't!*

RIVERS,

RIVERS, FOUNTAINES

O, 'twere a shame, to know her name!
 Whether shee were the root:
 Or they did take th' impression from her foot.

The Masquers here dance their second dance.

Which done,

The farther Prospect of the Scene changeth into ayre, with a low Land-
 shape, in part covered with clouds: And in that instant, the Heaven open-
 ing, Juno, and Iris are scene, and above them many airy spirits, sitting in
 the cloudes.

Song 5.

JUNO.

Now JUNO, and the Ayre shall know
 The truth of what is done below,
 From our discoloured bow, Iris, what news?

IRIS.

The ayre is cleare, your bow can tell,
 Chloris runn'd, Spight fled to Hell;
 The businesse all is well: And Cupid saies

JUNO.

For pardon, Do's hee?

IRIS.

Hee sheds teares
 More then your Birds have eyes.

JUNO.

The Gods have eares:
 Offences, made against the Deities,
 Are soone forgot-

IRIS.

If who offends, be wise.

Here, out of the Earth, ariseth a Hill, and on the top of it, a globe;
 on which Fame is scene standing with her Trumpet, in her hand; and on
 the Hill, are seated four Persons, presenting Poesie, History, Architecture,
 and Sculpture: who together with the Nymphs, Floods, and Fountains,
 make a full Quire, at which, Fame begins to mount, and moving her
 wings, flyeth, singing up to Heaven.

Y

FAME

FAME.

Rise golden Fame, and give thy name a birth!

CHORUS.

From great and generous actions, done on Earth.

The life of Fame is action.

CHORUS.

Understood

That action must be virtuous, great, and good!

And is itself of Fame is oft protected,
And dies despised-----

CHORUS.

Where the Fame's neglected.

FAME.

Who hath not heard of Chloris, and her Bower
Fayre Iris act, employ'd by Juno's power
To guard the Spring, and prosper every flower,
Whom Jealousie and Hell thought to devour?

CHORUS.

Great actions, of obscure dye, may live,
Or envy-----

FAME.

But they last to memory.

POESY.

We thus sustain thee, Learned Poetic,

HISTORY.

And I, her sister, severe History.

ARCHITECTURE.

With Architecture, who will raise thee high.

SCULPTURE.

And Sculpture, that can keep thee from to dye.

CHORUS.

All helpe lift thee to eternitie.

And Juno, through the ayre, doth make thy way.

By her serene Messenger of Day.

FAME.

Thus Fame, ascend's, by all degrees, to Heaven:
And leaves a light, here, brighter then the seven.

CHORUS.

CHORVS.

Let all applaud the sight,
 Ayre first, that gave the bright
 Reflections, Day or night!
 With these supports of Fame,
 That keepe alive her name!
 The beauties of the Spring.
 Fount's, Rivers, every thing:
 From the height of all,
 To the Waters fall-
 Resound, and sing
 The honour's of his Chlors, to the King.
 Chloris, the Queene of Flowers;
 The sweetnesse of all Showres;
 The ornament of Bowres;
 The top of Par-amours!

Fame, being hidden in the clouds, the hill sinks;
 and the Heaven closeth.

The End.

The Masquers dance with the Lords.

The Names of the Masquers as they
 fate in the Bowre.

The Queene.

Countesse of Carlile. Countesse of Oxford. Lady Strange.
 Countesse of Berkshire. Lady Anne Cavendish. Countesse of Carnarvan.
 Countesse of Newport. Lady Penelope Egerton. M. Porter. M. Dor. Savage.
 La. Howard. M. Eliz. Savage. M. Anne Weston. M. Sophia Cary.

CHORUS

Let all applaud the sight
 As we sing, and the night
 Reflections, Day or night
 With these supports of Fame
 That keep alive her name!
 The beauties of the Spring
 Founts, Rivers, every thing
 From the height of all
 To the Vales fall
 Refreshed, and sing
 The beauty of our Chorus to the King.
 Chorus, the Queen of Flowers,
 The fountain of all flowers,
 The fountain of flowers,
 The top of Par-
 amours!

And the Heaven cloath
 With being hidden in the clouds, the hill sinks:

The End.

The Malden's dance with the Lords.

The Names of the Malden's as they
 line in the Bow.

The Queen.

Council of Council. Lady Savage.
 Council of Council. Lady Anne Greville. Council of Council.
 Council of Council. Lady Anne Greville. Council of Council.
 Council of Council. Lady Anne Greville. Council of Council.
 Council of Council. Lady Anne Greville. Council of Council.
 Council of Council. Lady Anne Greville. Council of Council.

UNDER-WOODS.

CONSISTING OF
DIVERS
POEMS.

By
BEN. JOHNSON.

Martial — *Cineri, gloria sera venit.*

LONDON.

Printed M. DC. XL.

To the Reader.

WItb the same, leave the Ancients,
call'd that kind of body Sylva, or
"Vn, in which there were workes of divers
nature, and matter congested; as the mul-
titude call Timber-trees, promiscuously
growing, a Wood, or Forrest: so am I
bold to entitle these lesser Poems, of later
growth, by this of Vnder-wood, out of
the Analogie they hold to the Forrest, in
my former booke, and no otherwise.

BEN. JOHNSON.

VNDER-VVOODS.

POEMS OF DEVOTION.

The Sinners Sacrifice.

To the Holy Trinitie.

1. **O** Holy, blessed, glorious *Trinitie*
Of persons, still one God, in *Unitie*.
The faithfull mans beleev'd Mysterie,
Helpe, helpe to lift
2. My selfe up to thee, harrow'd, torne, and bruis'd
By sinne, and Sathan; and my flesh misus'd,
As my heart lies in peeces, all confus'd,
O take my gift.
3. All-gracious God, the *Sinners sacrifice*.
A broken heart thou wert not wont despise,
But 'bove the fat of rammes, or bulles, to prize
An offering meet,
4. For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight.
What odour can be, then a heart contrite,
To thee more sweet?
5. *Eternall Father*, God, who did'st create
This All of nothing, gavest it forme, and fate,
And breath'st into it, life, and light, with state
To worship thee.
6. *Eternall God the Sonne*, who not denyd'st
To take our nature, becam'st man, and dyd'st,
To pay our debts, upon thy Crosse, and cryd'st,
All's done in me.
7. *Eternall Spirit*, God from both proceeding,
Father and Sonne; the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeale them feeding
For acts of grace.
8. Increase those acts, O glorious *Trinitie*
Of persons, still one God in *Unitie*,
Till I attaine the long'd-for mysterie
of seeing your face.
9. Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A *Trinitie*, to shine in *Unitie*;
The gladdest light, darke man can thinke upon,
O grant it me

10. Father, and Sonne, and Holy Ghost, you three
All coeternall in your Majestic,
Distinct in persons, yet in Unitie

One God to see.

11. My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier.

To heare, to meditate, sweeten my desire,
With grace, with love, with cherishing intire,

O, then how blest,

12. Among thy Saints elected to abide,
And with thy Angels, placed side, by side,
But in thy presence, truly glorified

Shall I there rest?

A Hymne to God the Father.

HEare mee, O God!
A broken heart,
Is my best part:
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein, thy Love.

If thou hadst not
Beene sterne to mee,
But left me free,
I had forgot
My selfe and thee.

For, sin's so sweet.
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Untill they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Then thou hast done?
That gav'st a Sonne,
To free a slave:
First made of nought,
Wishall since bought.

Sinne, Death, and Hell,
His glorious Name
Quite overcame,
Yet I rebell,
And slight the same.

But, I le commen,
Before my losse,
Me farther losse,
As sure to win
Under his Crosse.

A Hymne On the Nativitie of my Saviour.

I Sing the birth, was borne to night,
The Author both of Life, and light;
The Angels so did sound it,
And like the ravish'd Shepherds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Sonne of God, th' Eternall King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soule from danger;
Hee whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven, and earth did make,
Was now laid in a Manger.

The Fathers wisdome will'd it so,
The Sonnes obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdome had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And tooke on him our Nature.

What comfort by him doe wee winne?
Who made himselfe the price of sinne,
To make us heires of glory?
To see this Babe, all innocence;
A Martyr borne in our defense,
Can man forget this Storie?

A Celebration of CHARIS in ten Lyrick Pecces.

His Excuse for loving.

Let it not your wonder move,
Lesse your laughter, that I love;
Though I now write fiftie yeares,
I have had, and have my Peeres;
Poets, though devine are men:
Some have lov'd as old age;
And it is not alwayes face,
Clothes, or Fortune gives the grace;
Or the feature, or the youth:
But the Language, and the Truth,

With

With the Ardor, and the Passion,
 Gives the Lover weight, and fashion.
 If you then will read the Storie,
 First, prepare you to be forie,
 That you never knew till now,
 Either whom to love, or how:
 But be glad, as soone with me,
 When you know, that this is she,
 Of whose Beautie it was sung,
 She shall make the old man young.
 Keepe the middle age at stay,
 And let nothing high decay.
 Till she be the reason why,
 All the world for love may die.

How he saw her.

I Beheld her, on a Day,
 When her looke out-flourisht May:
 And her dressing did out-brave
 All the Pride the fields than have:
 Farre I was from being stupid;
 For I ran and call'd on *Cupid*;
 Love if thou wilt ever see
 Marke of glorie, come with me;
 Where's thy Quiver? bend thy Bow:
 Here's a shaft, thou art to slow!
 And (withall) I did untie
 Every Cloud about his eye;
 But, he had not gain'd his sight
 Sooner, then he lost his might,
 Or his courage; for away
 Strait hee ran, and durst not stay,
 Letting Bow and Arrow fall,
 Nor for any threat, or Call,
 Could be brought once back to looke,
 I foole-hardie, there up tooke
 Both the Arrow he had quit,
 And the Bow: which thought to hit
 This my object. But she threw
 Such a Lightning (as I drew)
 At my face, that tooke my sight,
 And my motion from me quite;
 So that there, I stood a stone,
 Mock'd of all: and call'd of one
 (Which with grieve and wrath I heard)
Cupids Statue with a Beard,
 Or else one that plaid his Ape,
 In a *Hercules*-his shape.

What

3.
What hee suffered.

After many scornes like these,
Which the prouder Beauties please,
She content was to restore
Eyes and limbes, to hurt me more
And would on Conditions, be
Reconci'd to Love, and me
First, that I must kneeling yeeld
Both the Bow, and shaft I held
Unto her, which love might take
At her hand, with oath, to make
Mee, the scope of his next draught
Aymed, with that selfe-same shaft
He no sooner heard the Law,
But the Arrow home did draw
And (to gaine her by his Art)
Left it sticking in my heart :
Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would faine have chang'd the fate,
But the Pittie comes too late.
Looser-like, now, all my w reake
Is, that I have leave to speake,
And in either Prose, or Song,
To revenge me with my Tongue,
Which how Dexterously I doe
Heare and make Example too.

4.
Her Triumph.

SEE the Chariot at hand here of Love
Wherein my Lady rideth !
Each that drawes, is a Swan, or a Dove
And well the Carre Love guideth
As she goes, all hearts doe duty
Unto her beauty ;
And enamour'd, doe wish, so they might
But enjoy such a fight,
That they still were, to run by her side,
Through Swords, through Seas, whether she would ride.

Doe but looke on her eyes, they doe light
All that Loves world compriseth !
Doe but looke on her Haire, it is bright
As Loves starre when it riseth !
Doe but marke her forehead's smooother
Then words that sooth her !

And from her arched browes, such a grace
Sheds it selfe through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the Gaine, all the Good, of the Elements strife.

Have you scene but a brigher Lillie grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the Snow
Before the soyle hath smutch'd it?
Ha' you felt the wooll of Bever?
Or Swans Downe ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the Briere?
Or the Nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the Bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

5.

His discourse with Cupid.

NOblest *Charis*, you that are
Both my fortune, and my Starre!
And doe governe more my blood,
Then the various Moone the flood!
Heare, what late Discourse of you,
Love, and I have had, and true.
Mongst my Muses finding me,
Where he chanc't your name to see
Set, and to this softer straine,
Sure, said he, if I have Braine,
This here sung, can be no other
By description, but my Mother!
So hath *Homer* prais'd her haire,
So, *Anacreon* drawne the Ayre
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her Browes, bent like my Bow.
By her looks I doe her know,
Which you call my Shafts. And see!
Such my Mothers blushes be,
As the Bath your verse discloses
In her cheekes, of Milke, and Roses,
Such as oft I wanton in:
And, above her even chin,
Have you plac'd the banke of kisses,
Where you say, men gather blisses,
Rip'ned with a breath more sweet,
Then when flowers, and West-winds meet,
Nay, her white and polish'd neck,
With the Lace that doth it deck,

Is my Mothers ! Hearts of faire
 Lovers, made into a Chaine
 And betwene each rising breast,
 Lyes the Valley, cal'd my nest,
 Where I sit and proyne my wings
 After flight, and put new stings
 To my shafts ! Her very Name,
 With my Mothers is the same,
 I confesse all, I replide,
 And the Glasse hangs by her side,
 And the Girdle 'bout her waste,
 All is *Venus* : save unchaste.
 But alas, thou seest the least
 Of her good, who is the best
 Of her Sex ; But could'st thou *Love*,
 Call to mind the formes, that strove
 For the Apple, and those three
 Make in one, the same were shee,
 For this Beauty yet doth hide,
 Something more then thou hast spi'd
 Outward Grace weake love beguiles
 Shee is *Venus*, when she smiles,
 But shee's *Juno*, when she walkes,
 And *Minerva*, when she talkes.

6
Clayming a second kisse by Desires

Charis guesse, and doe not misse
 Since I drew a Morning kisse
 From your lips, and suck'd an ayre
 Thence, as sweet, as you are faire.
 What my Muse and I have done
 Whether we have lost, or wonne,
 If by us, the oddes were laid,
 That the Bride (allow'd a Maid)
 Look'd not halfe so fresh, and faire,
 With th'advantage of her haire,
 And her Jewels, to the view
 Of th'Assembly, as did you !

Or, that did you sit, or walke
 You were more the eye, and talke
 Of the Court, to day, then all
 Else that glister'd in *White-halls*,
 So, as those that had your sight,
 With the Bride were chang'd to night,
 And did thinke, such Rites were due
 To no other Grace but you !
 Or, if you did move to night
 In the Daunces, with what spight

Of your Peeres, you were beheld,
 That at every motion sweld
 So to see a Lady tread,
 As might all the Graces lead
 And was worthy (being so seene)
 To be envi'd of the Queene.
 Or if you would yet have stay'd,
 Whether any would up-braid
 To him selfe his losse of Time;
 Or have charg'd his sight of Crime,
 To have left all fight for you:
 Guesse of these, which is the true;
 And, if such a verse as this,
 May not claime another kisse.

7.

*Begging another, on colour of mending
 the former.*

FOR Loves-sake, kisse me once againe,
 I long, and should not beg in vaine,
 Here's none to spie, or see;
 Why doe you doubt, or stay?
 I'll taste as lightly as the Bee,
 That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.
 Once more, and (faith) I will be gone
 Can he that loves, aske lesse then one?
 Nay, you may erre in this,
 And all your bountie wrong:
 This could be call'd but halfe a kisse.
 What w're but once to doe, we should doe long,
 I will but mend the last, and tell
 Where, how it would have relish'd well,
 Joyne lip to lip, and try:
 Each suck others breath,
 And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
 Let who will thinke us dead, or wish our death.

8.

Urging her of a promise.

CHARIS one day in discourse
 Had of Love, and of his force,
 Lightly promis'd, she would tell
 What a man she could love well:
 And that promise set on fire
 All that heard her, with desire.
 With the rest, I long expected,
 When the worke would be effected:

But we find that cold delay;
 And excuse spun every day,
 As, untill she tell her one,
 We all feare, she loveth none.
 Therefore, *Charis*, you must do't;
 For I will so urge you to't
 You shall neither eat, nor sleepe,
 No, nor forth your window peepe,
 With your emissarie eye,
 To fetch in the Formes goe by:
 And pronounce, which band or lace,
 Better fits him, then his face;
 Nay I will not let you fit
 'Fore your Idoll Glasse a whit,
 To say over every purle
 There, or to reforme a curle,
 Or with Secretarie *Sis*
 To consult, if *Fucus* this
 Be as good, as was the last:
 All your sweet of life is past,
 Make accompt unlesse you can,
 (And that quickly) speake your Man.

9.
Her man described by her owne Dictamen,

OF your Trouble, *Ben*, to ease me,
 I will tell what Man would please me.
 I would have him if I could,
 Noble, or of greater Blood;
 Titles, I confesse, doe take me,
 And a woman God did make me,
 French to boote, at least in fashion,
 And his Manners of that Nation.
 Young I'd have him to, and faire,
 Yet a man; with crisped haire
 Cast in thousand snares, and rings
 For *Loves* fingers, and his wings.
 Chestnut colour, or more slack
 Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus, and *Minerva's* eyes
 For he must looke wanton-wife.
 Eye-brows bent like *Cupids* bow,
 Front, an ample field of snow,
 Even nose, and cheeke (withall)
 Smooth as is the Billiard Ball.
 Chin, as woolly as the Peach,
 And his lip should kissing teach,
 Till he cherish'd too much beard,
 And make *Love* or me afeard.

He would have a hand as soft
As the Downe, and shew it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush,
Rising through it ere it came;
All his blood should be a flame
Quickly fir'd as in beginners
In loves schoole, and yet no sinners.

'Twere to long to speake of all,
What we harmonic doe call
In a body should be there.
Well he should his clothes to weare;
Yet no Taylor help to make him
Drest, you still for man should take him;
And not thinke h' had eat a stake;
Or were set up in a Brake.

Valiant he should be as fire,
Shewing danger more then ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth;
And as honest as his Birth.
All his actions to be such,
As to doe nothing too much:
Nor o're-praise, nor yet condemne;
Nor out-valew, nor contemne;
Nor doe wrongs, nor wrongs receive;
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from basenesse to be free,
As he durst love Truth and me.

Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one, if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

*Another Ladies exception present
at the hearing.*

FOr his Mind, I doe not care,
That's a Toy, that I could spare;
Let his Title be but great,
His Clothes rich, and band sit neat,
Himselfe young, and face be good,
All I wish is understood.
What you please, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lie withall.

The Muscull strife; In a Pastorall Dialogue.

S H E E.

Come with our Voyces, let us warre,
And challenge all the Spheares,
Till each of us be made a Starre,
And all the world turne Eares.

H E E.

At such a Call, what beast or fowls,
Of reason emptie is!
What Tree or stone doth want a soule?
What man but must lose his?

S H E E.

Mixe then your Notes, that we may prove
To stay the running floods?
To make the Mountaine Quarries move?
And call the walking woods?

H E E.

What need of mee? doe you but sing
Sleepe, and the Grave will wake,
No tunes are sweet, nor words have sting,
But what those lips doe make.

S H E E.

They say the Angells marke each Deed,
And exercise below,
And out of inward pleasure feed
On what they viewing know.

H E E.

O sing not you then, lest the best
Of Angels should be driven
To fall againe; at such a feast,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

S H E E.

Nay, rather both our soules bee strayn'd
To meet their high desire,
So they in state of Grace retain'd,
May wish us of their Quire.

A SONG.
H

O H doe not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be lost with seeing;
Nor cast them downe, lest they rise,
Lest shame destroy their being:

O, be not angry with those fires,
 For then their threats will kill me;
 Nor looke too kind on my desires,
 For then my hopes will spill me;
 O, doe not steepe them in thy Teares,
 For so will sorrow slay me;
 Nor spread them as distract with feares,
 Mine owne enough betray me.

In the person of Woman kind.

A Song Apologetique..

MEn if you love us, play no more
 The fooles, or Tyrants with your friends;
 To make us still sing o're, and o're,
 Our owne false praises, for your ends:
 Wee have both wits, and fancies too;
 And if wee must, let's sing of you.

Nor doe we doubt, but that we can,
 If wee would search with care, and paine;
 Find some one good, in some one man;
 So going thorow all your straine:
 Wee shall at last, of partells make
 One good enough for a songs sake.

And as a cunning Painter takes
 In any curious peece you see
 More pleasure while the thing he makes
 Then when 'tis made, why so will wee:
 And having pleas'd our art, wee'll try
 To make a new, and hang that by.

Another.

In defence of their Inconstancie.

A Song.

HAng up those dull, and envious fooles
 That talke abroad of Womens change,
 We were not bred to sit on stooles,
 Our proper vertue is to range:
 Take that away, you take our lives;
 We are no women then, but wives.

Such as in valour would excell,
 Doe change, though man, and season fight,
 Which we in love must doe as well,
 If ever we will love aright.
 The frequent varying of the deed;
 Is that which doth perfection breed.
 Nor is't inconstancie to change,
 For what is better, or to make
 (By searching) what before was strange,
 Familiar, for the uses sake;
 The good, from bad, is not descride,
 But as 'tis often vert and tri'd.

And this profession of a store
 In love, doth not alone help forth
 Our pleasure; but preserves us more
 From being forsaken, when death worth
 For were the worthiest man on earth
 To love one man, hee'd leave her first.

A Nymphs Passion.

I Love, and he loves me againe,
 Yet dare I not tell who;
 For if the Nymphs should know my Swaine,
 I feare they'd love him too;
 Yet if it be not knowne,
 The pleasure is as good as none,
 For that's a narrow joy is but our owne.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
 They yet may envie me;
 But then if I grow jealous madde,
 And of them pittied be,
 It were a plague bove scorne
 And yet it cannot be forborne.
 Unlessse my heart would as my thought be torne.

He is if they can find him, faire,
 And fresh and fragrant too,
 As Summers sky, or purged Ayre,
 And lookes as Lillies doe,
 That are this morning blowne,
 Yet, yet I doubt he is not knowne,
 And feare much more, that more of him be showne.
 But he hath eyes so round, and bright,
 As make away my doubt,
 Where Love may all his Torches light
 Though hate had put them out,

But

But then t'increas'd my fears,
 What Nymph to eie his voyce but heares
 Will be my Rivall, though she have but eares,
 I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
 And he loves me, yet
 One un-becoming thought doth move
 From either heart, I know,
 But so exempt from blame,
 As it would be to each a fame:
 If Love, or feare, would let me tell his name.

The Houre-glasse.

DOe but consider this small dust,
 Here running in the Glasse,
 By Atomes mov'd,
 Could you beleeve, that this
 The body was
 Of one that lov'd?
 And in his M^{rs}. flame, playing like a flye,
 Turn'd to cinders by her eye?
 Yes; and in death, as life unblest,
 To have t'express,
 Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

My Picture left in

Scotland.

INOW thinke, Love is rather deafe, then blind,
 For else it could not be
 That she
 Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
 And cast my love behind:
 I'm sure my language to her, was as sweet,
 And every close did meet
 In sentence, of as subtile feet,
 As hath the youngest Hee,
 That sits in shadow of *Apollo's* tree.
 Oh, but my conscious feares,
 That flie my thoughts betweene,
 Tell me that she hath seene
 My hundreds of gray haire,
 Told seven and fortie yeares.
 Read so much wast, as she cannot embrace
 My mountaine belly, and my rockie face,
 And all these through her eyes, have stop't her eares.

Against Jealousie.

Wretched and foolish Jealousie,
 How cam'st thou thus to enter me?
 I n're was of thy kind,
 Nor have I yet the narrow mind
 To vent that poore desire,
 That others should not warme them at my fire,
 I wish the Sun should shine
 On all mens Fruit, and flowers, as well as mine.
 But under the Disguise of love
 Thou sai'st, thou only cam'st to prove
 What my Affections were,
 Think'st thou that love is help'd by feare?
 Goe, get thee quickly forth
 Loves sicknesse, and his noted want of worth
 Secke doubling Men to please,
 I n're will owe my health to a disease.

The Dreame.

OR Scorne, or pittie on me take,
 I must the true Relation make,
 I am undone to Night,
 Love in a subtile Dreame disguis'd,
 Hath both my heart and me surpriz'd,
 Whom never yet he durst attempt t' awake,
 Nor will he tell me for whose sake
 He did me the Delight,
 Or Spight,
 But leaves me to inquire,
 In all my wild desire
 Of sleepe againe, who was his Aid,
 And sleepe so guiltie and afraid,
 As since he dares not come within my sight.

An Epitaph on Master

VINCENT CORBET.

I Have my Pietie too, which could
 It vent it selfe, but as it would,
 Would say as much, as both have done
 Before me here, the Friend and Sonne,
 For I both lost a friend and Father,
 Of him whose bones this Grave doth gather:
 Deare *Vincent Corbet* who so long
 Had wrestled with Diseases strong,

That though they did possesse each limbe,
Yet he broke them, ere they could him,

With the just Canon of his life,
A life that knew nor noise, nor strife
But was by sweetning to his will,
All order, and Disposure, still

His Mind as pure, and neatly kept,
As were his Nourceries; and swept
So of uncleannesse, or offence,
That never came ill odour thence:

And adde his Actions unto these,
They were as specious as his Trees.
'Tis true, he could not reprehend
His very Manners, taught & amend,

They were so even, grave, and holy,
No stubbornnesse so stiff, nor folly
Tolience ever was so light,
As twice to trespasse in his sight,

His looks would so correct it, when
It chid the vice, yet not the Men.
Much from him I professe I wonne,
And more, and more, I should have done,

But that I understood him scant,
Now I conceive him by my want,
And pray who shall my sorrows read,
That they for me their teares will shed;
For truly, since he left to be,
I feele, I'm rather dead than he:

Reader, whole life, and name, did ere become
An Epitaph, deserv'd a Tombe:

Nor wants it herethrough penurie, or sloth,
Who makes the one, so't be first makes both.

*An Epistle to Sir EDWARD SACKVILE,
now Earle of Dorset.*

IF Sackvile, all that have the power to doe
Great and good turns, as wel could time them too,
And knew their how, and where: we should have, then
Lesse list of proud, hard, or ingratfull Men.
For benefits are ow'd with the same mind
As they are done, and such returns they find:
You then whose will not only, but desire
To succour my necessities tooke fire,
Not at my prayers, but your sense; which laid
The way to meet, what others would upbraid,
And in the Act did so my blum prevent,
As I did feele it done, as faine as meant:

You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
 This Good from you, as freely will it owe;
 And though my fortune humble me, to take
 The smallest courtesies with thanks, I make
 Yet choyce from whom I take them; and would shame
 To have such doe me good, I durst not name:
 They are the Noblest benefits, and sinke
 Deepest in Man, of which when he doth thinke,
 The memorie delights him more, from whom
 Then what he hath receiv'd. Gifts sinke from some,
 They are so long a coming, and so hard
 Where any Deed is forc't, the Grace is mard.

Can I owe thanks, for Curtesies receiv'd
 Against his will that doe's 'hem? that hath weav'd
 Excuses, or Delayes? or done 'hem scant,
 That they have more oppress me, then my want?
 Or if he did it not to succour me,
 But by meere Chance? for interest? or to free
 Himselfe of farther trouble, or the weight
 Of pressure, like one taken in a streight?
 All this corrupts the thanks, lesse hath he wonne,
 That puts it in his Debt-booke e're be done;
 Or that doth sound a Trumpet, and doth call
 His Groomes to witnesse, or else lets it fall
 In that proud manner: as a good so gain'd,
 Must make me sad for what I have obtain'd.

No! Gifts and thanks should have one cheerefull face,
 So each, that's done, and tane, becomes a Brace.
 He neither gives, or do's, that doth delay
 A Benefit: or that doth throw't away
 No more then he doth thanke, that will receive
 Nought but in corners; and is loath to leave
 Left Ayre, or Print, but flies it: Such men would
 Run from the Conscience of it if they could.

As I have seene some Infants of the Sword
 Well knowne, and practiz'd borrowers on their word,
 Give thanks by stealth, and whispering in the eare,
 For what they streight would to the world foreweare:
 And speaking worst of those, from whom they went
 But then, fist fill'd to put me off the sent.
 Now dam'mee, Sir, if you shall not command
 My Sword ('tis but a poore Sword understand)
 As farr as any poore Sword i'the Land,
 Then turning unto him is next at hand,
 Dam's whom he dam'd too, is the veriest Gull,
 H'as Feathers, and will serve a man to pull.

Are they not worthy to be answer'd so,
 That to such Natures let their full hands flow,
 And seeke not wants to succour; but enquire
 Like Money-brokers, after Names, and hire

Their bounties forth, to him that last was made,
 Or stands to be'n Commission o' the blade;
 Still, still, the hunters of false fame apply
 Their thoughts and meanes to making loude the cry;
 But one is bitten by the Dog he fed,
 And hurt seeks Cure, the Surgeon bids take bread,
 And sponge-like with it dry up the blood quite:
 Then give it to the Hound that did him bite,
 Pardon, sayes he, that were a way to lee
 All the Towne-curs take each their snarch at me.
 O, is it so? knowes he so much? and will
 Feed those, at whom the Table points at still?
 I not deny it, but to helpe the need
 Of any, is a Great and generous Deed:
 Yea, of th' ingratefull: and he forth must tell
 Many a pound, and piece will pace one well;
 But these men ever want: their very trade
 Is borrowing, that but stopp they doe invade
 All as their prize, turne Pyrats here at Land,
 Ha' their *Bermudas*, and their streights i' th' *Strand*:
 Man out of their Boates to th' Temple, and not shift
 Now, but command; make tribute, what was gift;
 And it is paid 'hem with a trembling zeale,
 And superstition I dare scarce reveale
 If it were cleare, but being so in cloud
 Carryed and wrapt, I only am aloud
 My wonder! why, the taking a Clownes purse,
 Or robbing the poore Market-folkes should nurse
 Such a religious horroir in the breasts
 Of our Towne Gallantry! or why there rests
 Such worship due to kicking of a Punct!
 Or swaggering with the Watch, or Drawer drunk;
 Or feats of darknesse acted in Mid-Sun,
 And told of with more Licence then th' were done!
 Sure there is Misterie in it, I not know
 That men such reverence to such actions show!
 And almost deifie the Authors! make
 Lowd sacrifice of drinke, for their health-sake
 Reare Suppers in their Names! and spend whole nights
 Unto their praise, in certaine swearing rites;
 Cannot a man be reck'ned in the State
 Of Valour, but at this Idolatrous rate
 I thought that Fortitude had beene a *maime*
 'Twixt feare and rashnesse: not a lust obscene,
 Or appetite of offending, but a skill,
 Or Science of a discerning Good and Ill.
 And you Sir know it well to whom I write,
 That with these mixtures we put out her light
 Her ends are honestie, and publike good!
 And where they want, she is not understood,

No more are these of us, let them then goe,
 I have the lyft of mine owne faults to know,
 Looke too and cure; Hee's not a man hath none,
 But like to be, that every day mends one,
 And feeles it; Else he tarries by the Beast,
 Can I discerne how shadowes are decreast,
 Or growne; by height or lownesse of the Sunne?
 And can I lesse of substance? when I runne,
 Ride, faile, am coach'd, know I how farre I have gone,
 And my minds motion not? or have I none?
 No! he must feele and know, that I will advance
 Men have beene great, but never good by chance,
 Or on the sudden. It were strange that he
 Who was this Morning such a one, should be
 Sydney e're night? or that did goe to bed
 Coriat, should rise the most sufficient head
 Of Christendome? And neither of these know
 Were the Rack offer'd them how they came so;
 'Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad
 Profit in ought each day some little adde,
 In time 'twill be a heape; This is not true
 Alone in money, but in manners too.
 Yet we must more then move still, or goe on,
 We must accomplish; 'Tis the last Key-stone
 That makes the Arch, The rest that there were put
 Are nothing till that comes to bind and shur.
 Then stands it a triumphall marke! then Men
 Observe the strength, the height, the why, and when;
 It was erected; and still walking under
 Meet some new matter to looke up and wonder!
 Such Notes are vertuous men! they live as fast
 As they are high; are rooted and will last.
 They need no stilts, nor rise upon their toes,
 As if they would belie their stature, those
 Are Dwarfes of Honour, and have neither weight
 Nor fashion, if they chance aspire to height,
 'Tis like light Canes, that first rise big and brave,
 Shoot forth in smooth and comely spaces, have
 But few and faire Devisions: but being got
 Aloft, grow lesse and streightned; full of knots
 And last, goe out in nothing: You that see
 Their difference, cannot choose which you will be.
 You know (without my flatter you) too much
 For me to be your Indies. Keep you such,
 That I may love your Person (as I doe.)
 Without your gift, though I can rate that too,
 By thanking thus the curse to life,
 Which you will bury, but therein, the strife
 May grow so great to be example, when
 (As their true rule or lesson) either men

Donnor's or *Donnee's* to their practise shall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

An Epistle to Master
JOHN SELDEN.

I Know to whom I write: Here, I am sure,
Though I am short, I cannot be obscure:
Lesse shall I for the Art or dressing care,
Truth, and the Graces best, when naked are
Your Booke, my *Selden*, I have read, and much
Was trusted, that you thought my judgement such
To aske it: though in most of workes it be
A pennance, where a man may not be free.
Rather then Office, when it doth or may
Chance that the Friends affection proves Allay
Unto the Censure. Yours all need doth flie
Of this so vitious Humanitie.
Then which there is not unto Studie, a more
Pernitious enemy, we see before
A many of bookes, even good judgements wound
Themselves through favouring what is there not found:
But I on yours farre otherwise shall doe,
Not flie the Crime, but the Suspition too:
Though I confesse (as every Muse hath err'd,
And mine not least) I have too oft prefer'd
Men, past their termes, and prais'd some names too much,
But 'twas with purpose to have made them such,
Since being deceiv'd, I turne a sharper eye
Upon my selfe, and aske to whom? and why?
And what I write? and vex it many dayes
Before men get a verse: much lesse a Praise,
So that my Reader is assur'd, I now
Meane what I speake: and still will keepe that Vow,
Stand forth my Object, then you that have beene
Ever at home: yet, have all Countries scene:
And like a Compassse keeping one foot still
Upon your Center, doe your Circle fill
Of generall knowledge, watch'd men, manners too,
Heard what times past have said, scene what ours doe,
Which Grace shall I make love too first? your skill
Or faith in things? or is't your wealth and will
T'instruct and teach? or your unwear'd paine
Of Gathering? Bountie in pouring out againe?
What fables have you vext! what truth redeem'd!
Antiquities search'd! Opinions dis-esteem'd!
Impostures branded! and Authorities urg'd,
What blots and errors, have you watch'd and purg'd

Records, and Authors of ! how rectified,
 Times, manners, customes ! Innovations spide !
 Sought out the Fountaines, Sources, Creeks, paths, wayes,
 And noted the beginnings and decayes !
 Where is that nominall marke, or reall rite,
 Forme Act or Ensigne, that hath scap'd your sight.
 How are Traditions there examin'd : how
 Conjectures arriv'd ! And in Story now
 And then of times (besides the bare Conduct
 Of what it tells us) weav'd into instruct.
 I wonder'd at the richnesse, but am lost,
 To see the workmanship so exceed the cost !
 To marke the excellent sear'ning of your Stile !
 And manly elocution, not one while
 With horreur rough, then rising with wit !
 But to the Subject, still the Colours fit
 In sharpnesse of all Search, wisdom of Choice,
 Newnesse of Sense, Antiquitie of Voyce !
 I yeeld, I yeeld, the matter of your praise
 Flowes in upon me, and I cannot raise
 A banke against it. Nothing but the round
 Large claspe of Nature, such a wit can bound
 Monarch in Letters ! 'Mongst thy Titles shovne
 Of others honours, thus, enjoy their owne,
 I first salute thee so, and gratefully
 With that thy Stile, thy keeping of thy State,
 In offering this thy worke to no great Name,
 That would, perhaps, have prais'd, and thank'd the same,
 But nought beyond. He thou hast given it to,
 Thy learned Chamber-fellow, knowes to doe
 It true respects. He will not only love
 Embrace, and cherish ; but he can approve
 And estimate thy Paines, as having wrought
 In the same Mines of knowledge, and thence brought
 Humanitie enough to be a friend,
 And strength to be a Champion, and defend
 Thy gift gainst envie. Oh how I doe count
 Among my commings in, and see it mount,
 The Graine of your two friendships ! *Howard* and
Selden ! two Names that so much understand !
 On whom I could take up, and ne'r abuse
 The Credit, what would furnish a tenth Muse !
 But here's no time, nor place, my wealth to tell,
 You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

*An Epistle to a Friend, to perswade
him to the Warres.*

WAke, friend from forth thy Lethargie; the Drum
Beates brave, and loude in *Europe*, and bids come
All that dare rowse: or are not loth to quit
Their vitious ease, and be o'rewhelm'd with it.
It is a call to keepe the spirits alive
That gaspe for action, and would yet revive
Mans buried honour, in his sleepe life:
Quickning dead Nature, to her noblest strife.
All other Acts of Worldlings, are but royle
In dreames, begun in hope, and end in spoile.
Looke on th'ambitious man, and see him nurse,
His unjust hopes, with praises begg'd, or (worse)
Bought Flatteries, the issue of his purse,
Till he become both their, and his owne curse!
Looke on the false, and cunning man, that loves
No person, nor is lov'd: what wayes he proves
To gaine upon his belly, and at last
Crush'd in the snakie brakes, that he had pass'd
See, the grave, sower, and supercilious Sir
In outward face, but inward, lights his Fire,
Or Feathers: lay his fortune out to show
Till envie wound, or maime it at a blow!
See him, that's call'd, and thought the happiest man,
Honour'd at once, and envied (if it can
Be honour is so mixt) by such as would
For all their spite be like him if they could;
No part or corner man can looke upon,
But there are objects, bid him to be gone
As farre as he can flie, or follow Day,
Rather then here so bogg'd in vices stay
The whole world here leaven'd with madnesse swells;
And being a thing, blowne out of nought, rebels
Against his Maker, high alone with weeds,
And impious ranknesse of all Sects and feeds:
Not to be checkt, or frighted now with fate,
But more licentious made, and desperate!
Our Delicacies are growne capitall,
And even our sports are dangers! what we call
Friendship is now mask'd Hatred! Justice fled,
And shamefastnesse together! All lawes dead
That kept man living! Pleasures only sought!
Honour and honestie, as poore things thought
As they are made! Pride, and stiffe Clownagemixt
To make up Greatnesse! and mans whole good fix'd

Inbravery, or gluttony, or coyne,
 All which he makes the servants of the Groine,
 Thither it flowes, how much did *Stallion* spend
 To have his Court-bred-fillic there commend
 His Lace and Starch; And fall upon her back
 In admiration, stretch'd upon the rack
 Of lust, to his rich Suit and Title, Lord?
 I, that's a Charme and halfe! She must afford
 That all respect, She must lie downe: Nay more
 'Tis there civillie to be a whore;
 Hee's one of blood, and fashion! and with these
 The bravery makes, he can no honour leese
 To do't with Cloth, or Stuffles, lusts name might merit
 With Velvet, Plush, and Tissues, it is spirit.

O, these so ignorant Monsters! light, as proud,
 Who can behold their Manners, and not clowd-
 Like upon them lighten? If nature could
 Not make a verse, Anger, or laughter would
 To see 'hem aye discomfing with their Glasse,
 How they may make some one that day an Ass
 Planting their Purles, and Curles spread forth like Nets;
 And every Dressing for a Pitfall set
 To catch the flesh in, and to pound a Prick
 Beat their Visits, see 'hem squemish, sick
 Ready to cast, at one, whose band fits ill,
 And then, leape mad on a neat Pickardill,
 As if a Brize were gotten i' their tayle,
 And firke, and jerke, and for the Coach-man rail;
 And jealous each of other, yet thinke long
 To be abroad chanting some baudie song,
 And laugh, and measure thighes, then squeake, spring, itch;
 Doe all the tricks of a saut Lady Bitch;
 For't other pound of sweet-meats, he shall feele
 That payes, or what he will: The Dame is Steele;
 For these with her young Companie thee'll enter,
 Where *Pittes*, or *Wright*, or *Modet* would not venter,
 And comes by these Degrees, the Stile i' inherit
 Of woman of fashion, and a Lady of spirit:
 Nor is the title question'd with our proud,
 Great, brave, and fashion'd folke, these are allow'd
 Adulteries now, are not so hid, or strange,
 They're growne Commodity upon Exchange;
 He that will follow but another's wife,
 Is lov'd, though he let out his owne for life:
 The Husband now's call'd churlish, or a poore
 Nature, that will not let his Wife be a whore;
 Or use all arts, or haunt all Companies
 That may corrupt her, even in his eyes,
 The brother trades a sister, and the friend
 Lives to the Lord, but to the Ladies end.

Lesse must not be thought on then Mistresse: or
 If it be thought kild like her Embrions; for,
 Whom no great Mistresse, hath as yet infam'd
 A fellow of course Letcherie, is nam'd
 The Servant of the Serving-woman in scorne,
 Ne're came to taste the plenteous Marriage-horne.

Thus they doe talke. And are these objects fit
 For man to spend his money on: his wit:
 His time? health? soule? will he for these goe throw
 Those thousands on his back, shall after blow,
 His body to the Counters, or the Fleete?
 Is it for these that fine man meets the street
 Coach'd, or on foot cloth, thrice chang'd every day,
 To reach each suit, he has the ready way
 From *Hide-Parks* to the Stage, where at the last
 His deare and borrow'd Bravery he must cast?
 When not his Combes, his Curling-irons, his Glasse,
 Sweet bags, sweet Powders, nor sweet words will passe
 For lesse Securitie? O for these
 Is it that man pulls on himselfe Disease:
 Surfet? and Quarrell? drinks the rother health?
 Or by Damnation voids it: or by stealth?
 What furie of late is crept into our Feasts?
 What honour given to the drunkenest Guests?
 What reputation to beare one Glasse more?
 When oft the Bearer, is borne out of dore?
 This hath our ill-us'd freedome, and soft peace
 Brought on us, and will every houre increase
 Our vices, doe not tarry in a place,
 But being in Motion still (or rather in race)
 Tilt one upon another, and now beare
 This way, now that, as if their number were
 More then themselves, or then our lives could take,
 But both fell prest under the load they make.

I'll bid thee looke no more, but flee, flee friend,
 This *Pracipice*, and Rocks that have no end,
 Or side, but threatens Ruine. The whole Day
 Is not enough now, but the Nights to play:
 And whilst our states, strength, body, and mind we waste,
 Goe make our selves the Usurers at a cast.
 He that no more for Age, Cramps, Palsies, can
 Now use the bones, we see doth hire a man
 Totake the box up for him, and pursues
 The Dice with glassen eyes, to the glad viewers
 Of what he throwes: Like letchers growne content
 To be beholders, when their powers are spent.

Can we not leave this worne? or will we not?
 Is that the truer excuse? or have we got
 In this, and like, an itch of Vanitie,
 That scratching now's our best Felicitie?

Well, let it goe. Yet this is better, then
 To lose the formes, and dignities of men
 To flatter my good Lord, and cry his Bowle
 Runs sweetly, as it had his Lordships Soule,
 Although, perhaps it has, what's that to me,
 That may stand by, and hold my peace: will he
 When I am hoarse, with praising his each cast,
 Give me but that againe, that I must wast
 In Sugar Candide, or in butter'd beere,
 For the recovery of my voyce: No, there
 Pardon his Lordship. Flattery's growne so cheape
 With him, for he is followed with that heape
 That watch, and catch, at what they may applaud
 As a poore single flatterer, without Band
 Is nothing, such scarce meat and drinke he le give,
 But he that's both, and slave to both, shall live,
 And be belov'd, while the Whores last. O times
 Friend fie from hence, and let these kindled rimes:
 Light thee from hell on earth: where flatterers, spies,
 Informers, Masters both of Arts and lies,
 Lewd slanderers, soft whisperers that let blood
 The life, and fame-vaynes (yet not understood
 Of the poore sufferers) where the envious, proud,
 Ambitious, factious, superstitious, lowd
 Boasters, and perjur'd, with the infinite more
 Prævaricators swarme. Of which the store
 (Because th'are every where amongst Man-kind
 Spread through the World) is easier farre to find,
 Then once to number, or bring forth to hand,
 Though thou wert Muster-master of the Land.
 Goe quit 'hem all. And take along with thee,
 Thy true friends wishes, *Colby* which shall be,
 That thine be just, and honest, that thy Deeds
 Nor wound thy conscience, when thy body bleeds,
 That thou dost all things more for truth, then glory,
 And never but for doing wrong be sorry,
 That by commanding first thy selfe, thou mak'st
 Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st
 That fortune never make thee to complaine,
 But what she gives, thou dar'st give her againe,
 That whatsoever face thy fate puts on,
 Thou shrinke or start not, but be alwayes one,
 That thou thinke nothing great, but what is good,
 And from that though strive to be understood.
 So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
 Still pretious, with the odour of thy name.
 And last, blaspheme not, we did never heare
 Man thought the valianter, 'cause he durst sweare
 No more, then we should thinke a Lord had had
 More honour in him, 'cause we ave knowne him mad:

These take, and now goe seeke thy peace in Warre,
Who falls for love of God, shall rise a Starre.

An Epitaph on Master

PHILIP GRAY.

Reader stay,

And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lie till the last Day,
All that is left of PHILIP GRAY.
It might thy patience richly pay:
For, if such men as he could die,
What suretie of life have thou, and I.

Epistle To a Friend.

They are not, Sir, worst Owers, that doe pay
Debts when they can: good men may breake their day;
And yet the noble Nature never grudge,
'Tis then a crime, when the Usurer is Judge.
And he is not in friendship. Nothing there
Is done for gaine: If't be 'tis not sincere.
Nor should I at this time protested be,
But that some greater names have broke with me,
And their words too, where I but breake my Band,
I adde that (but) because I understand
That as the lesser breach: for he that takes
Simply my Band, his trust in me forsakes,
And looks unto the forfeit. If you be
Now so much friend, as you would trust in me,
Venter a longer time, and willingly:
All is not barren land, doth fallow lie.
Some grounds are made the richer, for the Rest,
And I will bring a Crop, if not the best.

An Elegie.

CAn Beautie that did prompt me first to write,
Now threaten, with those meanes she did invite;
Did her perfections call me on to gaze!
Then like, then love; and now would they amaze!
Or was she gracious a-farre off? but neere
A terror? or is all this but my feare?
That as the water makes things, put in't, streight,
Crooked appeare, so that doth my conceipt;

I can helpe that with boldnesse, And love sware,
 And fortune once, I am the spirit that dare,
 But which shall lead me on? both these are blind
 Such Guides men use not, who their way would find.
 Except the way be errour to those ends:
 And then the best are still, the blindest friends!
 Oh how a Lover may mistake! to thinke,
 Or love, or fortune blind, when they but winke
 To see men feare: or else for truth, and State,
 Because they would free Justice imitate,
 Vaile their owne eyes, and would impartially
 Be brought by us to meet our Destinie.
 If it be thus, Come love, and fortune goe,
 I'll lead you on, or if my fate will so,
 That I must send one first, my Choyce assigns;
 Love to my heart, and fortune to my lines.

An Elegie.

BY those bright Eyes, at whose immortall fires
 Love lights his torches to inflame desires;
 By that faire Stand, your forehead, whence he bends
 His double Bow, and round his Arrowes sends;
 By that tall Grove, your haire, whose globy rings
 He flying curls, and crispeth, with his wings.
 By those pure bathes your either cheeke discloses,
 Where he doth steepe himselfe in Milke and Roses;
 And lastly by your lips, the banke of kisses,
 Where men at once may plant, and gather blisses:
 Tell me (my lov'd Friend) doe you love or no?
 So well as I may tell in verse, tis so:
 You blush, but doe not: friends are either none,
 (Though they may number bodyes) or but one.
 I'll therefore aske no more, but bid you love;
 And so that either may example prove
 Unto the other, and live patternes, how
 Others, in time may love, as we doe now.
 Slip no occasion; As time stands not still,
 I know no beautie, nor no youth that will.
 To use the present, then, is not abuse,
 You have a Husband is the just excuse
 Of all that can be done him, Such a one
 As would make shift, to make himselfe alone,
 That which we can, who both in you, his Wife,
 His Issue, and all Circumstance of life
 As in his place, because he would not varie,
 Is constant to be extraordinary.

A Satyricall Shrub.

A Womans friendship ! God whom I trust in,
 Forgive me this one foolish deadly sin,
 Amongst my many other, that I may
 No more, I am sorry for so fond cause, say,
 At fifty yeares, almost, to value it,
 That ne're was knowne to last above a fire
 Or have the least of Good, but what it must
 Put on for fashion, and take up on trust.
 Knew I all this afore : had I perceiv'd,
 That their whole life was wickednesse, though weav'd
 Of many Colours ; outward fresh, from spots,
 But their whole inside full of ends, and knots :
 Knew I, that all their Dialogues, and discourse,
 were such as I will now relate, or worse.

Here, something is wanting.

.....
 Knew I this Woman : yes, And you doe see,
 How penitent I am, or I should be :
 Doe not you aske to know her, she is worse
 Then all Ingredients made into one curse,
 And that pour'd out upon Man-kind can be :
 Thinke but the Sin of all her sex, 'tis she !
 I could forgive her being proud ! a whore !
 Perjur'd ! and painted ! if she were no more—
 But she is such, as she might, yet forestall
 The Divell ; and be the damning of us all.

A little Shrub growing by.

A Ske not to know this Man. If fame should speake
 His name in any mettall, it would breake.
 Two letters were enough the plague to tear
 Out of his Grave, and poyson every eare
 A parcell of Court-durt, a heape, and masse
 Of all vice hurld together, there he was,
 Proud, false, and trecherous, vindictive, all
 That thought can adde, unthankfull, the lay-stall
 Of putrid flesh alive ! of blood, the stinke
 And so I leave to stirre him, lest he stinke.

An

An Elegie.

Though Beautie be the Marke of praise;
 And yours of whom I sing be such
 As not the World can praise too much,
 Yet is't your vertue now I taile.
 A vertue, like Allay, so gone
 Throughout your forme, as though that more
 And draw, and conquer all mens love,
 This subjects you to love of one.
 Wherein you triumph yet because
 'Tis of your selfe, and that you use
 The noblest freedome, not to chuse
 Against or Faith, or honours lawes.
 But who should lesse expect from you,
 In whom alone love lives agen:
 By whom he is restor'd to men:
 And kept, and bred, and brought up again.
 His falling Temples you have rear'd
 The wither'd Garlands tane away;
 His Altars kept from the Decay,
 That envie wish'd, and Nature fear'd.
 And on them burne so chaste a flame,
 With so much Loyalties expence
 As Love t'acquir such excellencie,
 Is gone himselfe into your Name.
 And you are he: the Dietie
 To whom all Lovers are design'd,
 That would their better objects find,
 Among which faithfull troope am I.
 Who as an off-spring at your shrine,
 Have sung this Hymne, and here intreat
 One sparke of your Diviner heat
 To light upon a Love of mine.
 Which if it kinde not, but scant
 Appears, and that to shortest view,
 Yet give me leave t'adore in you
 What I, in her, am griev'd to want.

An Ode. To himselfe.

W Here do'st thou carelesse lie
 Buried in ease and sloth;
 Knowledge, that sleepest, doth die;
 And this Securitie,
 It is the common Moath,
 That eats on wits, and Arts, and destroyes them both;
 Are all th' *Ammon* Springs
 Dri'd up & lyes *Thissia* walk;
 Doth *Clarins* Harp want strings,
 That not a Nymph now sings;
 Or droop they as disgrac't;
 To see their Seats and Bowers by chattering Pies defac't;
 If hence thy silenēe be,
 As 'tis too just a cause;
 Let this thought quicken thee,
 Minds that are great and free,
 Should not on fortune pause,
 'Tis crowne enough to vertue still, her owne applause;
 What though the greedie Frie
 Be taken with false Baytes
 Of worded Balladrie,
 And thinke it Poësie;
 They die with their conceits,
 And only pitious (come, upon their folly wailes)
 Then take in hand thy Lyre,
 Strike in thy proper straine;
 With *Faphers* lync, aspire
 Sole Chariot for new fire,
 To give the world againe;
 Who aided him, will thee, the issue of *Fevers* braine;
 And since our Daintie age,
 Cannot indure reproofe,
 Make not thy selfe a Page,
 To that strumpet the Stage,
 But sing high and aloofe,
 Safe from the wolves black jaw, and the dull Asses hoofe.

*The mind of the Frontispice to
a Booke.*

From Death, and darke oblivion, ne're the same,
The Mistresse of Mans life, grave Historie
Razing the World to good and evill fame
Doth vindicate it to eternitie.
Wise Providence would so, that nor the good
Might be defrauded, nor the great secur'd,
But both might know their wayes were understood,
When Vice alike in time with vertue dur'd.
Which makes that (lighted by the beamic hand
Of Truth that searcheth the most Springs
And guided by experience, whose straite wand
Doth meet, whose lyne doth sound the depth of things:
Shee chearfully supporteth what the reares,
Assisted by no strengths, but are her owne,
Some note of which each varied Pillar beares,
By which as proper titles, she is knowne
Times witnesse, herald of Antiquitie,
The light of Truth, and life of Memorie.

*An Ode to IAMES Earle of Desmond, writ
in Queene ELIZABETHS time,
since lost, and recovered.*

WHere art thou *Genius*? I should use
Thy present Aide: Arise Invention,
Wake, and put on the wings of *Pindars* Muse,
To towre with my intention
High, as his mind, that doth advance
Her upright head, above the reach of Chance,
Or the times envie:
Cynthia, I applie
My bolder numbers to thy golden *Lyre*:
O, then inspire
Thy Priest in this strange rapture, heat my braine
With *Delphick* fire:
That I may sing my thoughts, in some unvulgar straine:

Rich beame of honour, shed your light
On these darke rymes, that my affection
May shine (through every chincke) to every sight
graced by your Reflection!
Then shall my Verses, like strong Charnes
Breake the knit Circle of her Stonie Armes,

That hold your spirit :
 And keepe your merie
 Lock't in her cold embraces, from the view
 Of eyes more true,
 Who would with judgement search, searching conclude,
 (As prov'd in you)
 True noblesse. Palme growes straight, though handled ne're so rude ;

Nor thinke your selfe unfortunate,
 If subject to the jealous errors
 Of politike pretext, that wryes a State,
 Sink not beneath these terrors :
 But whisper, O glad Innocence
 Where only a mans birth is his offence,
 Or the dis-favour,
 Of such as favour
 Nothing, but practise upon honours thrall.
 O vertues fall,
 When her dead essence (like the Anatomie
 in Surgeons hall)
 Is but a Statists theame, to read Phlebotomie.

Let *Brentes*, and black *Stowper*,
 Sweat at the forge, their hammers beating ;
Pyracmon's houre will come to give them ease,
 Though but while mettal's heating ;
 And, after all the *Etnean* Ire,
 Gold, that is perfect, will out-live the fire.
 For fury wasteth,
 As patience lasteth.
 No Armour to the mind ! he is shot free
 From injurie,
 That is not hurt ; not he, that is not hit ;
 So fooles we see,
 Oft scape an Imputation, more through luck, then wit.

But to your selfe most loyall Lord,
 (Whose heart in that bright Sphere flames clearest)
 Though many Gems be in your bosome stor'd,
 Unknowne which is the Dearest.)
 If I auspiciously devine,
 (As my hope tells) that our faire *Phoebe's* shine,
 Shall light those places,
 With lustrous Graces,
 Where darknesse with her glomic Sceptred hand,
 Doth now command.
 O then (my best-best lov'd) let me importune,
 That you will stand,
 As farre from all revolt, as you are now from Fortune.

An Ode.

High spirited friend,
 I send nor Balmes, nor Cor'sives to your wound,
 Your fate hath found,
 A gentler, and more agile hand, to rend
 The Cure of that, which is but corporall,
 And doubtfull Dayes (which were nam'd *Criticall*;))
 Have made their fairest flight,
 And now are out of sight.
 Yet doth some wholsome Physick for the mind,
 Wrapt in this paper lie,
 Which in the taking if you mis-apply,
 You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
 Happy in that faire honour it hath gain'd,
 Must now be rayn'd.
 True valour doth her owne renowne command
 In one full Action; nor have you now more
 To doe, then be a husband of that store.
 Thinke but how deare you bought,
 This fame which you have caught,
 Such thoughts will make you more in love with truth
 'Tis wisdom and that high,
 For men to use their fortune reverently,
 Even in youth.

An Ode.

HEllen, did Homer never see
 Thy beauties, yet could write of thee?
 Did Sappho on her seven-tongu'd Lute,
 So speake (as yet it is not mute)
 Of Phæos forme? or doth the Boy
 In whom Anacreon once did joy,
 Lie drawne to life, in his soft Verse,
 As he whom Maro did rehearse?
 Was Lesbia sung by learn'd Catullus?
 Or Delia's Graces, by Tibullus?
 Doth Cynthia, in Propertius song
 Shine more, then she the Stars among?
 Is Horace his each love so high
 Rap't from the Earth, as not to die?
 With bright Lycius, Gallus choice,
 Whose fame hath an eternall voice.
 Or hath Corynna, by the name
 Her Ovid gave her, dimn'd the fame

Of *Cæsars* Daughter, and the line
Which all the world then styl'd devine?
Hath *Petrarch* since his *Laura* rais'd
Equall with her? or *Ronsart* prais'd
His new *Cassandra*, boye the old,
Which all the Fate of *Troy* foretold?
Hath our great *Sydney*, *Stella* set,
Where never Star shone brighter yet?
Or *Constables* *Ambrosiack* Muse,
Made *Dian*, not his notes refuse?
Have all these done (and yet I misse
The Swan that so relish'd *Pancharie*)
And shall not I my *Celia* bring,
Where men may see whom I doe sing,
Though I, in working of my song
Come short of all this learned throng,
Yet sure my tunes will be the best,
So much my Subject drownes the rest.

A Sonnet,

To the noble Lady, the Lady

MARY WORTH.

I That have beene a lover, and could shew it,
Though not in these, in richnes not wholly dumbe,
Since I exscribe your Sonnets, am become
A better lover, and much better Poet,
Nor is my Muse, or I ashamed to owe it.
To those true numerous Graces; whereof some,
But charme the Senses, others over-come
Both braines and hearts; and mine now best doe know it:
For in your verse all Cupids Armorie,
His flames, his shafts, his Quiver, and his Bow,
His very eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his Mothers sweets you so apply,
Her joyes, her smiles, her loves, as readers take
For Venus Ceston, every line you make.

A Fit of Rime against Rime.

Rime the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits,

True Concept

Spoyling Senses of their Treasure,
Cosening Judgement with a measure,

But false weight.

Wresting words, from their true calling;
Propping Verse, for feare of falling

To the ground,

Joynting Syllabes, drowning Letters,

Fastning

Fasting Vowells, as with fetters
They were bound !

Soone as lazie thou wert knowne,
All good Poetrie hence was flowne,
And are banish'd.

For a thousand yeares together,
All *Pernassus* Greene did wither,
And wit vanish'd.

Pegasus did flie away,
At the Wells no Muse did stay,
But bewail'd.

So to see the Fountaine drie,
And *Apollo's* Musique die,

All light failed !

Starveling rimes did fill the Stage,
Nor a Poet in an Age,

Worth crowning.

Nor a worke deserving Baies,
Nor a lync deserving praise,

Pallas frowning,
Greeke was free from Rimes infection,
Happy Greeke by this prottotion !

Was not spoyled.
Whilst the Latin, Queene of Tongues,
Is not yet free from Rimes wrongs,

But rests foiled.
Scarce the hill againe doth flourish,
Scarce the world a Wit doth nourish,

To restore,
Phæbus to his Crowne againe,
And the Muses to their braine,

As before.
Vulgar Languages that want
Words, and sweetnesse, and be scant

Of true measure,
Tyrans Rime hath so abused,
That they long since have refused,

Other ceasure,
He that first invented thee,
May his joynts tormented bee,

Cramp'd forever,
Still may Syllabes jare with time,
Stil may reason warre with rime,

Resting never.
May his Sense when it would meet,
The cold tumor in his feet,

Grow unfounder,
And his Title be long soile,
That in rearing such a Schoole,

Was the founder.

* Presented
upon a plate
of Gold to
his son Rob.
E. of Salisbu-
ry, when he
was also Tre-
surer.

* *An Epigram*

On WILLIAM Lord BURL: Lo: high
Treasurer of England.

IF thou wouldst know the vertues of Man-kind
Read here in one, what thou in all canst find,
And goe no farther: let this Circle be
Thy Universe, though his *Epitome*
Cecil, the grave, the wise, the great, the good,
What is there more that can ennoble blood?
The *Orphans* Pillar, the true Subjects shield,
The poores full Store-house, and just servants field,
The only faithfull Watchman for the Realme,
That in all tempests, never quit the helme,
But stood unshaken in his Deeds, and Name,
And labour'd in the worke, not with the fame:
That still was good for goodnesse sake, nor thought
Upon reward, till the reward him sought.
Whose Offices, and honours did surprize,
Rather than meet him: And, before his eyes
Clos'd to their peace, he saw his branches shoot,
And in the noblest Families tooke root
Of all the Land, who now at such a Rate,
Of divine blessing, would not serve a State.

* For a poore
Man.

* *An Epigram.*

To THOMAS LO: ELSMERE,
the last Terme be sate Chancellor.

SO justest Lord, may all your Judgements be
Lawes, and no change e're come to one decree:
So, may the King proclaime your Conscience is
Law, to his Law, and thinke your enemies his:
So, from all sicknesse, may you rise to health,
The Care, and wish still of the publike wealth,
So may the gentler Muses, and good fame
Still flie about the Odour of your Name,
As with the safetie, and honour of the Lawes,
You favour Truth, and me, in this mans Cause.

* For the
same.

* *Another to him.*

THe Judge his favour timely then extends,
When a good Cause is destitute of friends,
Without the pompe of Counsell, or more Aide,
Then to make falshood blush, and fraud afraid:

When

When those good few, that her Defenders be,
 Are there for Charitie, and not for fee.
 Such shall you heare to Day, and find great foes
 Both arm'd with wealth, and slander to oppose,
 Who thus long safe, would gaine upon the times
 A right by the prosperitie of their Crimes,
 Who, though their guilt, and perjurie they know,
 Thinke, yea and boast, that they have done it so
 Asthough the Court pursues them on the sent,
 They will come of, and scape the Punishment,
 When this appeares, just Lord, to your sharp sight,
 He do's you wrong, that craves you to doe right.

*An Epigram to the Councellour that
 pleaded, and carried the Cause.*

THAT I hereafter, doe not thinke the Barre,
 The Seat made of a more thenceivill warre;
 Or the great Hall at Westminster, the field
 Where mutuall frauds are fought, and no side yeilds;
 That henceforth, I believe nor bookes, nor men,
 Who'gainst the Law, weave Calumnies my--
 But when I read or heare the names so rife
 Of hirelings, wranglers, sitchers to of Rife,
 Hook-handed Harpies, gowned Vultures, put
 Upon the reverend Pleaders, doe now shur
 All mouthes, that dare entitle them (from hence)
 To the Wolves studie, or Dogs eloquence,
 Thou art my Cause: whose manners since I knew,
 Have made me to conceive a Lawyer new.
 So dost thou studie matter, men, and times,
 Mak'st it religion to grow rich by Crimes!
 Dar'st not abuse thy wisdom, in the Lawes,
 Or skill to carry out an evill cause!
 But first dost vexe, and search it! If not found,
 Thou prov'st the gentler wayes, to cleanse the wound;
 And make the Scatre faire; If that will not be,
 Thou hast the brave scorne, to put back the fee!
 But in a businesse, that will bide the Tooth,
 What use, what strength of reason, and how much
 Of Bookes, of Presidents, hast thou at hand?
 As if the generall store thou didst command
 Of Argument, still drawing forth the best,
 And not being borrowed by thee, but posselt.
 So comm'st thou like a Chiefe into the Court
 Arm'd at all peeces, as to keepe a Fort
 Against a multitude, and (with thy Seile
 So brightly brandish'd) wound'st, defend'st the while
 Thy Adversaries fall, as not a word
 They had, but were a Reed unto thy Sword.

Then

Then com'st thou off with Victorie and Palme;
 Thy Hearers Nectar, and thy Clients Balme,
 The Courts just honour, and thy Judges love.
 And (which doth all Atchievements get above)
 Thy sincere practise, breeds not thee a fame
 Alone, but all thy ranke a reverend Name.

An Epigram.
To the small Poxe.

ENvious and foule Disease, could there not be
 One beaurie in an Age, and free from thee?
 What did she worth thy spight? were there not store
 Of those that set by their false faces more
 Then this did by her true? she never sought
 Quarrell with Nature, or in ballance brought
 Art her false servant; Nor, for Sir *Hugh Plot*,
 Was drawne to practise other hue, then that
 Her owne bloud gave her: Shee ne're had, nor hath
 Any believe, in Madam Band-bees bath,
 Or Turners oyle of Talck. Nor ever got
 Spanish receipt, to make her teeth to rot.
 What was the cause then? Thought'st thou in disgrace
 Of Beautie, so to nullifie a face,
 That heaven should make no more; or should amisse,
 Make all hereafter, had'st thou ruin'd this,
 I, that thy Ayme was; but her fate prevail'd;
 And scorn'd, thou'ast showne thy malice, but hast fail'd;

An Epitaph.

WHat Beautie would have lovely stilde,
 What manners prettie, Nature milde,
 What wonder perfect, all were fill'd,
 Upon record in this blest child.
 And, till the comming of the Soule
 To fetch the flesh, we keepe the Rowle;

A Song.

LOVER.

Come, let us here enjoy the shade,
 For love, in shadow best is made.
 Though Envie oft his shadow be,
 None brookes the Sun-light worse than he.

MISTREES.

Where love doth shine, there needs no Sunne;
All lights into his one doth run;
Without which all the world were darke;
Yet he himselfe is but a sparke.

ARBITER.

A Sparke to set whole world a fire;
Who more they burne, they more desire;
And have their being, their waste to see;
And waste still, that they still might bee.

CHORUS.

Such are his powers, when time hath staid;
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild;
The eldest God, yet still a Child.

An Epistle to a friend.

Sir, I am thankfull, first, to heaven, for you;
Next to your selfe, for making your love true;
Then to your love, and gift. And all's but due.

You have unto my Store added a booke,
On which with profit, I shall never looke;
But must confesse from whom what gift I tooke.

Not like your Countre-neighbours, that commit
Their vice of loving for a Christmasse fit,
Which is indeed but friendship of the spirit.

But, as a friend, which name your selfe receive,
And which you (Being the worthier) gave me leave
In letters, that mixe spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how most sacred I will ever keepe,
So may the fruitfull Vine my temples sleepe,
And Fame wake for me, when I yeeld to sleepe.

Though you sometimes proclaime me too severe,
Rigid, and harsh, which is a Drug austere
In friendship, I confesse: But deare friend, heare!

Little know they, that professe Amicitie,
And seeke to scant her comelic libertie,
How much they lame her in her proper tie.

And lesse they know, who being free to use
That friendship which no chance but love did chuse;
Will unto Licence that faire leave shifs.

It is an Act of tyrannic, not love
In practiz'd friendship wholly to reprove,
As flatt'ry with friends humours still to move.

From each of which I labour to be free,
Yet if with eithers vice I regned be,
Forgive it, as my frailtie, and not me.

For no man lives so out of passions sway,
But shall sometimes be tempted to obey
Her furie, yet no friendship to betray.

An Elegie.

TIs true, I'm broke! Vowes, Oathes, and all I had
Of Credit lost. And I am now unmaided.

Or doe upon my selfe some desperate ill,
This sadnesse makes no approaches, but to kill.

It is a Darknesse hath blockt up my sense,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,

Or there to sterve in, helpe O you that may
Alone lend succours, and this furie stay,

Offended Mistris, you are yet so faire,
As light breakes from you, that allights despair,

And fills my powers with perswading joy,
That you should be too noble to destroy.

There may some face or menace of a storme
Looke forth, but cannot last in such forme,

If there be nothing worthy you can see
Of Graces, or your mercie here in me

Spare your owne goodnesse yet, and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat.

God, and the good, know, to forgive, and save.
The ignorant, and fooles, no pittie have.

I will not stand to justifie my fault,
Or lay the excuse upon the Vintners vault;

Or in confessing of the Crime be nice,
Or goe about to countenance the vice,

By naming in what companie 'twas in,
As I would urge Authoritie for sinne.

No, I will stand arraign'd, and cast, to be
The Subject of your Grace in pardoning me;

And (Stil'd your mercies Creature) will live more
Your honour now, then your disgrace before.

Thinke it was frailtie, Mistris, thinke me man,
Thinke that your selfe like heaven forgive me can,

Ec 2

Be not affected with these matters too much
 Of crueltie, lest they doe make you such.
 But view the mildnesse of your Masters face,
 As I the penitents here emulate.
 He when he sees a sorrow such as this,
 Straight puts off all his Anger, and doth lisse
 The contrite Soule, who hath no thought to win
 Upon the hope to have another sin
 Forgiven him; And in that lync stand I
 Rather then once displease you more, to die
 To suffer tortures, scorne, and Infamie,
 What Fooles, and all their Parasites can apply,
 The wit of Ale, and *Gemins* of the Male
 Can pumpe for; or a Libell without salt
 Produce; though threatening with a coale, or chalke
 On every wall, and sung where e're I walke.
 I number these as being of the Chere
 Of Contumelie, and urge a good man more
 Then sword, or fire, or what is of the face
 To carry noble danger in the face:
 There is not any punishment, or paine,
 A man should flie from, as he would disaine.
 Then Masters here, here let your rigour end,
 And let your mercie make me asham'd to offend.
 I will no more abuse my vowes to you,
 Then I will studie falsehood, to be true.
 O, that you could but by dissection see
 How much you are the better part of me;
 How all my Fibres by your Spirit doe move,
 And that there is no life in me, but love.
 You would be then most confident, that tho
 Publike affaires command me now to goe
 Out of your eyes, and be awhile away,
 Absence, or Distance, shall not breed decay.
 Your forme shines here, here fixed in my heart
 I may dilate my selfe, but not depart.
 Others by common Stars their courses run,
 When I see you, then I doe see my Sun.
 Till then 'tis all but darknesse, that I have,
 Rather then want your light, I wish a grave.

An Elegie.

TO make the Doubt cleare that no Woman's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it full in you.
 Thought I but one had breath'd the purer Ayre,
 And must she needs be false, because she's faire?
 It is your beauties Marke, or of your youth
 Or your perfection not to studie truth;

Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes, that it should see
 Or thole it has, wink at our perjuries, that it should see
 Are vowes so cheape with women? for the nation
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
 And blowne away with wind, or doth their breath
 Both hot and cold at once, their life and death
 Who could have thought so many sweet words
 Tun'd to our words, so many light should be
 Blowne from our hearts, so many oaths and sweares
 Sprinkled among? All sweet by our feates,
 And the Devine Impression of stolne kisses,
 That seal'd the rest, could now prove emptie blisses
 Did you draw bonds to forger? Signe, to breake
 Or must we read you quite from what you feale,
 And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
 He first desire you false, would with you just?
 O, I prophane! though most of women be
 The common Monster, Love shall except thee
 My dearest Love, how ever jealousie,
 With Circumstance might urge the occasion
 Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne would cease to cheere
 The teeming Earth, and that forget to beare;
 Sooner that Rivers would run back, or Phobos
 With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streames,
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world indues,
 Would change her course, before you alter your
 But, O, that trecherous breast, to whom, weakely you
 Did trust our counsells, and we both may rue,
 Having his falshood found too late! it was he
 That made me cast you Guiltie, and you me.
 Whilst he black wretch, betray'd each simple word
 We spake unto the coming of a third
 Curst may he be that spour love hath slain,
 And wander wretched on the earth, as Cain
 Wretched as he, and not deserve least pittie
 In plaguing him let miserie be winde,
 Let all eyes shun him, and he shut his eyes,
 Till he be noysome as his infamie
 May be without remorse deny God three,
 And not be trusted more on his foules price,
 And after all selfe-torment, when he dyes
 May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
 Swyne eat his Bowels, and his faller Tongue
 That utter'd all, be to some Raven hung,
 And let his carrion corse be a long season
 To the Kings Dogs, then any other beast.
 Now I have curst, let us our love relove,
 In me the flame was never more alive,
 I could begin againe for court and love
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes

Of my lifes lease, like Painters that doe take
 Delight, not in made workes, but whilst they make
 I could renew those times, when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the Law
 To like what you lik'd, and at Maques, or Playes;
 Commend the selfe-same Actors, the same wayes
 Aske how you did? and often with intent
 Of being officious, grow impertinent,
 All which were such lost pastimes, as in these
 Love was as subtly catch'd as a Disease.
 But, being got, it is a treasure, sweet,
 Which to defend, is harder then to get,
 And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
 For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

An Elegie.

That Love's a bitter sweet, I ne're conceive
 Till the sower Minute comes of taking leave,
 And then I taste it. But as men drinke up
 In hast the bottome of a med'cin'd Cup,
 And take some sirrup after, so doe I
 To put all relish from my memorie
 Of parting, drowne it in the hope to meet
 Shortly againe: and make our absence sweet.
 This makes me M^r. that sometime by stealth
 Under another Name, I take your health,
 And turne the Ceremonies of those Nights
 I give, or owe my friends, into your Rites,
 But ever without blazon, or least shade
 Of vov'es so sacred, and in silence made,
 For though Love thrive, and may grow up with cheare,
 And free societie, hee's borne else where,
 And must be bred, so to conceale his birth,
 As neither wine doe rack it out, or mirth.
 Yet should the Lover still be ayrie and light
 In all his Actions ratified to spright,
 Not like a *Midas* shut up in himselfe,
 And turning all he toucheth into pelfe,
 Keepe in reserv'd in his Dark-lanterne face,
 As if that ex'lent Dulnesse were Loves grace,
 No Masters no, the open merry Man
 Moves like a sprightly River, and yet can
 Keepe secret in his Channels what he breeds
 Above all your standing waters, choak'd with weeds.
 They looke at best like Creame-bowles, and you soone
 Shall find their depth: they're sounded with a spoone.
 They may say Grace, and for Loves Chaplaines passe,
 But the grave Lover ever was an Ass.

Is fix'd upon one leg, and dares not come
 Out with the other, for he's still at home;
 Like the dull wearied Crane that (come on land)
 Doth while he keeps his watch, betray his stand;
 Where he that knowes will like a Lapwing flie
 Farre from the Nest, and so him selfe belie.
 To others as he will deserve she I must
 Due to that one, that doth believe him just,
 And such your Servant is, who vows to keepe
 The Jewell of your name, As close as sleepe
 Can lock the Sense up, or the heart a thought;
 And never be by time, or folly brought;
 Weaknesse of braine, or any charme of Wine,
 The sinne of Boast, or other counterminne
 (Made to blow up loves secrets) to discover
 That Article, may nor become our lover:
 Which in assurance to your brest I tell,
 If I had writ no word, but Deare, farewell.

An Elegie.

Since you must goe, and I must bid farewell,
 Heare Masters, your departing servant tell
 What it is like: And doe not thinke they can
 Beidle words, though of a parting Man;
 It is as if a night should shade noone day,
 Or that the Sun was here, but forc't away;
 And we were left under that Hemisphere
 Where we must feele it Darke for halfe a yeare.
 What fate is this to change mens dayes and houres;
 To shift their seasons, and destroy their powers!
 Alas I ha' lost my heat, my blood, my prime,
 Winter is come a Quarter e're his Time,
 My health will leave me; and when you depart,
 How shall I doe soe at Night for my heart?
 You would restore it? No, that's worth a feare,
 As if it were not worthy to be there.
 O, keepe it still; for it had rather be
 Your sacrifice, then here remaine with me.
 And so I spare it, Come what can become
 Of me, I'll softly tread unto my Tombe;
 Or like a Ghost walke silent amongst men,
 Till I may See both it and you again.

An Elegie.

Let me be what I am, as Virgil cold
 As Horace fat; or as Andron Old;
 No Poets verses yet did ever move
 Whose Readers did not thinke he was in love.

Who shall forbid me then in Rithme to bee
 As light, and Active as the youngest hee
 That from the Muses fountaines doth indorse
 His lynes, and hourely sit the Poets horse
 Put on my Ivy Garland, let me see
 Who frownes, who jealous is, who taxeth me,
 Fathers, and Husbands, I doe claime a right
 In all that is call'd lovely: take my fight
 Sooner then my affection from the faire.
 No face, no hand, proportion, line, or Ayre
 Of beautie, but the Muse hath interest in:
 There is not worne that lace, purple, knor or pill
 But is the Poets matter: And he must
 When he is furious love, although not lust,
 But then content, your Daughters and your Wives,
 (If they be faire and worth it) have their lives
 Made longer by our praises. Or, if not
 Wish, you had fowle ones, and deformed got;
 Curst in their Cradles, or there chang'd by Elves,
 So to be sure you doe enjoy your selves,
 Yet keepe those up in sackcloth too, or lether,
 For Silke will draw some sneaking Songster thither,
 It is a ryming Age, and Verses swarme
 Atevery stall; The Citty Cap's a charme.
 But I who live, and have liv'd twentie yeare
 Where I may handle Silke, as free, and heere,
 As any Mercer, or the whale-bone man
 That quilts those bodies, I have leave to span:
 Have eaten with the Beauties, and the wits,
 And braveries of Court, and felt their fits
 Of love, and hate: and came so nigh to know
 Whether their faces were their owne, or no,
 It is not likely I should now looke downe
 Upon a Velvet Petticote, or a Gowne,
 Whose like I have knowne the Taylors Wife put on
 To doe her Husbands rites in, ere 'twere gone
 Home to the Customer: his Letcherie
 Being, the best clothes still to preoccupie.
 Put a Coach-mare in Tissue, must I horse
 Her presently? Or leape thy Wife of force,
 When by thy sordid bountie she hath on,
 A Gowne of that, was the Caparison?
 So I might dote upon thy Chaires, and Stooles
 That are like cloath'd, must I be of those fooles
 Of race accompted, that no passion have
 But when thy Wife (as thou conceiv'st) is brave?
 Then ope thy wardrobe, thinke me that poore Grooms
 that from the Foot-man, when he was become
 An Officer there, did make most solemne love,
 To ev'ry Petticote he brush'd, and Glove

He did lay up, and would adore the shoe,
 Or slipper was left off, and kisse it too,
 Court every hanging Gowne, and after that,
 Lift up some one, and doe, I tell not what.
 Thou didst tell me, and wert o're-joy'd to peepe
 In at a hole, and see these Actions creepe
 From the poore wretch, which though he play'd in prose,
 He would have done in verse, with any of those
 Wrung on the Withers, by Lord Loves despight,
 Had he had the facultie to reade, and write!
 Such Songsters there are store of, witnesse he
 That chanc'd the lace, laid on a Smock, to see
 And straight-way spent a Sonnet, with that other
 That (in pure Madrigall) unto his Mother
 Commended the French-hood, and Scarlet gowae
 The Lady Mayresse pass'd in through the Towne,
 Unto the Spittle Sermon. O, what strange
 Varietie of Silkes were on th'Exchange!
 Or in Moore-fields I this other night, sings one,
 Another answers, 'Lasse those Silkes are none
 In smiling *L'envoye*, as he would deride
 Any Comparifon had with his Cheap-side.
 And vouches both the Pageant, and the Day,
 When not the Shops, bur windowes doe display
 The Stuffles, the Velvets, Plushes, Fringes, Lace,
 And all the originall riots of the place:
 Let the poore fooles enjoy their follies, love
 A Goat in Velvet, or some block could move
 Under that cover, an old Mid-wives hat!
 Ora Close-stoole so cas'd, or any fat
 Bawd, in a Velvet scabberd! I envy
 None of their pleasures! nor will aske thee, why
 Thou art jealous of thy Wifes, or Daughters Cate:
 More then of eithers manners, wit, or face!

An Execration upon Vulcan.

And why to me this, thou lame Lord of fire,
 What had I done that might call on thine ire?
 Or urge thy Greedie flame, thus to devoure
 So many my Yeares-labours in an houre?
 I ne're attempted *Vulcan*'gainst thy life,
 Nor made least line of love to thy loose Wife;
 Or in remembrance of thy affront, and scorn
 With Clownes, and Tradesmen, kept thee clos'd in horne.
 'Twas *Jupiter* that hurl'd thee headlong downe,
 And *Mars*, that gave thee a Lanthorne for a Crowne:
 Was it because thou wert of old denied
 By *Jove* to have *Minerva* for thy Bride.

That since thou tak'st all envious care and paine,
 To ruine any issue of the braine?
 Had I wrote treason there, or heretic,
 Imposture, witchcraft, charmes, or blasphemie?
 I had deserv'd then, thy consuming lookes,
 Perhaps, to have beene burned with my bookes.
 But, on thy malice, tell me, didst thou spile
 Any, least loose, or suttile paper, lie
 Conceal'd, or kept there, that was fit to be
 By thy owne vote, a sacrifice to thee?
 Did I there wound the honours of the Crowne?
 Or taxe the Glories of the Church, and Gowne?
 Itch to defame the State? or brand the Times?
 And my selfe most, in some selfe-boasting Rimes?
 If none of these, then why this fire? Or find
 A cause before, or leave me one behind.
 Had I compil'd from *Amadis de Gaule*,
 Th' *Esplandians*, *Arthur's*, *Palmerins*, and all
 The learned Librarie of *Don Quixote*,
 And so some goodlier monster had begot,
 Or spun out Riddles, and weav'd fitric tomes
 Of *Logogripes*, and curious *Palindromes*,
 Or pomp'd for those hard trifles *Anagrams*,
 Or *Eteostichs*, or those finer flames
 Of Egges, and Halberds, Cradles, and a Herse,
 A paire of Scifars, and a Combe in verse;
Acrostichs, and *Telestichs*, on jumpe names,
 Thou then hadst had some colour for thy flames,
 On such my serious follies; But, thou'lt say,
 There were some peeces of as base allay,
 And as false stamp there; parcels of a Play,
 Fitter to see the fire-light, then the day;
 Adulterate moneys, such as might not goe:
 Thou should'st have stay'd, till publike fame said so.
 Shee is the Judge, Thou Executioner,
 Or if thou needs would'st trench upon her power,
 Thou might'st have yet enjoy'd thy crueltie
 With some more thrift, and more varietie:
 Thou might'st have had me perish, piece, by piece,
 To light Tobacco, or save roasted Geese.
 Sindge Capons, or poore Pigges, dropping their eyes,
 Condemn'd me to the Ovens with the pies;
 And so, have kept me dying a whole age,
 Not ravish'd all hence in a minutes rage.
 But that's a marke, wherof thy Rites doe boast,
 To make consumption, ever where thou go'st,
 Had I fore-knowne of this thy least desire
 T' have held a Triumph, or a feast of fire,
 Especially in paper, that, that steame
 Had tickled your large Nostrill: many a Reame

To redeeme mine, I had sent in enough,
 Thou should'st haue cry'd, and all beene proper stuffe;
 The *Talmud*, and the *Alcoran* had come,
 With pieces of the *Legend*; The whole summe
 Of errant Knight-hood, with the Dames, and Dwarfses;
 The charmed Boates, and the enchanted Wharfses,
 The *Tristram's*, *Lancelots*, *Turpins*, and the *Petr's*,
 All the madde *Rolands*, and sweet *Oliver's*,
 To *Merlins* Marvailles, and his *Coballs* losse,
 With the Chimæra of the *Rosie-Crosse*,
 Their Seales, their Characters, Hermetique rings,
 Their Jemie of Riches, and bright Stone, that brings
 Invisibilitie, and strength, and tongues:
 The art of kindling the true Coale, by lungs
 With *Nicholas Pasquill's*, Meddle with your match;
 And the strong lines, that so the time doe catch,
 Or Captaine *Pamphlets* horse, and foot, that sallie
 Upon th' Exchange, still out of Popes-head-Alley.
 The weekly Corrdants, with *Pauls* Seale, and all
 Th' admir'd discourses of the Prophet *Ball*:
 These, had'st thou pleas'd either to dine, or sup,
 Had made a meale for *Vulcan* to lick up.
 But in my Deske, what was there to accite
 So ravenous, and vast an appetite?
 I dare not say a body, but some parts
 There were of search, and mastery in the Arts:
 All the old *Venusine*, in *Poetrie*,
 and lighted by the *Stagerite*, could spie,
 Was there mad English: with the Grammar too;
 To teach some that, their Nurses could doe.
 The puritie of Language, and among
 The rest, my journey into *Scotland* song,
 With all th' adventures, Thrice bookes not afraid
 To speake the fate of the *Sicilian* Maid
 To our owne Ladyes, and in storie there
 Of our fift *Henry*, eight of his nine yeares;
 Wherein was oyle, beside the succour I pent,
 Which noble *Carew*, *Cotton*, *Selden* lent:
 And twice-twelve-yeares stor'd up humanitie,
 With humble Gleanings in Divinitie,
 After the Fathers, and those wiser Guides
 Whom Faction had not drawne to studie sides;
 How in these ruines *Vulcan*, thou dost lurke,
 All soote, and crabbers! odious, as thy worke!
 I now begin to doubt, if ever Grace,
 Or Goddesse, could be patient of thy face!
 Thou woo *Minerva*! or to wit aspire!
 'Cause thou canst halt, with us in Arts, and Pire!
 Sonne of the Wind! for so thy mother gone
 With lust conceiv'd thee, Father thou hadst none

When thou wert borne, and that thou look'st at best,
 She durst not kille, but flung thee from her breast,
 And so did *Jove*, who ne're meant thee his Cup:
 No mar'le the Clownes of *Lambs* took thee up.
 For none but Smiths would have made thee a God:
 Some Alchimist there may be yet, or odde
 Squire of the Squibs, against the Pageant day,
 May to thy name a *Vulcanale* say;
 And for it lose his eyes with Gun-powder,
 As th'other may his braines with Quicksilver?
 Well-fare the Wife-man yet, on the *Banckside*,
 My friends, the Watermen! They could provide
 Against thy furie, when to serve their needs,
 They made a *Vulcan* of a sheafe of Reedes,
 Whom they durst handle in their holy-day coates,
 And safely trust to dresse, not burne their Boates.
 But, O those Reeds! thy meere disdain of them,
 Made thee beget that cruell Stratagem,
 (Which, some are pleas'd to stile but thy made pranck)
 Against the *Globe*, the Glory of the *Banke*.
 Which, though it were the Fort of the whole Parish,
 Flanck'd with a Ditch, and forc'd out of a Marsh,
 I saw with two poore Chambers taken in
 And raz'd, e're thought could urge, this might have beene!
 See the worlds Ruines! nothing but the piles
 Left! and wit since to cover it with Tiles.
 The Brethren, they streight nois'd it out for Newes;
 'Twas verily some Relique of the Stewes.
 And this a Sparkle of that fire let loose
 That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian* Goose
 Bred on the *Banck*, in time of Poperie,
 When *Venus* there maintain'd in Misterie.
 But, others fell, with that conceit by the eares,
 And cry'd, it was a threatning to the beares;
 And that accursed ground, the *Parish-Garden*:
 Nay, sigh'd, ah Sister 'twas the Nun, *Kase Arden*
 Kindled the fire! But, then did one returne,
 No Foole would his owne harvest spoile, or burne!
 If that were so, thou rather would'st advance
 The place, that was thy Wives inheritance.
 O no, cry'd all. *Fortune*, for being a whore,
 Scap'd not his Justice any jot the more.
 He burnt that Idoll of the *Revels* too:
 Nay, let *White-Hall* with Revels have to doe,
 Though but in daunces, it shall know his power.
 There was a Judgement shew'n too in an houre.
 Hee is true *Vulcan* still! He did not spare
Troy, though it were so much his *Venus* care.
 Foole, wilt thou let that in example come?
 Did not she save from thence, to build a *Rome*?

And what hast thou done in these pettie spights,
 More then advanc'd the houses, and their times?
 I will not argue thee, from those of guilt,
 For they were burnt, but to be better built.
 'Tis true, that in thy wish they were destroy'd,
 Which thou hast only vented, not enjoy'd.
 So would'st th' have run upon the Rolls by stealth,
 And didst invade part of the Common-wealth,
 In those Records, which were all Chronicles gone,
 Will be remembered by Six Clerks, to one.
 But, say all fixe, Good Men, what answer yee?
 Lyes there no Writ, out of the Chancerie
 Against this *Vulcan*? No Injunction?
 No order? no Decree? Though we be gone
 At Common-Law: Me thinks in his despite
 A Court of *Equitie* should doe us right,
 But to confine him to the Brew-houses,
 The Glasse-house, Dye-fats, and their Fornaces;
 To live in Sea-coale, and goe forth in smoake;
 Or lest that vapour might the Citie choake,
 Condemne him to the Brick-kills, or some Hill-
 foot (our in *Suffex*) to an iron Mill;
 Or in small Fagots have him blaze about
 Vile Tavernes, and the Drunkards piss him out;
 Or in the Bell-Mans Lanthorne like a spie,
 Burne to a snuffe, and then stinke out, and die:
 I could invent a sentence, yet were worse,
 But I'll conclude all in a civill curse.
 Pox on your flameship, *Vulcan*, if it be
 To all as farall as 't hath beene to me,
 And to *Pauls-Steeple*, which was unto us
 'Bove all your Fire-workes, had at *Ephesus*,
 Or *Alexandria*, and though a Divine
 Losse, remaines yet, as unrepair'd as mine.
 Would you had kept your Forge at *Etna* still,
 And there made Swords, Bills, Glaves, and Armes your fill.
 Maintain'd the trade at *Bilbo*; or else where;
 Strooke in at *Millan* with the Cutlers there;
 Or stay'd but where the Fryar, and you first met,
 Who from the Divels-Arse did Guns beget,
 Or fixt in the Low-Country's, where you might
 On both sides doe your mischiefes with delight;
 Blow up, and ruine, myne, and countermyne,
 Make your Petards, and Granats, all your fine
 Engines of Murder, and receive the praise
 Of massacring Man-kind so many wayes.
 We aske your absence here, we all love peace,
 And pray the fruites thereof, and the increase;
 So doth the King, and most of the Kings men
 That have good places: therefore once againe

Pox on thee *Vulcan*, thy *Pandora's* pox,
 And all the Evils that flew out of her box
 Light on thee: Or if those plagues will not doo,
 Thy Wives pox on thee, and *B.B.* too.

A speech according to Horace.

WHy yet my noble hearts they cannot say,
 But we have Powder still for the Kings Day,
 And Ord'nance too: so much as from the Tower
 T'have wak'd, if sleeping, *Spaines* Ambassadour
 Old *Aesop* *Gundomar*: the French can tell,
 For they did see it the last tilting well,
 That we have Trumpets, Armour, and great Horse,
 Launces, and men, and some a breaking force.
 They saw too store of feathers, and more may,
 If they stay here, but till *Saint Georges* Day.
 All Ensignes of a Warre, are not yet dead,
 Nor markes of wealth so from our Nation fled,
 But they may see Gold-Chaines, and Pearle worne then,
 Lent by the *London* Dames, to the Lords men,
 Withall, the dirtie paines those Citizens take,
 To see the Pride at Court, their Wives doe make:
 And the returne those thankfull Countiers yeeld
 To have their Husbands drawne forth to the field,
 And comming home, to tell what acts were done
 Under the Auspice of young *Swynerton*.
 What a strong Fort old *Pimblcoe* had beene!
 How it held out how (last) 'twas taken in!
 Well, I say thrive, thrive brave Artillerie yard,
 Thou Seed-plot of the warre, that hast not spar'd
 Powder, or paper, to bring up the youth
 Of *London*, in the Militarie truth,
 These ten yeares day, Asall may sweare that look
 But on thy practise, and the Posture booke:
 He that but saw thy curious Captaines drill,
 Would thinke no more of *Flushing*, or the *Brix*:
 But give them over to the common care
 For that unnecessarie Charge they were
 Well did thy craftie Clerke, and Knight, Sir *Hugh*
 Supplant bold *Panton*, and brought there to view
 Translated *Alian* tacticke to be read,
 And the Greeke Discipline (with the moderne)
 So, in that ground, as soone it grew to be
 The Citie-Question, whether *Tilly*, or he,
 Were now the greater Captaine: for they saw
 The *Berghen* siege, and taking in *Breda*,
 So acted to the life, as *Mawice* might,
 And *Spinola* have blushed at the sight,

O happy Art ! and wise Epitome
 Of bearing Armes ! most civill Soldierie !
 Thou canst draw forth thy Forces, and fight drie
 The Battells of thy Aldermanitie,
 Without the hazard of a drop of blood :
 More then the surfets, in thee, that day flood :
 Goe on, increast in vertue ; and in fame.
 And keepe the Glorie of the English name,
 Up among Nations. In the head of bold
Beauchamps, and *Nevills*, *Cliffords*, *Audley's* old ;
 Inset thy *Hodges*, and those newer men. *Waller.*
 As *Stiles*, *Dike*, *Ditchfield*, *Millar*, *Grips*, and *Fen* :
 That keepe the warre, though now 't be growne more tame
 Alive yet, in the noise, and still the same
 And could (if our great men would let their Sonnes
 Come to their Schooles,) show 'hem the use of Guns,
 And there instruct the noble English heires
 In Politique, and Militar Affaires,
 But he that should perswade, to have this done
 For education of our Lordings, Soone
 Should he heare of billow, wind, and storme,
 From the Tempestuous Grandlings, who'll informe
 Us, in our bearing, that are thus, and thus,
 Borne, bred, allied ? what's she dare tutor us ?
 Are we by Booke-wormes to be zwde ? must we
 Live by their Scale, that dare doe nothing free ?
 Why are we rich, or great, except to show
 All licence in our lives ? What need we know
 More then to praise a Dog ? or Horse ? or speake
 The Hawking language ? or our Day to breake
 With Citizens ? let Clownes, and Tradesmen breed
 Their Sonnes to studie Arts, the Lawes, the Creed :
 We will beleve like men of our owne Ranke,
 In so much land a yeare, or such a Banke,
 That turnes us so much moneys, at which rare
 Our Ancestors impos'd on Prince and State.
 Let poore Nobilitie be vertuous : Wee,
 Descended in a rope of Titles, be
 From *Guy*, or *Bevis*, *Arthur*, or from whom
 The Herald will. Our blood is now become,
 Past any need of vertue. Let them care,
 That in the Cradle of their Gentic are,
 To serve the State by Councils, and by Armes :
 We neither love the Troubles, nor the harmes.
 What love you then ? your whore ? what study ? gate,
 Carriage, and dressing. There is up of late ?
 The Academie, where the Gallants meet.
 What to make legs ? yes, and to smell most sweet,
 All that they doe at Playes. O, but first here
 They learne and studie, and then practise there.

But

But why are all these Irons i' the fire
 Of severall makings & helps, helps, t' attire
 His Lordship. That is for his Band, his haire
 This, and that box his Beautie to repaire;
 This other for his eye-browes; hence, away,
 I may no longer on these pictures stay,
 These Carkasses of honour, Taylors blocks,
 Cover'd with Tissue, whose prosperitie mocks
 The fate of things: whilst totter'd vertue holds
 Her broken Armes up, to their emptie moulds.

*An Epistle to Master
 Arth: Squib.*

WHat I am not, and what I faine would be,
 Whilst I informe my selfe, I would teach thee;
 My gentle *Arthur*; that it might be said
 One lesson we have both learn'd, and well read;
 I neither am, nor art thou one of those
 That hearkens to a Jacks-pulse, when it goes.
 Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet
 Was issue of the Taverne, or the Spit:
 Much lesse a name would we bring up, or nurse;
 That could but claime a kindred from the purse.
 Those are poore Ties, depend on those false ends,
 'Tis vertue alone, or nothing that knits friends:
 And as within your Office, you doe take
 No piece of money, but you know, or make
 Inquirie of the worth: So must we doe,
 First weigh a friend, then touch, and trie him too:
 For there are many slips, and Counterfeits,
 Deceit is fruitfull. Men have Masques and nets,
 But these with wearing will themselves unfold:
 They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
 Turne him, and see his Threds: looke, if he be
 Friend to himselfe, that would be friend to thee.
 For that is first requir'd, A man be his owne.
 But he that's too-much that, is friend of none,
 Then rest, and a friends value understand
 It is a richer Purchase then of land.

*An Epigram on Sir Edward Coke, when he was
 Lord chiefe Iustice of England.*

HE that should search all Glories of the Gowne,
 And steps of all rais'd servants of the Crowne
 He could not find, then thee of all that store
 Whom Fortune aided lesse, or vertue more,

Such, *Coke*, were thy beginnings, when thy good
 In others evill best was understood:
 When, being the Strangers helpe, the poore man aide;
 Thy just defences made th' oppressor afraid.
 Such was thy Proceſſe, when Integrity,
 And skill in thee, now, grew Authority;
 That Clients strove, in Question of the Lawes,
 More for thy Patronage, then for their Causes;
 And that thy strong and manly Eloquence;
 Stood up thy Nations fame, her Crownes defence;
 And now such is thy stand, while thou dost deale
 Desired Justice to the publique Weale
 Like *Solons* selfe, explat' it the knottie Lawes
 With endlesse labours, whilst thy learning drawes
 No lesse of praise, then readers in all kinds
 Of worthiest knowledge, that can take mens minds
 Such is thy All, that (as I sung before)
 None Fortune aided lesse, or Vertue more
 Or if Chance must, to each man that doth rise
 Needs lend an aide, to thinke she had her eyes.

*An Epistle answering to one that
 asked to be Sealed, of the*

Tribe, of B E N.

MEn that are safe, and sure, in all they doe
 Care not what trials they are put unto,
 They meet the fire, the Test, as Martyrs would;
 And though Opinion stamps them, not as gold,
 I could say more of such, but that I feare
 To speake my selfe out too ambitiously,
 And shewing so weake an Act to vulgar eyes,
 Put conscience and my right to compromise.
 Let those that meerely talke, and never thinke,
 That live in the wild Anarchie of Drinke
 Subject to quarrell only, or else such
 As make it their proficiency, how much
 They've glutted in, and letched out that weeke
 That never yet did friend, or friendship seeke
 But for a Sealing: let these men protest
 Or th' other on their borders, that will feast
 On all Soules that are absent, even the dead
 Like flies, or wormes, which mans corrupt parts feed;
 That to speake well, thinke it above all sinne,
 Of any Companie but that they are in,
 Call every night to Supper in those fits,
 And are receiv'd for the Covey of Wits;
 That censure all the Towne, and all the affaires,
 And know whose ignorance is more then theirs;

Let these men have their wayes, and take their times

To vent their Libels, and to issue rimes,

I have no portion in them, nor their deale

Of newes they get, to strew out the long meale,

I studie other friendships, and more one,

Then these can ever be; or else with none.

What is't to me whether the French Designe

Be, or be not, to get the *Val-relline*?

Or the States Ships sent forth belike to meet

Some hopes of *Spaine* in their West-Indian Fleet?

Whether the Dispensation yet be sent,

Or that the Match from *Spaine* was ever meant?

I wish all well, and pray high heaven conspire

My Princes safetie, and my Kings desire,

But if for honour, we must draw the Sword,

And force back that, which will not be restord,

I have a body, yet, that spirit draws

To live, or fall, a Carkasse in the cause.

So farre without inquirie what the States,

Brunsfeld, and *Mansfeld* doe this yeare, my fates

Shall carry me at Call, and I'll be well,

Though I doe neither heare these newes, nor tell

Of *Spaine* or *France*; or were not prick'd downe one

Of the late Mysterie of reception,

Although my Fame, to his, not under-heares,

That guides the Motions, and directs the beares.

But that's a blow, by which in time I may

Lose all my credit with my Christmas Clay,

And animated *Porc' lane* of the Court,

I, and for this neglect, the courser sort

Of earthen Jarres, there may molest me too:

Well, with mine owne fraile Pitcher, what to doe

I have decreed; keepe it from waves, and presse,

Lest it be jostled, crack'd made nought, or lesse:

Live to that point I will, for which I am man,

And dwell as in my Center, as I can

Still looking too, and ever loving heaven,

With reverence using all the gifts then given,

'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent

Such as are square, wel-fagde, and permanent,

Not built with Canvasse, paper, and false lights

As are the Glorious Scenes, at the great fights;

And that there be no fev'ry heats, nor colds,

Oylie Expansions, or shrinkt durtie folds,

But all so cleare, and led by reasons flame,

As but to stumble in her light were shame.

These I will honour, love, embrace, and serve,

And free it from all question to preserve.

So short you read my Character, and theirs

I would call mine, to which not many Stailes

Are asked to climbe. First give me faith, who know
My selfe a little. I will take you so,
As you have writ your selfe. Now stand, and then
Sir, you are Sealed of the Tribe of *Ben*.

*The Dedication of the
Kings new Cellar.
To Bacchus:*

Since, *Bacchus*, thou art father
Of Wines, to thee the rather
We dedicate this Cellar,
Where new, thou art made Dweller;
And seale thee thy Commission:
But 'tis with a condition,
That thou remaine here taster
Of all to the great Master,
And looke unto their faces,
Their Qualities, and races,
That both, their odour take him,
And relish merry make him

For *Bacchus* thou art freer
Of cares, and over-seer,
Of feast, and merry meeting,
And still beginst the greeting:
See then thou dost attend him
Lyau, and defend him,
By all the Arts of Gladnesse
From any thought like sadnesse.

So mayst thou still be younger;
Then *Phabus*, and much stronger,
To give mankind their eases,
And cure the Worlds diseases:

So may the Muses follow
Thee still, and leave *Apollo*
And think thy streame more quicker

Then *Hippocrenes* liquor:

And thou make many a Poet,

Before his braine doe know it,

So may there never Quarrell

Have issue from the Barrell,

But *Venus* and the Graces

Pursue thee in all places,

And not a Song be other

Then *Cupid*, and his Mother.

That when King *James*, above here

Shall feast it, thou maist love there

The causes and the Guests too,

And have thy tales and jests too,

Thy Circuits, and thy Rounds free
As shall the feasts faire grounds be.

Be it he hold Communion
In great Saint Georges Union,
Or gratulates the passage
Of some wel-wrought Embassage,
Whereby he may knit sure up
The wished Peace of Europe:
Or else a health advances,
To put his Court in dances,
And set us all on skipping,
When with his royal shipping
The narrow Seas are shade,
And Charles brings home the Ladie.

Accessit servor Capiti, Numerusq; Lucernis.

An Epigram

on

The Court Pucell.

DO's the Court-Pucell then so censure me,
And thinks I dare not her: let the world see,
What though her Chamber be the very pit
Where fight the prime Cocks of the Game, for wit?
And that as any are strooke, her breath creates
New in their stead, out of the Candidates?
What though with Tribade lust she force a Muse,
And in an Epicæne fury can write newes
Equall with that, which for the best newes goes
As ærie light, and as like wit as those:
What though she talke, and cannot once with them,
Make State, Religion, Bawdrie, all a theame,
And as lip-thirstie, in each words expence,
Doth labour with the Phrase more then the sence?
What though she ride two mile on Holy-dayes
To Church, as others doe to Feasts and Playes,
To shew their Tires? to view, and to be view'd?
What though she be with Velvet gownes indu'd,
And spangled Petticotes brought forth to eye,
As new rewards of her old secretie:
What though she hath won on Trust, as many doe,
And that her truster feares her? Must I too?
I never stood for any place: my wit
Thinks it selfe nought, though she should vauw it,
I am no States-man, and much lesse Divine
For bawdry, 'tis her language, and not mine,
Farthest I am from the Idolatrice
To stufes and Laces, those my Maie can buy.

And trust her I would least, that hath forswore
 In Contract twice, what can shee perjure more?
 Indeed, her Dressing some man might delight,
 Her face there's none can like by Candle light,
 Not he, that should the body have, for Case
 To his poore Instrument, now out of grace.
 Shall I advise thee *Pucell*? steale away
 From Court, while yet thy fame hath some small day;
 The wits will leave you, if they once perceive
 You cling to Lords, and Lords, if them you leave
 For Sermonceers: of which now one, now other;
 They say you weekly invite with fits o' th' Mother,
 And practise for a Miracle; take heed
 This Age would lend no faith to *Darrels* Deed;
 Or if it would, the Court is the worst place,
 Both for the Mothers, and the Babes of grace,
 For there the wicked in the Chaire of scorne,
 Will call't a Bastard, when a Prophet's borne.

An Epigram.
To the honour'd
-----Countesse of-----

THe Wisdome Madam of your private Life;
 Where with this while you live a widowed wife,
 And the right wayes you take unto the right,
 To conquer rumour, and triumph on spight;
 Not only shunning by your act, to doe
 Ought that is ill, but the suspicion too,
 Is of so brave example, as he were
 No friend to vertue, could be silent here.
 The rather when the vices of the Time
 Are growne so fruitfull, and false pleasures climbe
 By all oblique Degrees, that killing height
 From whence they fall, cast downe with their owne weight,
 And though all praise bring nothing to your name,
 Who (herein studying conscience, and not fame)
 Are in your selfe rewarded; yet't will be
 A cheerefull worke to all good eyes, to see
 Among the daily Ruines that fall foule,
 Of State, of fame, of body, and of soule,
 So great a Vertue stand upright to view;
 As makes *Penelopes* old fable true,
 Whilst your *Ulysses* hath ta'ne leave to goe,
 Countries, and Climes manners, and mento know.
 Only your time you better emertaine,
 Then the great *Homers* wit, for her, could faine;
 For you admit no companie, but good,
 And when you want those friends, or neere in blood;

Or your Allies, you make your bookes your friends,
 And studie them unto the noblest ends,
 Searching for knowledge, and to keepe your mind
 The same it was inspir'd, rich, and refin'd.
 These Graces, when the rest of Ladyes view
 Not boasted in your life, but prais'd true,
 As they are hard, for them to make their owne,
 So are they profitable to be knowne:
 For when they find so many meet in one,
 It will be shame for them, if they have none.

Lord BACON'S Birth-day.

HAile happie *Genius* of this antient pile!
 How comes it all things so about the smile?
 The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midst,
 Thou stand'st as if some Myserie thou did'st!
 Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
 For whose returnes, and many, all these pray:
 And so doe I. This is the sixtieth year
 Since *Bacon*, and thy Lord was borne, and here;
 Sonne to the grave wise Keeper of the Seale,
 Fame, and foundation of the English Weale.
 What then his Father was, that since is hee,
 Now with a Title more to the Degree,
 Englands high Chancellor: the destin'd heire
 In his soft Cradle to his Fathers Chaire,
 Whose even Thred the Fates spinne round, and full,
 Out of their Choysest, and their whitest wooll.
 'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be knowne,
 For 't were a narrow gladnesse, kept thine owne.
 Give me a deep-crown'd-Bowle, that I may sing
 In rayfing him the wisdom of my King.

A Poëme sent me by Sir William Burlase.

The Painter to the Poet.

TO paint thy Worth, if rightly I did know it,
 And were but Painter halfe like thee, a Poët;
 But in this skill, m'unskillfull pen will tire,
 Thou, and thy worth, will still be found farre higher;
 And I a Lier.
 Then, what a Painter's here: or what an eater
 Of great attempts! when as his skil's no greater,
 And he a Cheater:
 Then what a Poet's here! whom, by Confession
 Of all with me, to paint without Digression
 There's no Expression.

*My Answer.
The Poet to the Painter.*

Why? though I seeme of a prodigious wast;
I am not so voluminous, and vast;
But there are lines, wherewith I might b'embrac'd.

'Tis true, as my wombe swells; so my backe stoupes;
And the whole lump grows round, deform'd, and droupes;
But yet the Tun at Heidelberg had houpes.

You were not tied, by any Painters Law
To square my Circle, I confesse; but draw
My Superficies: that was all you saw.

Which if in compasse of no Art it came
To be described by a *Monogram*,
With one great blot, yo' had form'd me as I am.

But whilst you curious were to have it be
An *Archetype*, for all the world to see,
You made it a brave piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, maistry, might,
Your Power of handling, shadow, ayre, and spright;
How I would draw, and take hold and delight.

Put, you are he can paint; I can but write:
A Poet hath no more but black and white;
Ne knowes he flatt'ring Colours, or false light.

Yet when of friendship I would draw the face
A letter'd mind, and a large heart would place
To all posteritie; I will write *Swilase*.

An Epigram.

To,
WILLIAM, *Earle of Newcastle.*

When first my Lord, I saw you backe your horse,
Provoke his mettall, and command his force
To all the uses of the field, and race;
Me thought I read the ancient Art of *Truak*,
And saw a Centaure, past those sales of *Crane*,
So seem'd your horse, and you both of a peccol;
You shew'd like *Perseus* upon *Pegasus*,
Or *Castor* mounted on his *Cyllarus*.

Or what we heare our home-borne Legend tell,
 Of bold Sir *Bewis*, and his *Arundell*;
 Nay, so your Seate his beauries did endorſe,
 As I began to wiſh my ſelfe a horſe:
 And ſurely had I but your Stable ſcene
 Before: I thinke my wiſh abſolv'd had beene.
 For never ſaw I yet the Muſes dwell,
 Nor any of their houſhold halfe ſo well.
 So well! as when I ſaw the floore, and Roome
 I look'd for *Hercules* to be the Groome:
 And cri'd, away, with the *Caſſian* bread,
 At theſe Immortall Mangers *Virgil* fed.

Epistle

To Mr. ARTHUR SQUIB.

I Am to dine, Friend, where I muſt be weigh'd
 For a juſt wager, and that wager paid.
 If I doe loſe it: And, without a Tale,
 A Merchants Wife is Regent of the Scale.
 Who when ſhee heard the match, concluded ſtraight,
 An ill commoditie! 'T muſt make good weight.
 So that upon the point, my corporall feare
 Is, ſhe will play Dame Juſtice, too ſevere;
 And hold me to it cloſe, to ſtand upright
 Within the ballance; and not want a mite;
 But rather with advantage to be found
 Full twentie ſtone, of which I lack two pound:
 That's ſix in ſilver, now within the Socket
 Stinketh my credit, if into the Pocket.
 It doe not come: One piece I have in ſtore,
 Lend me, deare *Arthur*, for a weeke five more,
 And you ſhall make me good, in weight, and faſhion;
 And then to be return'd, or proſtitution.
 To goe out after — till when take this letter
 For your ſecuritie. I can no better.

To

Mr. JOHN BURGER.

Would God my *Burges*, I could thinke
 Thoughts worthy of thy gift, this Inke.
 Then would I promiſe here to give
 Verſe, that ſhould thee, and me out-live.
 But ſince the Wine hath ſteep'd my braine
 I only can the Paper ſtaine.
 Yet with a Dye, that ſeares no Moth,
 But Scarlet-like out-laſts the Cloth.

Epistle

Epistle.

To my Lady COVELL.

YOU won not Verses, Madam, you won mee,
When you would play so nobly, and so free:
A booke to a few lynes: but, it was fit

You won them too, your oddes did merit it,
So have you gain'd a Servant, and a Muse:

The first of which I feare, you will refuse,
And you may justly, being a tardie cold,

Unprofitable Chattell, fat and old,
Laden with Bellie, and doth hardly approach

His friends, but to breake Chaires, or cracke a Coach.

His weight is twenty Stone within two pound,

And that's made up as doth the purse abound.

Marrie the Muse is one, can tread the Aire,

And stroke the water, nimble, chaste, and faire,

Sleepe in a Virgins bosome without feare,

Run all the Rounds in a soft Ladyes care,

Widow or Wife, without the jealousie

Of either Suitor, or a Servant by.

Such, (if her manners like you) I doe send:

And can for other Graces her commend,

To make you merry on the Dressing stoole

A mornings, and at afternoones to foole

Away ill company, and helpe in time,

Your *Joane* to passe her melancholie time.

By this, although you fancie not the man

Accept his Muse; and tell, I know you can:

How many verses, Madam, are your Due!

I can lose none in tending these to you.

I gaine, in having leave to keepe my Day,

And should grow rich, had I much more to pay:

To Master Iohn Burges.

FAther Iohn Burges,
Necessitie urges

My wofull crie,

To Sir Robert Pic:

And that he will venter

To send my *Debutur*.

Tell him his *Ben*

Knew the time, when

He lov'd the Muses,

Though now he refuses,

To take Apprehension

Of a yeares Pension,

And more is behind:
 Put him in mind
 Christmas is neere,
 And neither good Cheare,
 Mirth, fooling, nor wit,
 Nor any least fit
 Of gambol, or sport
 Will come at the Court,
 If there be no money,
 No Plover, or Coney
 Will come to the Table,
 Or Wine to enable
 The Muse, or the Poet,
 The Parish will know it.

Nor any quick-warming-pan helpe him to bed,
 If the Chequer be emptie, so will be his Head.

Epigram, to my Book-seller.

THou, Friend, wilt heafe all censures, unto thee:
 All mouthes are open, and all stomacks free.

Bee thou my Bookes intelligencer, note

What each man sayes of it, and of what coat
 His judgement is; If he be wise, and praise,

Thanke him: if other, hee can give no Bayes.

If his wit reach no higher, but to spring

Thy Wife a fit of laughter, a Cramp-ring

Will be reward enough: to weare like those,

That hang their richest jewells i' their nose;

Like a rung Beare, or Swine: grunting out wit

As if that part lay for a [] most fit!

If they goe on, and that thou lov'st a life,

Their perfum'd judgements, let them kisse thy Wife.

An Epigram.

To WILLIAM Earle of Newcastle.

They talke of Fencing, and the use of Armes,

The art of urging, and avoyding harmes,

The noble Science, and the maistring skill

Of making just approaches how to kill:

To hit in angles, and to clash with time:

As all defence, or offence were a chime!

I hate such measur'd, give me mettall'd fire

That trembles in the blaze, but (then) mounts higher!

A quick, and dazeling motion! when a paire

Of bodies, meet like rarified ayre!

Their weapons shot out, with that flame, and force,
 As they out-did the lightning in the course,
 This were a spectacle! A sight to draw
 Wonder to Valour! No, it is the Law
 Of daring, not to doe a wrong, is true
 Valour! to sleight it, being done to you!
 To know the heads of danger, where 'tis fit
 To bend, to breake, provoke, or suffer it!
 All this (my Lord) is Valour! This is yours!
 And was your Fathers! All your Ancestours!
 Who durst live great, 'mongst all the colds, and heates,
 Of humane life! as all the frosts, and sweates,
 Of fortune! when, or death appear'd, or bands!
 And valiant were, with, or without their hands.

An Epitaph, on HENRY

L. La-ware.

To the Passer-by.

IF, Passenger, thou canst but reade:
 Stay, drop a teare for him that's dead,
 Henry, the brave young Lord La-ware,
 Minerva's and the Muses care!
 What could their care doe 'gainst the sight
 Of a Disease, that lov'd no light
 Of honour, nor no ayre of good?
 But crept like darknesse through his blood!
 Offended with the dazeling flame
 Of Vertue, got above his name:
 No noble furniture of parts,
 No love of action, and high Arts,
 No aime at glorie, or in warre,
 Ambition to become a Starre,
 Could stop the malice of this ill,
 That spread his body o're, to kill:
 And only, his great Soule envy'd,
 Because it durst have nobler dy'd.

An Epigram.

THAT you have seene the pride, beheld the sport,
 And all the games of Fortune, plaid at Court;
 View'd there the mercat, read the wretched rate
 At which there are, would sell the Prince, and State:
 That scarce you heare a publike voyce alive,
 But whisper'd Counsell, and those only thrive;
 Yet are got off thence, with cleare mind, and hands
 To lift to heaven: who is not understands

Your happinesse, and doth not speake you blest,
 To see you set apart, thus, from the rest,
 To obtaine of God, what all the Land should aske:
 A Nations sinne got pardon'd, 'twere a task:
 Fit for a Bishops knees! O bow them oft,
 My Lord, till felt griefe make our stone hearts soft,
 And wee doe weepe, to water, for our sinne.
 He, that in such a flood, as we are in
 Of riot, and consumption knowes the way,
 To teach the people, how to fast, and pray,
 And doe their penance, to avert Gods rod,
 He is the Man, and Favorite of God.

An Epigram.

To K. CHARLES

for a 100. pounds be sent me in
 my sicknesse.

1629.

Great CHARLES, among the holy gifts of grace
 Annexed to thy Person, and thy place,
 'Tis not enough (thy pietie is such)
 To cure the call'd *Kings Evill* with thy touch;
 But thou wilt yet a Kinglier mastric trie,
 To cure the *Poets Evill*, Povertie:
 And, in these Cures, do'st so thy selfe enlarge,
 As thou dost cure our *Evill*, at thy charge.
 Nay, and in this, thou show'st to value more
 One *Poet*, then of other folke ten score.
 O pietie! so to weigh the poores estates!
 O bountie! so to difference the rates!
 What can the *Poet* with his *King* may doe,
 But, that he cure the Peoples *Evill* too?

To K. CHARLES, and Q. MARY.

For the losse of their first-borne,

An Epigram (Consolatorie).

1629.

Who dares denie, that all first fruits are due
 To God, denies the God-head to be true:
 Who doubts, those fruits God can with gaine restore,
 Doth by his doubt, distrust his promise more.
 Hee can, he will, and with largesse rest pay,
 What (at his liking) he will take away.
 Then Royall CHARLES, and MARY, doe not grutch
 That the Almightyes will to you is such.

But

But thanke his greatnesse, and his goodnesse too;
And thinke all still the best, that he will doe
That thought shall make, he will this losse supply
With a long, large, and blest posteritie!
For God, whose essence is so infinite,
Cannot but heape that grace, he will requite;

An Epigram.

To our great and good CHARLES

On his Anniversary Day.

HOW happy were the Subject, if he knew
Most pious King, but his owne good in you!
How many times, live long, CHARLES, would he say,
If he but weigh'd the blessings of this day?
And as it turnes our joyfull year about,
For safetie of such Majestic, cry out:
Indeed, when had great Brittain greater cause
Then now, to love the Sovereign, and the Lawes?
When you that raigne, are her Example grower,
And what are bounds to her, you make your owne!
When your assiduous practise doth secure
That Faith, which she professeth to be pure!
When all your life's a president of dayes,
And murmur cannot quarrell at your wayes?
How is the barten growne of love, or broke!
That nothing can her gratitude provoke!
O Times! O Manners! Surfer bred of ease,
The truly Epidemicall disease!
'Tis not alone the Merchant, but the Clowne,
Is Banke-rupt turn'd! the Cassock, Cloake, and Gowne,
Are lost upon accompt! And none will know
How much to heaven for thee, great CHARLES, they owe!

An Epigram on the
Princes birth.

AND art thou borne, brave Babe! Blest be thy birth!
That so hath crown'd our hopes, our spring, and earth;
The bed of the chaste Lilly, and the Rose!
What Month then May, was fitter to disclose
This Prince of flowers? Soone shoot thou up, and grow
The same that thou art promis'd, but be slow,
And long in changing. Let our Nephewes see
Thee, quickly the gardens eye to bee,
And there to stand so. Hast, now envious Moon,
And interpose thy selfe, (canst thou soeene.)

And threat' the great Eclipse. Two houres but runne,
Sal will re-shine. If not, *CHARLES* hath a Sonne.

Non displicuisse queratur
Festinat Caesar qui placuisse videtur

An Epigram to the Queene,
then lying in.

1630.

Hail *Mary*, full of grace, it once was said,
 And by an Angell, to the blessed'st Maid
 The Mother of our Lord: why may not I
 (Without prophane title) yet, a Poet, cry
 Hail *Mary*, full of honours, to my Queene,
 The Mother of our Prince: Which was there scene
 (Except the joy that the first *Mary* brought,
 Whereby the safetie of Man-kind was wrought.)
 So generall a gladnesse to an Ile,
 To make the hearts of a whole Nation smile,
 As in this Prince? Let it be lawfull so
 To compare small with great, as still we owe
 Glorie to God. Then, Hail to *Mary*! Spring
 Of so much safetie to the Realme, and King.

An Ode, or Song,
by all the Muses.

In celebration of her Majesties birth-day.

1. CLIO. **U**pon this publike joy, remember
 This sixteenth of November,

Some brave un-common way:

And though the Parish-skeple

Be silent to the people

Ring thou it Holy-day.

2. M^{rs} L. What, though the thrifstie Tower

And Gunnes there, spare to poure

Their noyses, forbin Thunder?

As fearefull to awake

This Citie, or to shake

Their guarded gates asunder?

3. THAL. Yet, let our Trumpets sound,

And cleave both ayre and ground,

With beating of our Drums:

Let every Lyre be strung,

Harpe, Lute, Theorbe sprung,

With touch of dapper sham's

4. EV T. That when the Quire is full,
The Harmony may pull
The Angels from their Sphaeres:
And each intelligence
May wish it selfe a sense,
Whilst it the Dittie heares.
5. TERP. Behold the royall Mary,
The Daught'r of great Harry!
And Sister to just Lewis!
Comes in the pompe, and glorie
Of all her Brothers storie,
And of her Fathers prowess!
6. ERAT. Shee shewes so farre above
The fained Queene of Love,
This sea-girt Isle upon:
As here no Venus were,
But, that shee reigning here,
Had got the Ceston on
7. CALLI. See, see our active King
Hath taken twice the Ring
Upon his pointed Lance:
Whilst all the ravish'd roes
Doe mingle in a shoue,
Hay! for the flowers of France!
8. URA. This day the Court doth measure
Her joy in state, and pleasure;
And with a reverend feare,
The Revells, and the Play,
Summe up this crowned day,
Her two and twenty yeare!
9. POLY. Sweet! happy Mary! All
The People her doe call!
And this the name divine!
So fruitfull, and so faire,
Hath brought the Land in Heire!
And CHARLES a Caroline.

An Epigram,
To the House-hold.

1630.

W Hat can the cause be, when the K. hath given
His Poët Sack, the House-hold will not pay?
Are they so scanted in their store? or driven
For want of knowing the Poët, to say him nay?
Well, they should know him, would the K. but grant
His Poët leave to sing his House-hold true,
Hec'd frame such ditties of their store, and want
Would make the very *Green-cloth* to looke blew!

And

And rather with, in their expence of Sack,
 So, the allowance from the King to use,
 As the old *Bard*, should no Canary lack,
 'T were better spare a Butt, then spill his *Muse*.
 For in the *Genius* of a *Poets* Verse
 The Kings fame lives. Go now, denie his *Teirce*.

Epigram.
To a Friend, and Sonne.

Sonne, and my Friend, I had not call'd you so
 To mee, or beene the same to you, if show,
 Profit, or Chance had made us: But I know
 What, by that name, wee each to other owe,
 Freedome, and Truth, with love from those begot.
 Wise-crafts, on which the flatterer ventures not.
 His is more safe commoditie, or none:
 Nor dares he come in the comparison.
 But as the wretched Painter, who so ill
 Painted a Dog, that now his subtler skill
 Was, t' have a Boy stand with a Club, and fright
 All live dogs from the lane, and his shops fight.
 Till he had sold his Piece, drawne so unlike:
 So doth the flatt'rer with farre cunning strike
 At a Friends freedome, proves all circling meanes
 To keepe him off; and how-so-e're he gleanes
 Some of his formes, he lets him not come neere
 Where he would fixe, for the distinctions feare.
 For as at distance, few have facultie
 To judge, So all men comming neere can spie,
 Though now of flattery, as of picture are
 More subtle workes, and finer pieces farre,
 Then knew the former ages: yet to life,
 All is but web, and painting; be the strife
 Never so great to get them: and the ends,
 Rather to boast rich hangings, then rare friends.

To the immortal memorie, and friendship of
that noble paire, Sir LUCIUS CARY,
and Sir H. MORISON.

The Turne.

BRave Infant of *Saguntum*, cleare
 Thy comming forth in that great yeare,
 When the Prodigious *Hannibal* did crowne
 His rage, with razing your immortal Towne.

Thou, looking then about,
E're thou wert halfe got out,
Wife child, did'st hastily returne,
And mad'st thy Mothers wombe thine urne.
How summ'd a circle didst thou leave man-kind
Of deepest lore, could we the Center find!

The Counter-turne.

Did wiser Nature draw thee back,
From out the horreur of that sack,
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right
Lay trampled on; the deeds of death, and night;
Urg'd, hurried forth, and hord
Upon th'affrighted world:
Sword, fire, and famine, with fell fury met;
And all on utmost ruine set;
As, could they but lifes miseries fore-see,
No doubt all Infants would returne like thee?

The Stand.

For, what is life, if measur'd by the space,
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valu'd by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one out-liv'd his Peeres,
And told forth fourescore yeares;
He vexed time, and busied the whole State;
Troubled both foes, and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this Stirrer, but die late?
How well at twentie had he falne, or stood!
For three of his foure-score, he did no good.

The Turne.

Hee entred well, by vertuous parts,
Got up and thriv'd with honest arts;
He purchas'd friends, and fame, and honours then;
And had his noble name advanc'd with men:
But weary of that flight,
Hee stoop'd in all mens sight
To fordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunke in that dead sea of life
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup;
But that the Corke of Title boy'd him up,

The Counter-turne.

Alas, but *Morison* fell young;
Hee never fell, thou fall'st my tongue.
Hee stood, a Souldier to the last right end,
A perfect Patriot, and a noble friend,

But most a vertuous Sonne.
 All Offices were done
 By him, so ample, full, and round,
 In weight, in measure, number, sound,
 As though his age imperfect might appeare,
 His life was of Humanitie the Spheare.

The Stand.

Goe now, and tell out dayes summ'd up with feares,
 And make them yeares;
 Produce thy masse of miseries on the Stage,
 To swell thine age;
 Repeat of things a throng,
 To shew thou hast beene long,
 Not liv'd, for life doth her great actions spell,
 By what was done and wrought
 In season, and so brought
 To light: her measures are, how well
 Each syllab'e answer'd, and was form'd, how faire;
 These make the lines of life, and that's her ayre.

The Turne.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulke, doth make man better bee,
 Or standing long an Oake, three hundred yeare,
 To fall a logge, at last, dry, bold, and feare:
 A Lillie of a Day,
 Is fairer farre, in May,
 Although it fall, and die that night;
 It was the Plant, and flowre of light.
 In small proportions, we just beauties see:
 And in short measures, life may perfect bee.

The Counter-turne.

Call, noble *Lucius*, then for Wine,
 And let thy lookes with gladnesse shine:
 Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
 And thinke, nay know, thy *Morison's* not dead.
 Hee leap'd the present age,
 Possess'd with holy rage,
 To see that bright eternall Day:
 Of which we *Priests*, and *Poets* say
 Such truths, as we expect for happy men,
 And there he lives with memorie, and *Ben*.

The Stand.

Johnson: who sung this of him, e're he went
 Himselfe to rest,
 Or tast a part of that full joy he meant
 To have exprest,

In this bright *Asterisme*:

Where it were friendships schisme,
(Were not his *Lucius* Long with us to tarry)
To separate these twi-
Lights, the *Dioscuri*;
And keepe the one halfe from his *Harry*.
But fate doth so alternate the designe,
Whilst that in heav'n, this light on earth must shine.

The Turne.

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one Starre:
Of hearts the union: And those not by chance
Made; or indenture, or leas'd out t' advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vaine did chime;
Of rimes, or ryots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drinke, or fain'd protests:
But simple love of greatnesse, and of good;
That knits brave minds, and manners, more then blood.

The Counter-turne.

This made you first to know the Why
You lik'd, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach so one the tother,
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each stiled by his end,
The Copie of his friend.
You liv'd to be the great surnames,
And titles, by which all made claimes
Unto the Vertue. Nothing perfect done,
But as a *CARY*, or a *MORISON*.

The Stand.

And such a force the faire example had,
As they that saw
The good, and thirst not practise it, were glad
That such a Law
Was left yet to Man-kind,
Where they might read, and find
Friendship, indeed, was written, not in words:
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rowles were, and records.
Who, e're the first downe bloomed on the chin,
Had sow'd these fruits, and got the harvest in.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord high

Treasurer of England.

An Epistle Mendicant.

MY LORD;

Poore wretched states, prest by extremities,
Are faine to seeke for succours, and supplies
Of Princes aides, or good mens Charities.

Disease, the Enemy, and his Ingeniours
Want, with the rest of his conceal'd compeeres,
Have cast a trench about mee, now five yeares.

And made those strong approaches, by False brines,
Reduicts, Halfe-moones, Horne-workes, and such close wayes;
The Muse not peepes out, one of hundred dayes.

But lyes block'd up, and straightned, narrow'd in;
Fix'd to the bed, and boords, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never bin.

Unlesse some saving-Honour of the Crowne,
Dare thinke it, to relieve, no lesse renowne,
A Bed-rid Wit, then a besieged Towne.

To the King.
On his Birth-day.

An Epigram Anniversarie.

THIS is King CHARLES his Day. Speake it thou *Towre*
Unto the *Ships*, and they from *ster*, to *ster*,
Discharge it 'bout the *Iland*, in an houre,
As lowd as Thunder, and as swift as fire.
Let *Ireland* meet it out at Sea, halfe way,
Repeating all Great *Brittain's* joy, and more,
Adding her owne glad accents, to this *Day*,
Like *Ecabo* playing from the other shore.
What *Drum's* or *Trumpets*, or great *Ord* name can,
The *Poëtrie* of *Steeple's*, with the *Bells*,
Three *Kingdomes* Mirth, in light, and ærie man,
Made lighter with the *Wine*. All noises else,
At *Bonfires*, *Rockets*, *Fire-workes*, with the *Shower*
That cry that gladnesse, which their hearts would pray,

Had they but grace, of thinking, at these routes,
On th' often comming of this *Holy-day*;
And ever close the Burden of the Song,
Still to have such a *CHARLES*, but this *CHARLES* long.

The wish is great; but where the Prince is such,
What prayers (*People*) can you thinke too much!

*On the Right Honourable, and vertuous Lord
Weston, L. high Treasurer of England,*

Upon the Day,

Hee was made Earle of Portland.

17. Febr.
1631.

To the Envious.

Looke up thou seed of envie, and still bring
Thy faint, and narrow eyes, to reade the *King*
In his great Actions: view whom his large hand,
Hath rais'd to be the *Port* unto his *Land*!
WESTON! That waking man! that Eye of State!
Who seldome sleepes! whom bad men only hate!
Why doe I irritate, or stirre up thee;
Thou sluggish spawne, that canst, but wilt not see!
Feed on thy selfe for spight, and shew thy *Kind*:
To vertue, and true worth, be ever blind.
Dreame thou could'st hurt it, but before thou wake,
T' effect it; Feele, thou'ast made thine owne heart ake.

To the Right hon^{ble} Hierome, L. Weston.

An Ode gratulatorie.

*For his Returne from
his Embassie.*

1632.

Such pleasure as the teeming Earth,
Doth take in easie Natures birth,
When shee puts forth the life of ev'ry thing:
And in a dew of sweetest Raine,
Shee lies deliver'd without paine,
Of the prime beautie of the yeare, the Spring:
The Rivers in their shores doe run,
The Clowdes rack cleare before the Sun,
The rudest Winds obey the calmest Ayre:
Rare Plants from ev'ry banks doe rise,
And ev'ry Plant the sense surprize,
Because the order of the whole is faire!

The

*The very verdure of her nest,
 Wherein she sits so richly drest,
 As all the wealth of Season, there was spread;
 Dost shew, the Graces, and the Houres
 Have multipl'd their arts, and powers,
 In making soft her aromatique bed.
 Such joyes, such sweet's dost your Returne
 Bring all your friends, (faire Lord) that burne
 With love, to heare your modestie relate,
 The bus'nesse of your blooming wit,
 With all the fruit shall follow it,
 Both to the honour of the King and State.
 O how will then our Court be pleas'd,
 To see great Charles of Travaile eas'd,
 When he beholds a graft of his owne hand,
 Shoot up an Olive fruitfull, faire,
 To be a shadow to his Heire,
 And both a strength, and Beautie to his Land!*

EPITHAL

EPITHALAMION;

OR,

A SONG:

CELEBRATING THE
NUPTIALS OF THAT NOBLE

Gentleman, M^r. HIEROME WESTON, Son,

and Heire, of the Lord WESTON, Lord high

Treasurer of *England*, with the Lady

FRANCES STUART,

Daughter of E s m e D. of *Lenox* deceased,

and Sister of the Surviving Duke

of the same name.

EPITHALAMION.

THough thou hast past thy Summer standing, stay
A-while with us bright Sun, and helpe our light,
Thou can'st not meet more Glory, on the way,
Betweene thy Tropicks, to arrest thy fight,
Then thou shalt see to day:

We woo thee, stay

And see, what can be scene,

The bountie of a King, and beautie of his Queene!

See, the Proceffion! what a Holy day!

(Bearing the promise of some better fate)

Hath filed, with *Cacoches*, all the way,

From *Greenwich*, hither, to *Row-hampton* gate!

When look'd the yeare, at best,

So like a feast?

Or were Affaires in tune,

By all the Sphaeres consent, so in the heart of June?

What Beautie of beauties, and bright youth's at charge

Of Summers Liveries, and gladding greene,

Doe boast their Loves, and Braveries so at large,

As they came all to see, and to be scene!

When

When look'd the Earth so fine,
 Or so did shine,
 In all her bloome, and flower,
 To welcome home a Paire, and deck the nuptiall bower?

It is the kindly Season of the time,
 The Month of youth, which calls all Creatures forth
 To doe their Offices in Natures Chime,
 And celebrate (perfection at the worth)
 Marriage, the end of life,
 That holy strife,
 And the allowed warre:
 Through which not only we, but all our *Species* are.

Harke how the Bells upon the waters play
 Their Sister-tunes; from *Thames* his either side,
 As they had learn'd new changes, for the day,
 And all did ring th'approches of the Bride;
 The Lady *Frances*, drest
 Above the rest
 Of all the Maidens faire,
 In gracefull Ornament of Garland, Gemmes, and Haire.

See, how she paceth forth in Virgin-white,
 Like what she is, the Daughter of a Duke,
 And Sister: darting forth a dazling light
 On all that come her Simplesse to rebuke!

Her tresses trim her back,
 As she did lack
 Nought of a Maiden Queene;
 With Modestie so crown'd, and Adoration scene.

Stay, thou wilt see what rites the Virgins doe,
 The choicest Virgin-troup of all the Land!
 Porting the Ensignes of united Two,
 Both Crownes, and Kingdomes in their either hand,
 Whose Majesties appeare,

To make more cleare
 This Feast, then can the Day
 Although that thou, O Sun, at our intreaty stay

See, how with Roses, and with Lillies shine,
 (Lillies and Roses, Flowers of either Sexe)
 The bright Brides paths, embelish'd more then thine
 With light of love, this Paire doth interexe!

Stay, see the Virgins sow,
 (Where she shall goe)
 The Emblemes of their way.
 O, now thou smil'st, faire Sun, and thin'st, as thou wouldst stay

With what full hands, and in how plenteous showers
Have they bedew'd the Earth, where she doth tread;
As if her ayrie steps did spring the flowers,
And all the Ground, were Garden, where she led!

See, at another doore,
On the same floore,
The Bridegroome meets the Bride
With all the pompe of Youth, and all our Court beside.

Our Court, and all the Grandees; now, Sun, looke,
And looking with thy best Inquirie, tell;
In all thy age of Journals thou hast tooke,
Saw'st thou that Paire, became these Rites so well;

Save the preceding Two?
Who, in all they doe,
Search, Sun, and thou wilt find
They are th' exampled Paire, and mirror of their kind.

Force from the Phoenix then, no raritie
Of Sex, to rob the Creature, but from Man
The king of Creatures, take his partie
With Angels, Muse, to speake these: Nothing can

Illustrate these, but they
Themselves to day,
Who the whole Act expresse,
All else we see beside, are Shadowes, and goe lesse.

It is their Grace, and favour, that makes scene,
And wonder'd at the bounties of this day:
All is a story of the King and Queene!
And what of Dignitie, and Honour may

Beduly done to those
Whom they have chose,
And set the mark upon
To give a greater Name, and Title to! Their owne!

Wesson, their Treasure, as their Treasurer,
That Mine of Wisdome, and of Counsell's deep,
Great Say-Master of State, who cannot erre,
But doth his Carraet, and just Standard keepe

In all the prov'd assayes,
And legall wayes
Of Tryals, to worke downe
Mens Loves unto the Lawes, and Lawes to love the Crowne.

And this well mov'd the Judgement of the King
To pay with honours, to his noble Sonne
To day, the Fathers service, who could bring
Him up, to doe the same him selfe had done.

That farre-all-seeing Eye
Could soone espie
K k

What

What kind of waking Man
 He had so highly set, and, in what *Barbican*.
 Stand there, for when a noble Nature's rais'd,
 It brings Friends Joy, Foes Griefe, Posteritie Fame;
 In him the times, no lesse then Prince, are prais'd,
 And by his Rise, in active men, his Name
 Doth Emulation stirre,
 Toth' dull, a Spur
 It is: to th' envious meant,
 A meere upbraiding Griefe, and tort'ring punishment.
 See, now the Chappell opens, where the King
 And Bishop stay, to consummate the Rites:
 The holy Prelate prayes, then takes the Ring,
 Askes first, Who gives her (I *Charles*) then he plights
 One in the others hand,
 Whilst they both stand
 Hearing their charge, and then
 The Solemne Quire cryes, Joy, and they returne, Amen!
 O happy bands! and thou more happy place,
 Which to this use, wer't built and consecrate,
 To have thy God to blesse, thy King to grace,
 And this their chosen Bishop celebrate;
 And knit the Nuptiall knot,
 Which Time shall not,
 Or canker'd Jealousie,
 With all corroding Arts, be able to untie!
 The Chappell empties, and thou may't be gone
 Now, Sun, and post away the rest of day:
 These two, now holy Church hath made them one,
 Doe long to make themselves, so, another way:
 There is a Feast behind,
 to them of kind,
 Which their glad Parents taught
 One to the other, long e're these to light were brought:
 Hasten, hasten, officious Sun, and send them Night
 Some houres before it shoud, that these may know
 All that their Fathers, and their Mothers, might
 Of Nuptiall Sweets, at such a season, owe,
 To propagate their Names,
 And keepe their Fames
 Alive, which else, would die,
 For Fame keeps Vertue up, and it Posteritie.
 Th' Ignoble never liv'd, they were a-while
 Like Swine, or other Cattell here on earth:
 Their names are not recorded on the File
 Of Life, that fall so, Christians know their birth!

Alone, and such a race,
We pray may grace,
Your fruitfull spreading Vine,
But dare, not aske our wish in Language *fescennine*;

Yet, as we may, we will, with chaste desires;
(The holy perfumes of the Mariage bed.)
Be kept alive, those Sweet, and Sacred fires
Of Love betweene you, and your Lovely-head;
That when you both are old,
You find no cold
There; but, renewed, say,
(After the last child borne,) This is our wedding day.

Till you behold a race to fill your Hall,
A *Richard*, and a *Hierome*, by their names
Upon a *Thomas*, or a *Francis* call;
A *Kate*, a *Frank*, to honour their Grand-dames,
And 'twene their Grandfires thighes,
—Like pretty Spices,
Peepe forth a Gemme; to see
How each one playes his part, of the large Pedigree;

And never may there want one of the Stem,
To be a watchfull Servant for this State;
But like an Arme of Eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching vertue, early and late,
Whilst the maine tree still found
Upright and sound,
By this Sun's Noone sted 's made
So great; his Body now alone projects the shades.

They both are slip'd to Bed; Shut fast the Doore;
And let him freely gather Loves First-fruits,
Hee's Master of the Office, yet no more
Exacts then she is pleas'd to pay; no suits
Strifes, murmurs, or delay,
Will last till day;

Night, and the sheetes will show
The longing Couple, all that elder Lovers know.

*The humble Petition of poore Ben.
To th'best of Monarchs, Masters, Men,
King CHARLES.*

— Doth most humbly show it,
To your Majestic your Poët:

THat whereas your royall Father
JAMES the blessed, pleas'd the rather,
Of his speciall grace to Letters,
To make all the MUSES debtors
To his bountie, by extension
Of a free Poëtique Pension,
A large hundred Markes annuities,
To be given me in gratuitie
For done service, and to come:

And that this so accepted summe,
Or dispenc'd in bookes, or bread,
(For with both the MUSE was fed)
Hath drawne on me, from the times,
All the envie of the Rymes,
And the ratling pit-pat-noyse,
Of the lesse-Poëtique boyes;
When their pot-guns ayme to hit,
With their pellets of small wit,
Parts of me (they judg'd) decay'd,
But we last out, still unlay'd.

Please your Majestic to make
Of your grace, for goodnesse sake,
Those your Fathers Markes, your Pounds;
Let their spire (which now abounds)
Then goe on, and doe its worst;
This would all their envie burst:
And so warme the Poëts tongue
You'd reade a Snake, in his next Song.

*To the right Honourable, the Lord Treasurer
of England.*

An Epigram.

IF to my mind, great Lord, I had a Gate,
I would present you now with curious plate
Of Noremberg, or Turkie, hang your roomes
Not with the Arras, but the Persian Loomes.
I would, if price, or prayer could them get,
Send in, what or Romano, Tintaret,

Titian, or Raphael, Michael Angelo
 Have left in fame to equally, or out-goe
 The old Greek-hands in picture, or in stone.
 This I would doe, could I know *Weston, one*
 Carch'd with these Arts, wherein the Judge is wise
 As farre as sense, and onely by the eyes.
 But you, I know, my Lord, and know you can
 Discerne betwixt a Statue, and a Man;
 Can doe the things that Statues doe deserve,
 And act the businesse, which they paint, or carve;
 What you have studied are the arts of life;
 To compose men, and manners; stint the strife
 Of murmuring Subjects, make the Nations know
 What worlds of blessings to good Kings they owe:
 And mightiest Monarchs seele what large increase
 Of sweets, and safeties, they possesse by Peace.
 These I looke up at, with a reverent eye,
 And strike Religion in the standards-by;
 Which, though I cannot as an Architect
 In glorious Piles, or Pyramids erect
 Unto your honour: I can tune in song
 Aloud, and (happily) it may last as long.

An Epigram

To my MUSE, the Lady Digby, on her
 Husband, Sir KENELME DIGBY.

THo' happy Muse, thou know my Digby well,
 Yet read him in these lines: He doth excell
 In honour, courtesie, and all the parts
 Court can call hers, or Man could call his Arts.
 Hee's prudent, valiant, just, and temperate;
 In him all vertue is beheld in State:
 And he is built like some imperiall roome
 For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
 His brest is a brave Palace, a broad Street
 Where all the brave thoughts his do meet;
 Where Nature such a large Survey hath taken,
 As other souls to his dwell in a Lane:
 Witnesse his Action done at Scanderone,
 Upon my Birth-day the eleventh of June;
 When the Apostle *Barnabas* the brighter
 Unto our year, doth give the longer light.
 In signe the Subject, and the Song will live
 Which I have vow'd posteritie to give.
 Goe, Muse, in, and salute him: Say he be
 Busie, or frowne at first, when he sees thee.
 He will cleare up his forehead: thinke thou bring it
 Good Omen to him, in the note thou sing it,

For he doth love my Verses, and will looke
 Upon them, (next to *Spenser's* noble booke.)
 And praise them too. O! what a fame't will be?
 What reputation to my lines, and me,
 When hee shall read them at the Treasurers bord?
 The knowing *Weston*, and that learned Lord
 Allowes them? Then, what copies shall be had,
 What transcripts begg'd? how cry'd up, and how glad;
 Wilt thou be, *Muse*, when this shall them befall?
 Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

NEW yeares, expect new gifts: Sister, your Harpe,
 Lute, Lyre, Theorbo, all are call'd to day.
 Your change of Notes, the flat, the meane, the sharpe,
 To shew the rites, and t' usher forth the may
 Of the New Year, in a new silken warpe.
 To fit the softnesse of our Yeares-gift: When
 We sing the best of Monarchs, Masters, Men;
 For, had we here said lesse, we had sung nothing then.

A New-yeares-Gift sung to King CHARLES, 1635.

Rector
 Chori.

TO day old Janus opens the new yeare;
 And shuts the old. Haste, haste, all toyall Swaines;
 That know the times, and seasons when t' appeare,
 And offer your just service on these plaines;
 Best Kings expect first-fruits of your glad gaines;

1. P A N is the great Preserver of our bounds;
2. To him we owe all profits of our grounds.
3. Our milke. 4. Our fells. 5. Our steeces. 6. and first Lambs;
7. Our teeming Ewes, 8. and lustie-mourning Rammes.
9. See where he walkes with M I R A by his side.

Chori:

Sound, sound his praises loud, and with his hers divide,
 Of P A N wee sing, the best of Hunters, P A N,
 That drives the Hart to seek his musy wayes,
 And in the chase, more then S T I L V A N U S can;

Shep.
 Chor:

Hear, O you Groves, and, Hills, ye found his praise;
 Of brightest M I R A, doe we raise our Song;
 Sister of P A N, and glory of the Spring:
 Who walkes on Earth as May still went along,
 Rivers, and Vallies, Eccho what wee sing.

Nym.
 Chor:

Of P A N wee sing, the Chiefe of Leaders, P A N;
That leades our flocks and us, and calls both forth
To better Pastures then great P A L E S can. **Shep. Chor.**
Heare, O you Groves, and, Hills, resound his worth.

Of brightest M I R A, is our Song, the grace
Of all that Nature, yet, to life did bring;
And were shee left, could best supply her place,
Rivers, and Valleys Eccho what wee sing. **Nymp. Chor.**

1. Where ere they tread th' enamour'd ground,
The Fairest flowers are alwayes found;
2. As if the beauties of the yeare,
Still waited on 'hem where they were.

1. Hee is the Father of our peace;
2. Shee, to the Crowne, hath brought the increase.

1. Wee know no other power then his,

P A N only our great Shep'ard is,
Our great, our good. Where one's so drest
In truth of colours, both are best. **Chorus.**

Haste, haste you hither, all you gentler Swaines,
That have a Flock, or Herd, upon these plaines;
This is the great Preserver of our bounds,
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
Your Milkes, your Fells, your Flocks, and first Lambes,
Your teeming Ewes, aswell as mounting Rammes;
Whose praises let's report unto the Woods,
That they may take it eccho'd by the Floods.
'T is hee, 't is hee, in singing hee,
And hunting, P A N, exceedeth thee.
Hee gives all plentie, and encrease,
Hee is the author of our peace.

Where e're he goes upon the ground,
The better grasse, and flowers are found.
To sweeter Pastures lead hee can,
Then ever P A L E S could, or P A N;
Hee drives diseases from our Folds,
Thee from spayle, his presence holds;
P A N knowes no other power then his,
This only the great Shep'ard is.
'T is hee, 't is hee, &c.

Faire Friend, 't is true, your beauties move
My heart to a respect:
Too little to bee paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'T is of the purest kind.

It little wants of love, but paine,
Your beautie takes my sense,
And lest you should that price disdain;
My thoughts, too, feeble the influence.

'T is not a passions first access
Readie to multiply,
But like Loves calmest State it is
Possess'd with victorie.

It is like Love to Truth reduc'd
All the false value's gone,
Which were created, and induc'd
By fond imagination.

'T is either Fancie, or 't is Fate,
To love you more then I;
I love you at your beauties rate,
Lesse were an Injurie.

Like unstamp'd Gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect,
Th' intrinsique value of your face,
Safely from my respect.

And this respect would merit love,
Were not so faire a sight
Payment enough; for, who dare move
Reward for his delight?

On the Kings Birth-day.

R owse up thy selfe, my gentle Muse,
Though now our Greene conceits be gray,
And yet once more doe not refuse
To take thy Phrygian Harp, and play
In honour of this cheerefull Day:
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of Crownes is such a love.

Make first a Song of Joy, and Love,
Which chastly flames in royall eyes,
Then tune it to the Sphaeres above,
When the benignest Stars doe rise,

And sweet Conjunctions grace the skies.
Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,
Whilst Diadems invest his head;
Long may he live, whose life dash bound
More then his Lawes, and better led
By high Example, then by dread.
Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him see
His Roses, and his Lillies blowne:
Long may his only Deare, and Hee
Joy in Ideas of their owne,
And Kingdomes hopes so timely sowne.
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of Crownes is such a love.

To my L. the King,
On the Christning
His second Sonne JAMES!

THat thou art lov'd of God, this worke is done,
Great King, thy having of a second Sonne:
And by thy blessing, may thy People see
How much they are belov'd of God, in thee;
Would they would understand it! Princes are
Great aides to Empire, as they are great care
To pious Parents, who would have their blood
Should take first Seisin of the publique good,
As hath thy JAMES, cleans'd from originall dross;
This day, by Baptisme, and his Saviours crosse;
Grow up, sweet Babe, as blessed, in thy Name,
As in renewing thy good Grandfires fame;
Me thought, Great Brittain in her Sea, before,
Sate safe enough, but now secured more.
At land she triumphs in the triple shade,
Her Rose, and Lilly, interwind, have made;

Oceano securæ meo, securior umbra.

An Elegie

On the Lady ANNE PAVLET,
Marchion: of Winton.

WHat gentle Ghost, besprent with *April* dew,
 Hayles me, so solemnly, to yonder Yewgh?
 And beckning wooes me, from the farall tree
 To pluck a Garland, for her selfe, or mee?
 I doe obey you, Beautie! for in death,
 You seeme a faire one! O that you had breath,
 To give your shade a name! Stay, stay, I feele
 A horreur in mee! all my blood is Steele!
 Stiffe! starke! my joynts 'gainst one another knock!
 Whose Daughter? ha? Great *Savage* of the Rock?
 Hee's good, as great. I am almost a stone!
 And e're I can aske more of her shee's gone!
 Alas, I am all Marble! write the rest
 Thou wouldst have written, Fame, upon my breast:
 It is a large faire table, and a true,
 And the disposure will be something new,
 When I, who would the Poët have become,
 At least may beare th' inscription to her Tombe.
 Shee was the Lady *Fane*, and *Marchionisse*
 Of *Winchester*; the Heralds can tell this.
 Earle *Rivers* Grand-Child — serve not formes, good Fame,
 Sound thou her Vertues, give her soule a Name.
 Had I a thousand Mouthes, as many Tongues,
 And voyce to raise them from my brazen Lungs,
 I durst not aime at that: The dores were such
 Thereof, no notion can expresse how much
 Their Carract was! I, or my trump must breake,
 But rather I, should I of that part speake!
 It is too neere of kin to Heaven, the Soule,
 To be describ'd! Fames fingers are too soule
 To touch these Mysteries! We may admire
 The blaze, and splendor, but not handle fire!
 What she did here, by great example, well,
 t' inlive posteritie, her Fame may tell!
 And, calling truth to witnesse, make that good
 From the inherent Graces in her blood!
 Else, who doth praise a person by a new,
 But a fain'd way, doth rob it of the true.
 Her Sweetnesse, Softnesse, her faire Courtesie,
 Her wary guardes, her wise simplicitie,
 Were like a ring of Vertues, 'bout her set,
 And pietie the Center, where all met.

A reverend State she had, an awfull Eye;
 A dazling, yet inviting, Majesty;
 What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact,
 Could summe to a perfection, was her Act;
 How did she leave the world: with what contempt;
 Just as she in it liv'd! and for extent
 From all affection! when the yurg'd the Cords
 Of her disease, how did her soule afflicke
 Her sufferings, as the body had beene away!
 And to the Torturers (her Doctors) say,
 Stick on your Cupping-glasses, feare not, put
 Your hottest Causticks to, burne, lance, or cut:
 'Tis but a body which you can torment,
 And I, into the world, all Soule, was sent!
 Then comforted her Lord! and blest her Sonne!
 Chear'd her faire Sisters in her race to runne!
 With gladnesse temper'd her sad Parents teares!
 Made her friends joyes, to get above their feares!
 And, in her last act, taught the Standers-by,
 With admiration, and applause to die!
 Let Angels sing her glories, who did call
 Her spirit home, to her originall!
 Who saw the way was made it! and were sent
 To carry, and conduct the Complement
 Twixt death and life! Where her mortalitie
 Became her Birth-day to Eternitie!
 And now, through circumfused light, she looks
 On Natures secrets, there, as her owne bookes:
 Speakes Heavens Language! and discovereth free
 To every Order, ev'ry Hierarchie!
 Beholds her Maker! and, in him, doth see
 What the beginnings of all beauties be,
 And all beatitudes, that thence doe flow:
 Which they that have the Crowne are sure to know!
 Goe now, her happy Parents, and be sad
 If you not understand, what Child you had.
 If you dare grudge at Heaven, and repent
 'T have paid againe a blessing was but lent,
 And trusted so, as it deposited lay
 At pleasure, to be call'd for, every day!
 If you can envie your owne Daughters blisse,
 And wish her state lesse happie then it is!
 If you can cast about your either eye,
 And see all dead here, or about to dye!
 The Starres, that are the Jewels of the Night,
 And Day, deceasing! with the Prince of light,
 The Sunne! great Kings! and mightiest Kingdomes fall!
 Whole Nations! nay Mankind! the World, with all
 That ever had beginning there, to ave end!
 With what injustice should one soule pretend

T'escape this common knowne necessitie,
 When we were all borne, we began to die,
 And, but for that Contention, and brave strife
 The Christian hath t' enjoy the future life,
 Hee were the wretchedst of the race of men:
 But as he soares at that, he bruisseth then
 The Serpents head: Gets above Death and Sinne,
 And, sure of Heaven, rides triumphing in.

Of her disease, how did the body had beene away!
 Her lustrings, as the body had beene away!
 And to the Tormentors (her Doctors) say,
 Stick on your Cupping-glasses, leane not, but
 Your hottest Cauldicks to, burne, lance, or cut:
 T is but a body which you can torment,
 And, into the world, all soules was sent:
 Then comfort her Lord, and bid her some
 Cheer'd her faire Sisters in her race to runne!

With gladde remembrance, and her friends
 Made her friends joyes, to get above their fears!
 And in her last, taught the standers-by,
 With admiration, and applause to die:
 Let Angels sing her glories, who did call
 Her spirit home, to her original!
 Who saw the way was made in, and were sent
 To carry, and conduct the Complement
 Twixt death and life! Where her mortallitie
 To Eternitie!

EYPHME

On Nations lectures, there, as her owne books
 Spoke her owne Language, and discovered
 To every eye, and every heart,
 Beholds her Master, and in him, doth see
 What the beginnings of all beames be,
 And all beames, that shew how
 Which way they have the Crowne are fur to show!

Go now, I pray you, and be led
 If you not understand, what Child you had,
 If you dar' guide, and leave, and repent
 T have paid us a blessing was but lent,
 And rubb'd so, as it deposed lay
 At pleasure, to be call'd for, every day:
 If you can envie your owne Daughters blisse,
 And wish her here, less happy than is!
 If you can cast about your eithers eye,
 And see all dead here, or about to dye!
 The stars, that are the Jewels of the Night,
 And Day, descending, with the Prince of light,
 The Sunne! great Kings! and mightie Kingdomes fall!
 Whole Nations! nay, Mankind! the World, with all
 That ever had beginning, here, to ave end!
 With what justice, should one soule pretend

EUPHROSINE,

OR,

THE FAIRIE

FAME,

LEFT TO POSTERITY

Of that truly-noble Lady, the Lady

VENETIA DIGBY, late Wife of Sir KE-

NELME DIGBY, Knight, & Gentleman

With sayles of like, as the full moon in lute

Consisting of these

Ten Pieces, as here are no such no such no such

The Dedication of her *CRADLE*.

The Song of her *DESCENT*.

The Picture of her *BODY*.

Her *MIND*.

Her being chosen a *MILITARY*.

Her faire *OF FLESH*.

Her happie *MATCH*.

Her hopefull *ISSE*.

Her *ANNOUENCE*, or *Relation*.

Her *Inscription*, or *Epitaph*.

Vivam amare voluptas, secundum Religio.

Stat.

The Dedication of her *CRADLE*.

FAIRE FAME, who art ordain'd to crowne
With ever-greene, and great renowne,
Their Heads, that ENVY would hold downe
With her, in shade

Of Death, and Darknesse; and deprive
Their names of being kept alive,
By THEE, and CONSCIENCE both who thrive
By the just trade

of

Of Goodnesse still: Vouchsafe to take
This CRADLE, and for Goodnesse sake,
A dedicated Emigne make
Thereof, to TIME.

That all Posteritie, as wee,
Who read what the CREPUNDIA bee,
May something by that twilight see
Bove rattling Rime.

For, though that Rattles, Timbrels, Toyes,
Take little Infants with their noyle,
As proper gifts, to Girles, and Boyes
Of light expence;

Their Corrals, Whistles, and prime Coates,
Their painted Maskes, their paper Boates,
With Sayles of silke, as the best notes
Surprize their sense;

Yet, here are no such Trifles brought,
No cobweb Call's, no Surcoates wrought
With Gold, or Claspes, which might be bought
On every Stall.

But, here's a Song of her DESCENT,
And Call to the high Parliament
Of Heaven, where SERAPHIM take tent
Of ord'ring all.

This, utter'd by an ancient BARD,
Who claimes (of reverence) to be heard,
As comming with his Harpe, prepar'd
To chaunter mee,

Is sung: as als' her getting up
By JACOBS Ladder, to the top
Of that eternall Port kept ope'
For such as SHEE.

2.

The Song of her DESCENT.

I Sing the just, and uncontrol'd Descent
Of Dame VENETIA DIGBT, fyt'd the Faire?
For Mind, and Body, the most excellent
That ever Nature, or the later Ayre
Gave two such Houses as NORTHUMBERLAND,
And STANLEY, to the which shee was Co-baire.

Speake it, you bold **PENATES**, you that stand
 At either Stemme, and know the weines of good
 Run from your rootes; Tell, testifie the grand
 Meeting of Graces, that so swell'd the flood
 Of vertues in her, as, in short, shee grew
 The wonder of her Sexe, and of your Blood.
 And tell thou, **ALDE-LEGH**, None can tell more true
 Thy Neeces line, then thou that gav'st thy Name
 Into the Kindred, whence thy Adam drew
 Mefchines honour with the Cestrian fame
 Of the first Lupus, to the Familie
 By Ranulph

The rest of this Song is lost.

3. The Picture of the **BODY**.

Sitting, and ready to be drawne,
 What makes these Velvets, Silkes, and Lawney,
 Embroideries, Feathers, Fringes, Laces,
 Where every lim takes like a face

Send these suspected helpes, to aide
 Some Forme defective, or decay'd;
 This beautie without falshood fayre,
 Needs nought to cloath it but the ayre.

Yet something, to the Painters view,
 Were fitly interpos'd, so new;
 Hee shall, if he can understand,
 Worke with my fancie, his owne hand.

Draw first a Cloud: all save her neck;
 And, out of that, make Day to breake;
 Till, like her face, it doe appeare,
 And Men may thinke, all light rose there.

Then let the beames of that, disperse
 The Cloud, and show the Universe;
 But at such distance, as the eye
 May rather yet adore, then spy.

The Heaven design'd, draw next a Spring;
 With all that Youth, or it can bring;
 Foure Rivers branching forth like Seas,
 And Paradise confining these.

Last, draw the circles of this Globe,
 And let there be a starry Robe

Of Constellations 'bout her world;
And thou hast painted beauties world.

But, Painter, see thou doe not sell
A Copie of this peece, nor tell
Whose 'tis: but if it favour find,
Next sitting we will draw her mind.

4.
The MIND.

PAinter yo' are come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This worke I can performe alone;
And give you reasons more then one.

Not, that your Art I doe refuse:
But here I may no colours use.
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot fit.

You could make shift to paint an Eye,
An Eagle trowing in the skye,
The Sunne, a Sea, or foundlesse Pit;
But these are like a Mind, not it.

No, to expresse a Mind to sense,
Would aske a Heavens Intelligence;
Since nothing can report that name,
But what's of kinne to whence it came.

Sweet Mind, then speake your selfe, and say;
As you goe on, by what brave way
Our sense you doe with knowledge fill,
And yet remaine our wonder still.

I call you *Muse*; now make it true:
Hence-forth may every line be you,
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no Picture, but the same.

A Mind so pure, so perfect fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine:
And so disdain any tye,
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the Sphaere,
As it another Nature were,

It moveth all, and makes a flight
As circular, as infinite.

Whose Notions when it will expresse
In speech; it is with that excesse
Of grace, and Musique to the eare,
As what it spoke, it planted there.

The Voyce so sweet, the words so faire,
As some soft chime had stroak'd the ayre;
And, though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an Echo in the sense.

But, that a Mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
It selfe to us, and come so nigh
Earths grossnesse, There's the how, and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some Celestiall flight
Up to her owne sublimed hight?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise, or Palace found
In all the bounds of beautie fit
For her t' inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so loftie forme, so streight,
So polisht, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from Heaven:

Not swelling like the Ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a Cloud,
As smooth as Oyle pour'd forth, and calme
As showers; and sweet as drops of Balme.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a foud
Where it may run to any good,
And where it stayes, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice, and gummes:

In action; winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a banke, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind, and showers.

In thee, faire Mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possesst,
M m

Thou

Thou entertaining in thy brest,
But such a Mind, mak'ſt God thy Guest.

A whole quaternion in the middest of this Poem is lost, containing exactly the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole, is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion doth on thus:

BUt, for you (growing Gentlemen) the happy branches of two so illustrious Houses as these, where from your honour'd Mother, is in both lines descended, let me leave you this last Legacie of Counsell, which so soone as you arrive at yeares of mature Understanding, open you (Sir) that are the eldest, and read it to your Brethren, for it will concerne you all alike. Vowed by a faithfull Servant, and Client of your Familie, with his latest breath expiring it

To KENELME, JOHN,
GEORGE.

BOast not these Titles of your Ancestors;
(Brave Youths) th'are their possessions, none of yours;
When your owne Vertues, equall'd have their Names;
'T will be but faire, to leane upon their Families;
For they are strong Supporters: But, till then,
The greatest are but growing Gentlemen;
It is a wretched thing to trust to reedes;
Which all men doe, that urge not their owne deeds
Up to their Ancestors; the rivers side,
By which yo'are planted, shew's your fruit shall bide;
Hang all your roomies, with one large Pedigree;
'Tis Vertue alone, is true Nobilitie,
Which Vertue from your Father, ripe, will fall;
Study illustrious Him, and you have all.

9.

Elegie on my Muse.

THe truly honoured Lady, the Lady V *ANETIA DIO*
By, who living, gave me leave to call her so.
Being
Her *ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ*, or Relation to the Saints.

Sera quidem tanto fruitur medicina dolori.

Elegie

An Elegie on my Muse.

T Were time that I dy'd too, now shee is dead;
 Who was my *Muse*, and life of all I fey'd.
 The Spirit that I wrote with, and conceiv'd,
 All that was good, or great in me she weav'd,
 And set it forth; the rest were Cobwebs fine,
 Spun out in name of some of the old *Nine*!
 To hang a window, or make darke the roome;
 Till swept away, th' were cancell'd with a broome!
 Nothing, that could remaine, or yet can stirre
 A sorrow in me, fit to wait to her!
 O! had I seene her laid out a faire Corse,
 By *Death*, on Earth, I should have had remorse
 On *Nature*, for her: who did let her lie,
 And saw that portion of her selfe to die.
 Sleepie, or stupid *Nature*, couldst thou part
 With such a *Raritie*, and not rowse *Art*?
 With all her aydes, to save her from the seize
 Of *Vallie de death*, and those relentlesse cleies?
 Thou wouldst have lost the *Phoenix*, had the kind
 Beene trusted to thee: not to selfe assign'd.
 Looke on thy sloth, and give thy selfe undone,
 (For so thou art with me) now shee is gone.
 My wounded mind cannot sustaine this stroke,
 It rages, rans, flies, stands, and would provoke
 The world to ruine with it, in her *Fall*,
 I summe up mine owne breaking, and with all.
 Thou hast no more blowes, *Fate*, to drive at one:
 What's left a *Poet*, when his *Muse* is gone?
 Sure, I am dead, and know it not! I feele
 Nothing I doe, but, like a heaveie wheele,
 Am turned with an others powers. My *Passion*
 Whoorles me about, and to blasphemie in fashion!
 I murmur against *God*, for having ta'en
 Her blessed Soule, hence, forth this valley vane
 Of teares, and dungeon of calamitie!
 I envie it the Angels amitie!
 The joy of Saints! the *Crowne* for which it lives,
 The glorie, and gaine of rest, which the place gives!
 Dare I prophane, so irreligious bee
 To greet, or grieve her soft *Euthanasie*!
 So sweetly taken to the Court of blisse,
 As spirits had stolne her *Spirit*, in a kisse,
 From off her pillow, and deluded Bed,
 And left her lovely body unthought dead!
 Indeed, she is not dead! but laid to sleepe
 In earth, till the last *Trump* awake the *Sheepe*

And *Gods* together, whither they must come
 To heare their Judge, and his eternall doome:
 To have that small retribution,
 Expected with the fleshes restitution.
 For, as there are three *Natures*, *Schoolmen* call
 One *corporall*, only, th'other *spirituall*,
 Like single, so, there is a third, commixt;
 Of *Body* and *Spirit* together, plac'd betwixt
 Those other two; which must be judg'd, or crown'd:
 This as it guilty is, or guiltlesse found,
 Must come to take a sentence, by the sence
 Of that great Evidence, the *Conscience*!
 Who will be there, against that day prepar'd,
 T' accuse, or quit all *Parties* to be heard!
 O *Day* of joy, and suretie to the just!
 Who in that feast of *Resurrection* trust!
 That great eternall *Holy-day* of rest,
 To *Body*, and *Soule*! where *Love* is all the guest!
 And the whole *Banquet* is full sight of *God*!
 Of joy the *Circle*, and sole *Period*!
 All other gladnesse, with the thought is barr'd,
Hope, hath her end! and *Faith* hath her reward!
 This being thus: why should my tongue, or pen
 Presume to interpell that fulnesse, when
 Nothing can more adorne it, then the feat
 That she is in, or, make it more compleat:
 Better be dumbe, then superstitious!
 Who violates the *God-head*, is most vicious
 Against the *Nature* he would worship. *Hee*
 Will honour'd be in all simplicitie!
 Have all his actions, wondred at, and view'd
 With silence, and amazement! not with rude,
 Dull, and prophane, weake, and imperfect eyes,
 Have busie search made in his mysteries!
Hee knowes, what worke h' hath done, to call this *Case*,
 Out of her noble body, to this *Feast*:
 And give her place, according to her blood
 Amongst her *Peeres*, those *Princes* of all good!
Saints, *Martyrs*, *Prophets*, with those *Hierarchies*,
Angels, *Arch-angels*, *Principalities*,
The Dominations, *Vertues*, and the *Powers*,
The Thrones, the *Cherube*, and *Seraphick* bowers,
 That, planted round, there sing before the *Lamb*,
 A new Song to his praise, and great *I AM*
 And she doth know, out of the shade of *Death*,
 What 't is t' enjoy, an everlasting breath!
 To have her captiv'd spirit freed from *flesh*,
 And on her *Innocence*, a garment fresh
 And white, as that, put on: and in her hand
 With boughs of *Palme*, a crowned *Victorie* stand!

And will you, worthy Sonne, Sir, knowing this,
 Put black, and mourning on: and say you misse
 A Wife, a Friend, a Lady, ora Love;
 Whom her Redeemer, honour'd hath above
 Her fellowes, with the oyle of gladnesse, bright
 In heav'n Empire, and with a robe of light
 Thither, you hope to come, and there to find
 That pure, that pretious, and exalted mind
 You once enjoy'd: A short space severs yee,
 Compar'd unto that long eternitie,
 That shall re-joyne yee. Was she, then, so deare,
 When she departed: you will meet her there,
 Much more desir'd, and dearer then before,
 By all the wealth of blessings, and the store
 Accumulated on her, by the Lord
 Of life, and light, the Spence of God, the Word!
 There, all the happy soules, that ever were,
 Shall meet with gladnesse in one Theatre;
 And each shall know, there, one anothers face:
 By beatifick vertue of the Place.
 There shall the Brother, with the Sister walke,
 And Sons, and Daughters, with their Parents talke;
 But all of God, They still shall have to say,
 But make him *All in All*, their *Throne*, that *Day*:
 That happy *Day*, that never shall see night!
 Where *Hee* will be, all *Beautie* to the *Sight*,
 Wine, or delicious fruits, unto tee *Taste*,
 A Musique in the *Eares*, will ever last,
 Unto the *Sent*, a *Spicerie*, or *Balmes*,
 And to the *Touch*, a *Flower*, like soft as *Palme*;
 Hee will all *Glory*, all *Perfection* be,
 God, in the *Union*, and the *Trinitie*,
 That holy, great, and glorious *Myserie*,
 Will there revealed be in *Majestic*:
 By light, and comfort of *spirituall Grace*,
 The vision of our *Saviour*, face, to face
 In his *humanitie*! To heare him *preach*,
 The price of our *Redemption*, and to reach
 Through his inherent *righteousnesse*, in *death*,
 The safetie of our *soules*, and *forfeit breath*,
 What fulnesse of *beatitude* is *here*?
 What love with *mercy* mixed doth *appeare*?
 To style us *Friends*, who were, by *Nature*, *Foes*?
 Adopt us *Heires*, by *grace*, who were of *those*
 Had lost our selves: and *prodigally* spent
 Our native *portions*, and *possessed rent*,
 Yet have all *debts* forgiven us, and *advance*
 B' imputed right to an *inheritance*,
 In his eternall *Kingdome*, where we sit
 Equall with *Angels*, and *Co-heires* of it,

Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive
 He that shall be our supreme Judge, should leave
 Himself so un-inform'd of his elect
 Who knows the hearts of all, and can dissect
 The smallest Fibre of our flesh, he can
 Find all our Atomes from a point t' a span
 Our closest Creekes, and Corners, and can trace
 Each line, as it were graphick, in the face.
 And best he knew her noble Character,
 For 't was himselfe who form'd, and gave it her.
 And to that forme, lent two such veines of blood
 As nature could not more increase the flood
 Of title in her! All Nobilitie
 (But pride, that schisme of incivilitie)
 She had, and it became her! she was fit
 T' have knowne no envy, but by suffering it!
 She had a mind as calme, as she was faire,
 Not tost or troubled with light Lady-aire,
 But, kept an even gate, as some streight tree
 Mov'd by the wind, so comely moved she.
 And by the awfull manage of her Eye
 She swaid all bus'nesse in the Familie!
 To one she said, Doe this, he did it, So
 To another, Move, he went, To a third, Go,
 He run, and all did strive with diligence
 T' obey, and serve her sweet Commandments.
 She was in one, a many parts of life,
 A tender Mother, a discreeter Wife,
 A solemne Mistresse, and so good a Friend,
 So charitable, to religious end,
 In all her petite actions, so devote,
 As her whole life was now become one note
 Of Pietie, and private holinesse.
 She spent more time in teares her selfe to dresse
 For her devotions, and those sad essayes
 Of sorrow, then all pompe of gaudy daies.
 And came forth ever cheered, with the rod
 Of divine Comfort, when sh' had talk'd with God.
 Her broken sighes did never misse whole sense,
 Nor can the bruised heart want eloquence.
 For, Prayer is the Incense most perfumes
 The holy Altars, when it least presumes.
 And hers were all Humilitie! they beat
 The doore of Grace, and found the Mirry-Sear.
 In frequent speaking by the pious Psalmes
 Her solemne houres she spent, or giving Almes,
 Or doing other deeds of Charitie,
 To cloath the naked, feed the hungry. Shee
 Would sit in an Infirmary, whole dayes
 Poring, as on a Map, to find the wayes

To that eternall Rest, where now sh'hath place
 By sure Election, and predestin'd grace !
 Shee saw her Saviour, by a heavenly light,
 Incarnate in the Manger, shining bright
 On all the world ! Shee saw him on the Crosse
 Suffring, and dying to redeeme our losse !
 Shee saw him rise, triumphing over Death
 To justifie, and quicken us in breath !
 Shee saw him too, in glory to ascend
 For his designed worke the perfect end
 Of raising, judging, and rewarding all
 The kind of Man, on whom his doome should fall !
 All this by *Faith* she saw, and fram'd a Plea,
 In manner of a daily *Apostrophe*,
 To him should be her Judge, true *God*, true *Man*,
Jesus, the onely gotten *Christ* ! who can
 As being Redeemer, and Repairer too
 (Of lapsed Nature) best know what to doe,
 In that great Act of judgement: which the *Father*
 Hath given wholly to the Sonne (the rather
 As being the Sonne of *Man*) to shew his *Power*,
 His *Wisdome*, and his *Justice*, in that house,
 The last of houres, and shutter up of all,
 Where first his *Power* will appeare, by call
 Of all are dead to life ! His *Wisdome* shewn
 In the discerning of each conscience, to
 And most his *Justice*, in the fitting parts,
 And giving dues to all Mankinds deserts !
 In this sweet *Extasse*, she was rapt hence,
 Who reads, will pardon my *Intelligence*,
 That thus have ventur'd these true strains upon
 To publish her a *Saint*. My *Muse* is gone.

In pietatis memoriam
quam prestat
Venetice tua illustrissimi
Marit: dign: Digbeie
Hanc ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΝ, tibi, tuisque sacro,

The Tenth, being her Inscription; or CROWNE is lost.

Vita

Vitæ Rusticæ Laudes.

Beatu*s* ille, qui procul negotiis,
 Ut prisca gens mortalium;
 Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
 Solutus omni sœnore:
 Nec excitatur classico miles truci,
 Nec horret latus mare:
 Forumq*ue* vitat, & superba Civium
 Potentiorum limina.
 Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
 Alcas maritat Populos:
 Aut in redactâ valle mugientium
 Prospectat erranteis Grege*s*:
 Inutilesque falce ramos amputans,
 Feliciores inserit:
 Aut pressa prius mella condit amphoris;
 Aut tondet infirmis Ovis:
 Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
 Autumnus arum extulit:
 Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
 Certantem & vivam Patpara,
 Quâ muneretur te, Priape, & te, Pater
 Sylvane, tutor finium:
 Libet jacere modo sub antiqua Illice:
 Modo in tenaci gramine.
 Labuntur altis interim ripis aque:
 Queruntur in Sylvis aves,
 Fontesque Lymphis obstreperunt manantibus,
 Somnos quod invitat levis.
 At cum tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
 Imbreis niveisque comparat,
 Aut trudit acreis hinc, & hinc multâ canit
 Apro*s* in obstante*s* plagis:
 Aut amitte levi rara tendis retia,
 Turdis edacibus dolos,
 Pavidumque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem
 Fœda captat prœmia:
 Quis malorum, quas amor curas habet
 Hac inter obliuiscitur?
 Quid si pudica Mater in partem juvet
 Domum, atque dulces liberos,
 (Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
 Pernix uxor Appuli
 Sacrum vetustis extruit lignis focum
 Lassi sub adventum viri)
 Claudensque textis cratibus latum pecun
 Distenta siccet ubera;

The praises of a Countrey life.

H Appie is he, that from all Businesse cleere;
 As the old race of Mankind were,
 With his owne Oxen tills his Sires left lands,
 And is not in the Usurers bands:
 Nor Souldier-like started with rough alarmes,
 Nor dreads the Seas intraged harmes:
 But flees the Barre and Courts, with the proud bords,
 And waiting Chambers of great Lords.
 The Poplar tall, he then doth marrying twine
 With the growne issue of the Vine;
 And with his hooke lops off the fruitlesse race,
 And sets more happy in the place:
 Or in the bending Vale beholds a farre
 The lowing herds there grazing are:
 Or the prest honey in pure pots doth keepe
 Of Earth, and sheares the tender Sheepe:
 Or when that Autumne, through the fields lifts round
 His head, with mellow Apples crown'd,
 How plucking Peares, his owne hand grafted had,
 And purple-matching Grapes, hee's glad!
 With which, *Priapus*, he may thanke thy hands,
 And, *Sylvane*, thine that keptst his Lands!
 Then now beneath some ancient Oke he may,
 Now in the rooted Grasse him lay,
 Whilst from the higher Bankes doe slide the floods?
 The soft birds quarrell in the Woods,
 The Fountaines murmure as the streames doe creepe,
 And all invite to easie sleepe.
 Then when the thundring *Jove*, his Snow and showres
 Are gathering by the Wintry houres,
 Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a Hound
 Wild Bores into his toyles pitch'd round:
 Or straines on his small forke his subrill nets
 Forth' eating Thrush, or Pit-falls sets,
 And snares the fearfull Hare, and new-come Crane,
 And 'counts them sweet rewards so ta'en.
 Who (amongst these delights) would not forget
 Loves cares so evill, and so great:
 But if, to boot with these, a chaste Wife meet
 For household aid, and Children sweet,
 Such as the *Sabines*, or a Sun-burnt-blowse,
 Some lustie quick *Apulians* spouse,
 To deck the hallow'd Harth with old wood fir'd
 Against the Husband comes hometi'd;
 That penning the glad flock in hurdles by
 Their swelling udders doth draw dry:

Et herna dulci Vina promens dolio
 Dapes inemptas apparet;
 Non me Lucrina iuverint Conchyliis,
 Magisque Rhombus, aut Scari,
 Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
 Hiems ad hoc vertat Mare:
 Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum:
 Non Attagen Ionicus
 Fecundior, quam lecta de pinguisimis
 Oliivarum arborum:
 Aut herba Lappathi, prata amanti, & gravi
 Malva salubres corpori:
 Vel Agna festis caesa Terminalibus:
 Vel Hædus ereptus Lupo.
 Has inter epulas, ut iuvet pastas. Oveis
 Videre properantes domum!
 Videre fessos vomerem inversum Boves
 Collo trahentes languido,
 Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
 Circum renidentes Lareis!
 Hac ubi locutus fenerator Alphius,
 Fam jam futurus rusticus,
 Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam,
 Quarit Calendis ponere.

Ode 1.

Lib. quarto.

Ad Venerem.

Intermissa Venus diu,
 Rursus bella moves: parce precor, precor,
 Non sum qualis eram bona
 Sub regno Cynaræ: desine, dulcissima
 Mater seva Cupidinum,
 Circa lustra decem flectere Mollibus
 Fam durum imperiis: abi
 Quod blanda Furvenum te revocant preces,
 Tempestivius in domo
 Pauli purpureis ales alaribus,
 Comessare Maximi,
 Si torrere jecur quaris idoneum,
 Namque & nobilis, & detent,
 Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis.
 Et centum puer Artium,
 Latè Signa feret militiæ tuæ.
 Et quandoque potentior
 Largis muneribus referis amali,
 Albanos prope te lasus
 Ponet marmoream subtrabe Cyprea.

And from the sweet Tub Wine of this yeare takes;
 And unbought viands ready makes:
 Not Lucrine Oysters I could then more prize,
 Nor Turbot, nor bright Goldeneyes:
 If with bright floods, the Winter troubled much;
 Into our Seas send any such:
 Th' Ionian God-wit, nor the Ginny hen
 Could not goe downe my belly then
 More sweet then Olives, that new gather'd be
 From fatteft branches of the Tree:
 Or the herb Sorrell, that loves Meadows still,
 Or Mallowes loofing bodies ill:
 Or at the Feast of Bounds, the Lambe then slaine,
 Or Kid forc't from the Wolfe againe.
 Among these Cates how glad the sight doth come
 Of the fed flocks approaching home!
 To view the weary Oxen draw, with bare
 And fainting necks, the turned Share!
 The wealthy household swarme of bondmen met,
 And 'bout the steeming Chimney set!
 These thoughts when Usurer *Alphius*, now about
 To turne more farmer, had spoke out
 'Gainst th' Ides, his moneys he gets in with paine,
 At th' Calends, puts all out againe.

Ode the first.

The fourth Booke.

To Venus.

Venus againe thou mov'st a warre
 Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee spare:
 I am not such, as in the Reigne
 Of the good *Cynara* I was: Refraine,
 Sower Mother of sweet Loves, forbear
 To bend a man now at his fiftieth yeare
 Too stubborne for Commands, so slack:
 Goe where Youths soft intreaties call thee back.
 More timely hie thee to the house,
 With thy bright Swans, of *Paulus Maximus*:
 There jest, and feast, make him thine host,
 If a fit livor thou dost seeke to toast,
 For he's both noble, lovely, young,
 And for the troubled Clyent syl's his tongue,
 Child of a hundred Arts, and farre
 Will he display the Ensignes of thy warre,
 And when he smiling finds his Grace
 With thee 'bove all his Rivals gifts take place,
 He will thee a Marble Statue make
 Beneath a Sweet-wood Roofe, neere *Alba Lake*:

Illuc plurima Martius
 Dues tura, lyræ, & Boreymilla
 Delectabere tibia
 Mistis carminibus non sine fistula.
 Illis bis pueri die,
 Numen cum teneris virginibus eam
 Laudantes, pede candido
 In mortem Salium ter quiescent humanum.
 Me nec femina, nec puer,
 Fam, nec spes animi credula mutus.
 Nec certare iuvat mero:
 Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
 Sed cur, heu Ligurine, cur
 Manas rara meas lacryma per genos?
 Cur sacunda parum decora
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
 Nocturnis te ego Somniis
 Fam captum teneo, jam volutem sequor:
 Te per gramina Martii
 Campi, te per aquas, dare, volubilen.

Ode ix. lib. 3. Ad Lydiam.
 Dialogus Horatii & Lydie.

- HOR. **D**onec gratus eram tibi,
 Nec quisquam potior brachia candida
 Cervici juvenis dabat,
 Persarum vigui rege beator.
- LYD. Donec non alia magis
 Arsis, neque erat Lydia post Chloen.
 Multi Lydia nominis
 Romana vigui clarior Ilia.
- HOR. Me nunc Thressa Cloë regit
 Dulceis doctamodos, & Cithara pueri.
 Pro qua non metnam mari
 Si parcent anima, fata superstiti.
- LYD. Me torret face mutua
 Thurini Calais filius Ornithi.
 Pro quo bis patiar mari
 Si parcent puero fata superstiti.
- HOR. Quid si priscæ redit Venus,
 Diductosque iugo cecit ab igne
 Si flava excutitur Chloë
 Relectæque patet janua Lydiæ.
- LYD. Quamquam sidere pulchrior
 Ille est, tu levior Cortice, & improbe
 iracundior Adria,
 Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libem.

There shall thy dainty Nostrill take
 In many a Gumme, and for thy soft cares sake
 Shall Verse be set to Harpe and Lute,
 And *Phrygian* Hau boy, not without the Flute.
 There twice a day in sacred Laies,
 The Youths and tender Maids shall sing thy praise:
 And in the *Salian* manner meet
 Thrice 'bout thy Altar with their Ivory feet.
 Me now, nor Wench, nor wanton Boy,
 Delights, nor credulous hope of mutuall Joy,
 Nor care I now healths to propound;
 Or with fresh flowers to girt my Temple round.
 But, why, oh why, my *Ligurine*,
 Flow my thin teares, downe these pale cheeks of mine:
 Or why, my well-grac'd words among,
 With an uncomely silence failes my tongue?
 Hard-hearted, I dreame every Night
 I hold thee fast ! but fled hence, with the Light,
 Whether in *Mars* his field thou bee,
 Or *Tybers* winding streames, I follow thee.

Ode ix. 3 Booke, to Lydia,
 Dialogue of Horace, and Lydia

HOR. **W**Hilst, *Lydia*, I was lov'd of thee,
 And ('bout thy Ivory neck,) no youth did sing,
 His armes more acceptable free,
 I thought me richer then the Persian King.

LYD. Whilst *Horace* lov'd no Mistres more,
 Nor after *Cloe* did his *Lydia* sound;
 In name, I went all names before,
 The Roman *Ilia* was not more renown'd.

HOR. 'T is true, I am *Thracian Chloes*, I
 Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plaies,
 As, for her, I'd not feare to die,
 So Fate would give her life, and longer daies.

LYD. And, I am mutually on fire
 With gentle *Calais Thyrine*, *Orniths Sonne*;
 For whom I doubly would expire,
 So Fates would let the Boy a long thred run.

HOR. But, say old Love returne should make,
 And us dis-joyn'd force to her brazen yoke,
 That I bright *Cloe* off should shake;
 And to left-*Lydia*, now the gate stood ope.

LYD. Though he be fairer then a Starre;
 Thou lighter then the barke of any tree,
 And then rough *Adria*, angrier, farre;
 Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

Fragmentum Petron. Arbitr.

Fœda est in coitu, & brevis voluptas,
 Et tades Venerem statim peracta.
 Non argo ut pecudes libidiosa,
 Cæci protinus irruamus illuc:
 Nam languescit Amor peritq; Flamma.
 Sed sic, sic, sine fine feriat,
 Et tecum jaceamus osculantes:
 Hic nullus labor est, ruborq; nullus;
 Hoc jurvit, jurvas, & diu jurabis:
 Hoc non deficit, incipitq; semper.

Epigramma Martialis.
 Lib. viii. Lxxvii.

Liber, amicorum dulcissima cura tuorum,
 Liber in aeterna vivere digne rosa;
 Si sapi Assyrio semper tibi crinis amomo
 Splendeat, & cingant florea sarta caput:
 Candida nigrescant vetulo christalla Falerno;
 Et caleat blando mollis amore thorus.
 Qui sic, vel medio finitus vixit in aëre,
 Longior huic facta, quam data vita fuit.

THE

THE KING
The same translated.

Doing, a filthy pleasure is, and short;
 And done, we straight repent us of the sport:
 Let us not then rush blindly on unto it,
 Like lustfull beasts, that onely know to doe it:
 For lust will languish, and that heat decay,
 But thus, thus, keeping endlesse Holy-day,
 Let us together closely lie, and kisse,
 There is no labour, nor no shame in this,
 This hath pleas'd, doth please, and long will please; never
 Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

The same translated.

Libe, of all thy friends, thou sweetest care,
 Thou worthy in eternall Flower to fare;
 If thou be'st wise, with Syrian Oyle let shine
 Thy locks, and rosie garlands crowne thy head;
 Darke thy cleare glasse with old Falernian Wine;
 And heat, with softest love, thy softer bed.
 Hee, that but living halfe his dayes, dies such,
 Makes his life longer then 't was given him, much;

THE

THE KINGS ENTERTAINMENT AT WELBECK,

IN
NOTTINGHAM-SHIRE,

A house of the Right Honourable, WILLIAM
Earle of Newcastle, Vicount Mansfield, Baron of
Bottle, and Bolsover, &c.

At his going into Scotland.

1633.

Hrs Matie being set at Dinner,

A Song was sung :

A Dialogue betweene the Passions,
Doubt and Love.

DOUBT. **W** Has softer sounds are these salute the Eare
From the large Circle of the Hemisphere,
As if the Center of all sweets met here !

LOVE. Is it the breath, and Soule of every thing,
Put forth by Earth, by Nature, and the Spring,
To speake the Welcome, Welcome of the King.

CHORUS.
OF
Affections,
Joy,
Delight, &c.

The joy of plants. The spirit of flowers,
The smell, and verdure of the bowers,
The waters murmure, with the showers
Distilling on the new-fresh bowers :
The whistling winds, and birds, that sing
The Welcome of our great, good King.
Welcome, O Welcome, is the generall voyce,
Wherein all Creatures practise to rejoyce.

The second Straine.

LOVE. **W** Hen was old Sherewood's head more quaintly curl'd ?
Or look'd the Earth more greene upon the world ?
Or Nature's Cradle more inchas'd, and purt'd ?

When

When did the Aire so smile, the Winds so chime?
As Quiristers of Season, and the Prime!
Doubt. If what they doe, be done in their due time.

CHORVS.

Hee makes the time for whom't is done,
From whom the warmth, heat, life, began,
Into whose fostering armes doe run
All that have being from the Sun.
Such is the fount of light, the King,
The heart, that quickens eu'ry thing,
And makes the Creatures language all one voyce;
In Welcome, Welcome, Welcome, to rejoyce:
Welcome is all our Song, is all our sound,
The Treble part, the Tenor, and the Ground.

After Dinner.

THe King, and the Lords being come downe, and ready to take horse,
In the Crowd were discover'd two notorious persons, and men of
businessse, as by their eminent dressing, and habits did soone appeare.

One in a costly Cassock of black Buckram girt unto him, whetcon
was painted *Party-per pale*:

On the one side.

On the other side.

Noun.

Pronoun.

Verbe.

Participle.

declined



Adverbe.

Conjunction.

Preposition.

Interjection.

Undeclined.

With his Hatt, Hat-band, Stockings, and Sandals futed, and marked,
A.B.C.&c.

The other in a Taberd, or Heralds Coat of *Azure*, and *Gules* quarter-
ly chang'd of Buckram; Lim'd with yellow, in stead of Gold, and pa-
sted over with old Records of the two Shires, and certaine fragments of
the Forrest, as a Coat of *Antiquitie*, and *President*, willing to be scene, but
heard to be read, and as loth to be understood, without the Interpreter,
who wore it: For the wrong end of the letters were turn'd upward, there-
fore was a labell fix'd to, *To the Curious Prier, advertising*:

Looke not so neere, with hope to understand,
Oms-cept, Sir, you can read with the left hand.

Their Names were,
Accidence, Fitz-Ale.

Acci. BY your faire leave Gentlemen of Court, for leave is ever faire being ask'd; and granted is as light, according to our English Proverbe, *Leave is light*. Which is the King I pray you?

Fitz. Or rather the Kings Lieutenant? For we have nothing to say to the King, till we have spoken with my Lord Lieutenant.

Acc. Of *Nottinghamshire*.

Fitz. And *Darbyshire*, for he is both. And we have businesse to both sides of him from either of the Counties.

Acc. As farre as his Command stretches.

Fitz. Is this he?

Acc. This is no great man by his *timber* (as we say i^t the Forrest) by his *thews* he may. I'll venture a Part of Speech, two, or three at him; to see how hee is declin'd. My Lord, Pleaseth your good Lordship, I am a poore Neighbour, here, of your Honours, i^t the Countie.

Fitz. Mr. A-B-Cee Accidence, my good Lord; Schoole-master of *Mansfield*, the painfull Instru^ter of our Youth in their Countrey elements, as appeareth by the signe of correction, in his hat, with the trust of the Towne-Pen-and-Inkehorne, committed to the Sure-tie of his Girdle, from the whole Corporation.

Acc. This is the more remarkeable man, my very good Lord; Father Fitz-ale, Herald of *Darbie*, Light, and Lanthorne of both Counties; the learned *Antiquarie* o^t the North: Conserver of the Records of either Forrest, as witnesseth the brieft Tabard, or Coat Armour he carries, being an industrious Collection of all the written, or reported *Wonders* of the *Peake*.

Saint Anne of *Buxstons* boyling Well,
Or *Elden* bottomlesse, like Hell:
Pooles-hole, or *Satans* sumptuous Arse,
(Surreverence) with the Mine-mens Farce.
Such a light, and metall'd Dance
Saw you never yet in *France*.
And by Lead-men, for the nonce,
That turne round like grindlestones:
Which they dig out fro' the Delves,
For their Bairnes-bread, Wives, and sell's:
Whom the Whetstone sharpes to eat,
And cry Millstones are good meat.
He can flie o^r hills, and dales,
And report you more odde tales,
Of our Outlaw *Robinhood*
That revell'd here in *Sherwood*;
And more stories of him show
(Though he ne're shot in his Bow.)
Then au men, or beleeye, or know.

Fitz.

Fitz. Stint, stint, your Court,
 Grow to be short,
 Throw by your Clatter,
 And handle the matter:
 We come with our Peeres,
 And crave your cares,
 To present a Wedding,
 Intended a bedding,
 Of both the Shires,
 Father *Fitz-ale*
 Hath a Daughter stale
 In *Darbie*-Towne,
 Knowne, up, and downe
 For a geat Antiquitie:
 And *Pem* she hight
 A solemne Wight
 As you should meet
 In any street,
 In that Ubiquitie.
 Her, he hath brought
 As having fought
 By many a draught
 Of Ale, and Craft,
 With skill to graft
 In some old Stock,
 O' the Yeoman block,
 And Forrest-blood,
 Of old *Sherewood*.
 And he hath found
 Within the ground,
 At last no Shrimpe,
 Whereon to impe,
 His jolly Club,
 But a bold Stub
 O' the right wood,
Fitz. A Champion good,
 Who here in place,
 Presents himsefe,
 Like doughtie *Else*,
 Of *Greenwood Chase*.

Here *Stub* the Bridegroom presented himsefe, being appparelled in a
 yellow Canvas Doublet, cut, a greene Jerkin, and Hose, like a Ranger.
 A Munmouth Cap, with a yellow Feather, yellow Stockings, and
 Shoes, for being to dance, he would not trouble himsefe with Bootes.

Stub of *Stub-hall*,
 Some doe him call,
 But most doe say
 Hee's *Stub*, will stay

To run his race,
Not run away.

Acc. At *Quimin*, hee,
In honour of this Bridaltee,
Hath challeng'd either wide Countee;
Come *Cut*, and *Long-sile*. For there be
Six Batchelers, as bold as hee,
Adjuting to his Compance,
And each one hath his Liverie;
Fitz. Six *Hoods* they are, and of the blood;
They tell of ancient *Robinhood*.

Here the six *Hoods* presented themselves severally, in their Livory Hoods, whilst *Fitz-ale* spoke on.

Red-hood the first that doth appeare
In Stamel. A c c. Scarlet is too deare.

Fitz. Then *Green-hood*. A c. He's in *Kendal Green*, *Green-hood*.
As in the *Forrest Colour* scene.

Fitz. Next *Blew-hood* is, and in that hue
Doth vaunt a heart as pure, and true
As is the Skie; (give him his due.)

Acc. Of old *England* the Yeoman blew.

FITZ. Then *Tawney* fra' the Kirke that came.

Acc. And cleped was the Abbots man.

FITZ. With *Motley-hood*, the Man of Law.

Acc. And Russet-hood keeps all in Awe.

Bold Batchelers they are, and large,
And come in at the Countrey charge;
Horse, Bridles, Saddles, Stirrups, Girths,
All reckon'd o' the *Countrie* skirts!
And all their Courses, misse, or hit,
Intended are, for the *Sheere*-wit,
And so to be receiv'd. Their game
Is Countrey sport, and hath a name
From the Place that beares the cost,
Else all the *Fat i' the Fire* were lost.
Goe Captaine *Stub*, lead on, and show
What house you come on, by the blow
You give Sir *Quintin*, and the Cuffe,
You scape o' th' Sand-bags Counterbuffe.

Acc. O well run, Yeoman Shop!

Acc. O well run, Yeoman Staff!

Thou hast knock'd it, like a Club,
And made Sir *Quintin* know:
By this his race so good:
He himfelfe is also wood;
Asby his furious blow.

Flourish.

Flourish.

Red-hoods Course.

Fitz.

Bravely run *Red-hood*,
There was a shock,
To have buff'd out the blood
From ought but a block.

Flourish.

Green-hoods Course.

Acc. Well run *Green-hood*, got betweene,
Under the Sand-bag, he was scene,
Lowting low, like a For'ster greene:

Fitz. Hee knowes his tackle, and his treene:

Flourish.

Blew-hoods Course.

Acc. Gi' the old *England* Yecoman his due,
H' has hit Sir *Quin*: just i' the *Qu*;
Though that be black, yet he is blew,
It is a brave patch, and a new!

Flourish.

Tawny-hoods Course.

Fitz. Well run *Tawney*, the Abbots Churle
His Jade gave him a Jerk,
As he woul' have his Rider hurle
His Hood after the Kirke.
But he was wiser, and well behest,
For this is all, that he hath left,

Flourish.

Morley-hoods Course.

Fitz. Or the Saddle turn'd round, or the Girths brake,
For low on the ground (wo' for his sake)
The Law is found.

Acc. Had his pair of tongues, not so much good,
To keepe his head, in his *Morley*-hood:

Flourish.

Ruffet-hoods Course.

Fitz. *Ruffet* ran fast, though he be throwne,
Acc. He lost no stirrup, for he had none:

His

1. His horse, it is the Heralds weft.
2. No 'tis a mare, and hath a cleft.
3. She is Countrey-borrow'd, and no yale,
But 's hood is forfeit to *Fitz-ale*.

Here *Accidence* did breake them off, by calling them to the Dance, and to the *Bride*, who was drest like an old *May-Lady*, with Skarfes, and a great wrought Handkerchiefe, with red, and blew, and other habilliments. Sixe Maids attending on her, attir'd, with Buckram Bride-laces beguilt: White sleeves, and Stammell Petticotes, drest after the cleanliest Countrey guise; among whom Mistris *Alphabet*, Master *Accidence's* Daughter, did beare a prime sway.

The two Bride Squires, the *Cake-bearer*, and the *Boll-bearer*, were in two yellow leather Doublets, and russet Hose, like two twin-Clownes prest out for that office, with Livery Hatts, and Ribbands.

Acc. Come to the Bride, another fit,
Yet show, Sirs, o' your Countrey wit,
But o' your best. Let all the Steele
Of back, and braines fall to the heele;
And all the Quick-silver i' the mine
Run i' the foot-veines, and refine
Your *Firk-hum-ferk-hum* to a Dance,
Shall fetch the Fiddles out of *France*,
To wonder at the Horne-pipes, here,
Of *Nottingham*, and *Darbishire*.

Fitz. With the Phant'sies of *Hey-trol*,
Trol about the Bride-all Boll,
And divide the broad Bride-Cake
Round about the Brides-stake.

Acc. With, here is to the fruit of *Pem*,

Fitz. Grafted upon *Stub* his Stem,

Acc. With the *Peakish* Nicetic,

Fitz. And old *Sherewoods* Vicetic.

The last of which words were set to a Tune, and sung to the Bagpipe, and Measure of their Dance, the Clownes, and companie of Spectators drinking, and eating the while.

The Song.

L Et's sing about, and say, *Hey-trol*,
Trol to me the Bridall Boll,
And divide the broad Bride-Cake,
Round about the Brides-stake,
With, Here, is to the fruit of *Pem*,
Grafted upon *Stub* his stem;
With the *Peakish* Nicetic,
And old *Sherewoods* Vicetic.

But well daunc'd Pem upon record,
Above thy Ycoman, or May-Lord.

Here it was thought necessarie they should be broken off, by the coming in of an Officer, or servant of the *Lord Lieutenants*, whose face had put on, with his Clothes, an equall authoritie for the businesse.

Gentleman.

GIve end unto your rudenesse: Know at length
Whose time, and patience you have urg'd, the *Kings*.
Whom if you knew, and truly, as you ought,
'T would strike a reverence in you, even to blushing,
That *King* whose love it is, to be your Parent!
Whose Office, and whose Charge, to be your Pastor!
Whose single watch, defendeth all your sleepes!
Whose labours, are your rests! whose thoughts and cares,
Breed you delights! whose bus'nesse, all your leasures!
And you to interrupt his serious houres,
With light, impertinent, unworthy objects,
Sights for your selves, and sav'ring your owne tast's;
You are too blame. Know your disease, and cure it,
Sports should not be obtruded on great Monarchs,
But wait when they will call for them as servants,
And meanest of their servants, since their price is
At highest, to be styl'd, but of their pleasures!
Our *King* is going now to a great worke
Of highest Love, Affection, and Example,
To see his Native *Countrie*, and his Cradle,
And find those manners there, which he suck'd in
With Nurses Milke, and Parents pietie!
O Sister *Scotland*! what hast thou deserv'd
Of joyfull *England*, giving us this *King*!
What Union (if thou lik'st) hast thou not made?
In knitting for Great *Brittaine* such a Garland?
And letting him, to weare it? Such a *King*!
As men would wish, that knew not how to hope
His like, but seeing him! A Prince, that's Law
Unto himselfe. Is good, for goodnesse-sake;
And so becomes the Rule unto his Subjects!
That studies not to seeme, or to show great,
But be! Not drest for others eyes, and cares,
With Vizors, and false rumours; but make Fame
Wait on his Actions, and thence speake his Name!
O blesse his Goings out, and Commings in,
Thou mighty God of Heaven, lend him long
Unto the Nations, which yet scarcely know him,
Yet are most happy, by his Government.
Blesse his faire *Bed-mate*, and their certaine *Pledges*,
And never may he want those nerves in Fate;

For sure Succession fortifies a State.
 Whilst he himselfe is mortall, let him seeke
 Nothing about him mortall, in his house;
 Let him approve his young increasing *Charles*,
 A loyall Sonne: and take him long to be
 An aid, before he be a Successor.
 Late, come that day, that Heaven will aske him from us;
 Let our Grand-child, and their issue, long
 Expect it, and not see it. Let us pray
 That Fortune never know to exercise
 More power upon him, then as *Charles* his servant,
 And his great *Brittaines* slave: ever to waite
 Bond-woman to the GENIUS of this State.

Performed, the xxi. of May.

1633.

LOVE

LOVES
VVEL-COME.
THE
KING AND QVEENES
ENTERTAINMENT

AT
BOLSOVER:

AT
The Earle of Newcastle,
The thirtieth of Iuly,

1634.

The Song at the Banquet; Sung by two
Tenors, and a Base.

IF Love be call'd a lifting of the Sense
To knowledge of that pure intelligence,
Wherein the Soule hath rest, and residence.

CHORUS.

1. TEN. When were the Senses in such order plac'd?

2. TEN. The Sight, the Hearing, Smelling, Touching, Taste,
All at one Banquet? BAS. Would it ever last!

1. Wee wish the same: who set it forth thus? BAS. Love!

2. But to what end, or to what object? BAS. Love!

1. Dost Love then feast it selfe? BAS. Love will feast Love!

2. You make of Love, a riddle, or a Chaine,

A circle, a mere knot, wnicke againe.

BAS. Love is a Circle, both the first, and last

Of all our Affions, and his knows, too, fast.

The Under-wood.

1. *A true-love Knot, will hardly be untied,
And if it could, who would this Payre divide.*

2. *God made them such, and Love. TEN. Who is a ring,
The likest to the yeare of any thing,
And runs into it selfe. BAS. Then let us sing,
And run into one sound.*

CHORVS *Let Welcome fill
Our thoughts, hearts, voyces, and that one word trill,
Through all our Language, Welcome, Welcome still.*

Complement.

1. *Could we put on the beautie of all Creatures,
Sing in the Aire, and notes of Nightingales,
Exhale the sweets of Earth, and all her features,
And tell you, softer then in Silke, these tales,
BAS. Welcome should season all for Taste.*

CHORVS *And hence,
At every reall banquet to the Sense,
Welcome, true Welcome fill the Complements.*

*After the Banquet, the King and Queene
retir'd, were entertain'd with Coronell*

*Vitruvius his Oration to his Dance of
Mechanickes.*

VIT. *C*ome forth, boldly put forth, i' your Holy-day
Clothes, every Mothers Sonne of you. This is
the King, and Queenes, Majesticall Holy-day. My Lord has it
granted from them; I had it granted from my Lord: and doe
give it unto you *gratis*, that is *bona fide*, with the faith of a Sur-
veyour, your Coronell *Vitruvius*. Doe you know what a
Surveyour is now? I tell you a Supervisor! A hard word,
that, but it may be softened; and brought in, to signifie some-
thing. An Overseer! One that oversee-eth you. A busie man!
And yet I must seeme busier then I am, (as the Poet sings, but
which of them, I will not now trouble my selfe to tell you.)
O Captaine *Smith*! or Hammer-armed *Vulcan*! with your
three Sledges, you are our Musique, you come a little too tar-
dic, but wee reuise that, to your polt-foot, we know you are
lame. Plant your selfe there, and beat your time out at the
Anvile. Time, and Measure, are the Father, and Mother of
Musique,

The first
Quaternio.
Captaine
Smith, or
Vulcan, with
three Cyclops.

Musique, you know, and your Coronell *Vitruvius* knowes a little. O *Chefil*! our curious Carver! and Master *Maul*, our Free-Mason, *Squire Summer*, our Carpenter, and *Twybil* his Man, stand you foure, there, i the second ranke, worke upon that ground. And you *Dresser*, the Plomber; *Quarrel*, the Glasier; *Fret*, the Plaisterer; and *Beater*, the Morterman, put all you on i the reere, as finishers in true footing, with Tune, and Measure. Measure is the Soule of a Dance, and Tune the Tickle-foot thereof. Use Holy-day legges, and have 'hem: Spring, Leape, Caper, and Gingle; Pumpes, and Ribbands, shall be your reward, till the Soles of your feet swell, with the surfet of your light and nimble Motion.

The second Quatern:
Chefil. The Carver.
Maul. The Free-Mason.
Sq. Summer. The Carpenter.
Twybil. His Man.
The third Quaternio.
Dresser. The Plomber.
Quarrel. The Glasier.
Fret. The Plaisterer.
Beater. The Morter-man.

Well done, my Musicall, Arithmetticall, Geometricall Gamesters! or rather my true Mathematicall Boyes! It is carried, in number, weight, and measure, as if the Aires were all Harmonie, and the Figures a well-tim'd Proportion! I cry still, Deserve Holy-dayes, and have 'hem. I'll have a whole Quarter of the yeare cut out for you in Holy-dayes, and lac'd with Statute-Tunes, and Danes, fitted to the activitie of your Treffels, to which you shall trust, Ladds, in the name of your *Iniquo Vitruvius*. Hay for the Lilly, for, and the blended Rose.

They began to Dance

The Dance ended.

And the King, and Queene, having a second Banquet, set downe before them from the Cloudes by two Loves; One, as the Kings, the other as the Queenes; differenced by their Garlands only: His of White, and Red Roses; the other of Lilly's inter-weav'd, Gold, Silver, Purple, &c. With a bough of Palme (in his hand) cleft a little at the top. They were both arm'd, and wing'd: with Bowes and Quivers, Cassocks, Breeches, Buskins, Gloves, and Perukes alike. They stood silent awhile, wondring at one another, till at last the lesser of them began to speake.

Eros. Anteros.

ER. A Nother Cupid? AN. Yes, your second selfe,
A Sonne of *Venus*, and as meeere an elfe,
And wagge as you. ER. *Eros*? AN. No, *Anteros*:
Your Brother, *Cupid*, yet not sent to eross;
Or spie into your favours, here, at Court.

EROS. What then? AN. To serve you, Brother, and report
Your graces from the Queenes side to the Kings,
In whose name I salute you. ER. Breake my wings
I feare you will. AN. O be not jealous, Brother!
What bough is this? ER. A Palme. AN. Give me it. ER. Another
You may have. AN. I will this. ER. Divide it. AN. So.
This was right Brother-like! The world will know

Anteros
snatch'd at
the Palme,
but *Eros* di-
vided it.

By

- By this one Act, both natures. You are *Love*,
 I *Love*, againe. In these two Spheares we move,
Eros, and *Anieros*. ER. We ha' cleft the bough,
 And struck a tallie of our loves, too, now.
- AN. I call to mind the wisdom of our Mother
Venus, who would have *Cupid* have a Brother —
- ER. To looke upon, and thrive. Mee seemes I grew
 Three inches higher sin' I met with you.
 It was the Counsell, that the *Oracle* gave
 Your Nurfes the glad *Graces*, sent to crave
Themis advice. You doe not know (quoth shee)
 The nature of this Infant. *Love* may be
 Brought forth thus little, live a-while alone,
 But ne're will prosper, if he have not one
 Sentafter him to play with. ER. Such another
 As you are *Anieros*, our loving brother.
- AN. Who would be alwayes, planted, in your eye;
 For *Love*, by *Love* increaseth mutually.
- ER. Wee, either, looking on each other, thrive;
- AN. Shoot up, grow galliard — ER. Yes, and more alive!
- AN. When one's away, it seemes we both are lesse.
- ER. I was a Dwarf, an Urchin, I confesse,
 Till you were present. AN. But a bird of wing,
 Now, fit to flie before a Queene, or King.
- ER. I ha' not one sick feather sin' you came,
 But turn'd a jollier *Cupid*. AN. Then I am.
- ER. I love my Mothers braine, could thus provide
 For both in Court, and give us each our side,
 Where we might meet. AN. Embrace. ER. Circle each other.
- AN. Conferre, and whisper. ER. Brother, with a Brother.
- AN. And by this sweet Contention for the *Palme*,
 Unite our appetites, and make them calme.
- ER. To will, and nill one thing. AN. And so to move
 Affection in our Wills, as in our Love.
- ER. It is the place sure breeds it, where wee are,
- AN. The King, and Queenes Court, which is circular,
 And perfect, ER. The pure schoole that we live in,
 And is of purer Love, a Discipline.

Philaethes.

NO more of your Poetrie (prettie *Cupids*) lest presuming on your little wits, you prophane the intention of your service. The Place I confesse, wherein (by the Providence of your Mother *Venus*) you are now planted, is the divine Schoole of Love. An Academic, or Court, where all the true lessons of Love are throughly read and taught. The Reasons, the Proportions, and Harmonic, drawne forth in analyrick Tables, and made demonstrable to the Senses. Which if you (Brethren) should report, and sweare to, would hardly get credit above a Fable, here in the edge of *Dorsetshire* (the region of *Ale*) because you relate in Rime.

Rime. O, that Rime is a shrewd disease, and makes all suspected it would perswade. Leave it, prettie *Cupids*, leave it. Rime will undoe you, and hinder your growth, and reputation in Court, more then any thing beside you have either mention'd, or fear'd. If you dable in Poëtrie once, it is done of your being believ'd, or understood here. No man will trust you in this Verge, but conclude you for a meere case of Canters, or a paire of wandring Gipsies.

Returne to your selves (little Deities) and admire the Miracles you servè, this excellent *King*, and his unparallel'd *Queene*, who are the Canons, the Decretals, and whole Schoole-Divinitie of Love. Contemplate, and studie them. Here shall you read *Hymen*, having lighted two Torches, either of which enflame mutually, but waste not. One Love by the others aspect increasing, and both in the right lines of aspiring. The Fates spinning them round and even threds, and of their whitest wooll, without brack, or purple. Fortune, and Time fetter'd at their feet with Adamantine Chaines, their wings deplum'd, for starting from them. All amiableness in the richest dresse of delight and colours, courting the season to tarry by them, and make the *Idea* of their Felicitie perfect; together with the love, knowledge, and dutie of their Subjects perpetuall. So willeth the glad, and gratefull Client, seated here, the over-joy'd Master of the house; and prayeth that the whole Region about him could speake but his language. Which is, that first the Peoples love would let that People know their owne happinesse, and that knowledge could confirme their duties, to an admiration of your sacred Persons; discended, one from the most peacefull, the other the most warlike, both your pious, and just progenitors; from whom, as out of Peace came Strength, and out of the Strong came sweetnesse, alluding to the holy Riddle, so in you joyn'd by holy marriage in the flower and ripenesse of yeares, live the promise of a numerous Succession to your Scepters, and a strength to secure your owne Islands, with their owne Ocean, but more your owne Palme-branches, the Types of perpetuall Victorie. To which, two words be added, a zealous *Amen*, and ever rounded, with a Crowne of *Welcome*. Welcome, Welcome.

* * *

MORTIMER

HIS

FALL.

A

TRAGEDIE,

VVRITTEN

BY

BEN. JOHNSON.

Hor. in Art. Poetic.

Et docuit magnūq; loqui, nitidq; coturnos:

Printed M.DC.XL.

MORTIMER

HIS

FALL

A

TRAGEDY

WRITTEN

BY

BEW. JOHN. JOY.

Hor. in Art. Poetic.

Et docuit mecumque totum, nunc, cepimus.

Printed M.DC.XL.

The Persons Names.

MORTIMER.

Earle of *March.*

ISABEL.

Queene Mother.

ADAM D'ORLTON.

B. of *Worc'ter.*

CHORUS.

Of Ladies, Knights, and Squires.

EDWARD. 3.

K. of *England.*

JOHN, the K. Brother.

Earle of *Cornwall.*

HEN. the K. Cofin.

Earle of *Lancaster.*

W. MOUNTACUTE.

K. Servant.

RO. D'ELAND.

Const. of *Nott. Castle.*

NUNCIUS.

Or a Herald.

Argu.

Arguments.

The first Act comprehends Mortimers pride and securitie, rayssed to the degree of an Earle, by the Queenes favour, and love; with the Counsellis of Adam D'orlton, the politique B. of Worcer, against Lancaster.

The Chorus of Ladyes, celebrating the worthinesse of the Queene, in rewarding Mortimers services, and the Bishops.

The second Act shewes the Kings love, and respect to his Mother, that will heare nothing against Mortimers greatnesse, or beleeve any report of her extraordinary favours to him, but imputes all to his Cousin Lancasters envie; and commands there-after, an utter silence of those matters.

The Chorus of Courtiers, celebrating the Kings worthinesse of Nature, and Affection to his Mother, who will heare nothing, that may trench upon her honour, though deliver'd by his Kinsman, of such neerenesse, and thereby take occasion to extoll the Kings pietie, and their owne happinesse under such a King.

The third Act relates (by the occasion of a vision, the blind Earle of L. had) to the Kings Brother E. of Cornwall, the horror of their Fathers death, and the cunning making away of their Uncle, the Earle of K. by Mortimers hired practise.

The Chorus of Countrey Justices, and their Wives, telling how they were deluded, and made beleeve, the old King liv'd, by the shew of him in Corfe Castle; and how they saw him eat, and use his knife, like the old King, &c. with the description of the feigned Lights, and Masques there, that deceiv'd hem, all which came from the Court.

The fourth Act expresseth by conference betwene the K. and his Brother a change, and intention to explore the truth of those reports, and a charge of employing W. Montacute, to get the keyes of the Castle of Nott. into the K. power, and draw the Constable, Sir Rob. D'Eland, to their party.

Mortimers securitie, scorne of the Nobilitie, too much familiaritie with the Queene, related by the Chorus, the report of the Kings surprizing him in his Mothers bed-chamber, a generall gladnesse, his being sent to execution.

The fifth Act, the Earle of Lancasters following the crie, and meeting the report. The Celebration of the Kings Justise.

MOR.

MORTIMER

HIS FALL.

Act I.

MORTIMER:

THis Rife is made, yet! and we now stand, ranck'd;
To view about us, all that were above us!
Nought hinders now our prospect, all are even,
We walke upon a Levell. *Mortimer*
Is a great Lord of late, and a new thing! — *A Prince, an Earle, and*
At what a divers price, doe divers men *Cosin to the King.*
A& the same things! Another might have had
Perhaps the Hurdle, or at least the Axe,
For what I have this Crownet, Robes, and Waxe.
There is a Fate, that flies with tawring spirits
Home to the marke, and never checks at conscience.
Poore plodding Priests, and preaching Friars may make
Their hollow Pulpits, and the empty Iles
Of Churches ring with that round word: But wee
That draw the subtile, and more piercing ayre,
In that sublimed region of Court;
Know all is good, we make so, and goe on
Secur'd by the prosperity of our crimes.
To day, is *Mortimer* made Earle of *March*.
For what? For that, the very thinking it
Would make a Citizen start! some politique Tradesman
Curle with the Caution of a Constable!
But I, who am no common Councell man,
Knew, injuries of that darke nature done
Were to be thoroughly done, and not be left
To feare of a revenge. They are light offences
Which admit that. The great ones get above it.
Man doth not nurse a deadlier peece of follie
To his high temper, and brave foule, then that
Of fancying goodnesse, and a seale to live by
So differing from mans life. As if with Lyons,
Beares, Tigers, Wolves, and all those beasts of Prey;
He would affect to be a Sheepe! Can man

Neglect

Neglect what is, so, to attaine what should be,
 As rather he will call on his owne ruine;
 Then worke t' assure his safetie: I should thinke
 When 'mongst a world of bad, none can be good,
 (I meane so absolutely good, and perfect,
 As our religious Confessors would haue us)
 It is enough, we doe decline the rumour
 Of doing monstrous things: And, yet, if those
 Were of emolument, unto our ends,
 Even of those, the wiseman will make friends
 For all the brand, and safely doe the ill,
 As Usurers rob, or our Physicians kill.

ISABEL. MORTIMER.

My Lord! Sweet *Mortimer*! MOR. My Q. my Mistresse!
 My Soueraigne! nay, my Goddesse! and my *Juno*!
 What name, or title, as a marke of Power
 Upon me, should I give you? ISA. *Isabel*,
 Your *Isabel*, and you my *Mortimer*:
 Which are the markes of Paritie, not power
 And these are titles, best become our love.

MOR. Can you fall under those? ISA. Yes, and be happy.
 Walke forth, my lov'd, and gentle *Mortimer*,
 And let my longing eyes enjoy their feast,
 And fill of thee; my faire-shap'd, God-like man;
 Thou art a banquet unto all my Senses;
 Thy forme doth feast mine eye, thy voyce mine eare,
 Thy breath, my smell, thy every kisse my taste;
 And softnesse of thy skin, my very touch:
 As if I felt it dactile through my blood.
 I ne're was reconciled to these robes;
 This garbe of *England*, till I saw thee in them.
 Thou mak'st, they seeme not boistrous, nor rude,
 Like my rough haughty Lords *de Engle-terre*,
 With whom I have so many yeares beene troubled.

MOR. But now redeem'd, and set at libertie,
 Queene of your selfe, and them.

Hee dy'd, and left it unfinished.

HORACE,
HIS ART
OF

POETRIE

MADE ENGLISH

BY

BEN. JOHNSON

Printed M.DC.XL.

HORATIUS

DE ARTE

POETICA.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
 Fungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,
 Undiq; collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
 Desinas in piscem mulier formosa superne;
 Spectatum admisi risum teneatis, amici?
 Credite, Pisones, isti tabula fore librum
 Per similem; cuius, velut agri somnia, vana
 Pinguntur species, ut nec pes, nec caput, uni
 reddatur forma. Pictoribus, atq; Poëtis,
 Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aqua potestas.
 Scimus, & hanc veniam petimushq; damusq; vicissim;
 Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
 Serpentes avibus reminentur, tigribus agni.
 Incipit gravibus plerunq; & magna professu,
 Purpureus late qui splendeat unus & alter
 Assuitur pannus, cum lucus, & ara Dianæ,
 Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
 Sed nunc non eras hic locus: & fortasse cupressum
 Scis simulare, quid hoc, si fractis enata ex spes
 Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora capis
 Institui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exis?
 Deniq; sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat, & unum.

HORACE,

OF

THE ART

OF

POETRIE.

IF to a Womans head a Painter would
Set a Horse-neck, and divers feathers fold
On every limbe, ta'en from a severall creature,
Presenting upwards, a faire female feature,
Which in some swarthie fish uncomely ends:
Admitted to the sight, although his friends,
Could you containe your laughter? Credit mee,
This peece, my *Pis's*, and that booke agree,
Whose shapes, like sick-mens dreames, are fain'd so vaine,
As neither head, nor foot, one forme retaine,
But equall power, to Painter, and to Poet,
Of daring all, hath still beene given; we know it:
And both doe crave, and give againe, this leave.
Yet, not as therefore wild, and tame should cleave
Together: not that we should Serpents see
With Doves, or Lambes, with Tygres coupled be.

In grave beginnings, and great things profess,
Ye have oft-times, that may ore-shine the rest,
A Scarlet peece, or two, stich'd in: when or
Diana's Grove, or Altar, with the bor-
Dring Circles of swift waters that intwine
The pleasant grounds, or when the River *Rhine*,
Or Rainbow is describ'd. But here was now
No place for these. And, Painter, hap'ly, thou
Know'st only well to paint a *Cipresse* tree.
What's this? if he whole money hireth thee
To paint him, hath by swimming hopelesse scap'd,
The whole fleet wreck'd: a great jarre to be shap'd,
Was meant at first. Why forcing still about
Thy labouring wheele, comes scarce a *Pitcher* out.
In short, I bid, Let what thou work'st upon,
Be simply quite thoroughout, and wholly one.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, & iuvenes patre digni;
 Decipimur specie recti: Brevis esse laboro,
 Obscurus fio: Sectantem levia, nervi
 Deficiunt animiq; : professus grandia, targes:
 Serpis humi, tatus nimium, timidaq; procella.
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
 Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
 In vitium ducit culpa fuga, si caret arte.

Emilium circa ludum faber imus, & unguem
 Exprimes, & molleis imitabitur are capillos,
 Infelix operis summa: quia ponere totum
 Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
 Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso.
 Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroq; capillo.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aquam
 Viribus, & versate diu, quid ferre recensent,
 Quid valeant humeri, cui lecta potenter erit res,
 Nec facundia deserit hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
 Ordinis hac virtus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
 Pleraq; differat: & praesens in tempus omittat.
 Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis autor.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusaq; serendis,
 Dixeris egregie, notam si callida verbum
 Reddidit junctura novum. Si forsè necesse est,
 Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum;
 Fingere cinctus non enaudito Cethegis
 Continges, dabiturq; licentia, sumpta pudenter.
 Et nova fictaq; nuper habebant verba fidem, si
 Græco fonte cadant, parsè detorta. Quid autem
 Cæcilio, Plautoq; dabit Romanus, ademptum
 Virgilio, Varioque: ego cur acquirere paucæ
 Si possum, invidetur: cum lingua Catonis, & Enni
 Sermonem patrium disaruit: & nova rerum

Most Writers, noble Sire, and either Sonne,
Are, with the likenesse of the truth, undone.
My selfe for shortnesse labour, and I grow
Obscure. This striving to run smooth, and flow,
Hath neither soule, nor sinewes. Loftie he
Professing greatnesse, swells: That low by lee
Creepes on the ground; too safe, too afraid of storme.
This seeking, in a various kind, to forme
One thing, prodigiously, paints in the woods
A Dolphin, and a Boare amid' the floods.
So, shunning faults, to greater fault doth lead,
When in a wrong, and artlesse way we tread.
The worst of Statuaries, here about
Th' *Emilian* Schoole, in brasse can fashion out
The nailes; and every curled haired disclose,
But in the maine worke haplesse: since he knowes
Not to designe the whole. Should I aspire
To forme a worke, I would no more desire
To be that Smith, then live, mark'd one of those,
With faire black eyes, and haire; and a wry nose.

Take, therefore, you that write, still, matter fit
Unto your strength, and long examine it
Upon your Shoulders. Prove what they will beare,
And what they will not. Him whose choice doth reare
His matter to his power, in all he makes,
Nor language, nor cleere order ere forsakes.
The vertue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, shall be to place
Invention. Now, to speake; and then differ
Much, that mought now be spoke: omitted here
Till fitter season. Now, to like of this,
Lay that aside, the *Epicks* office is.

In using also of new words, to be
Right spare, and warie: then thou speak'st to mee
Most worthie praise, when words that common grew,
Are, by thy cunning placing, made meere new.
Yet, if by chance, in utt'ring things abstruse,
Thou need new termes; thou maist, without excuse,
Faine words, unheard of to the well-trust'd race
Of the *Cethegi*; And all men will grace,
And give, being taken modestly, this leave,
And those thy new, and late-coyn'd words receive,
So they fall gently from the *Grecian* spring,
And come not too much wrested. What's that thing,
A Roman to *Cecilius* will allow,
Or *Plautus*, and in *Virgil* disavow,
Or *Varius*? why am I now envid'f
If I can give some small increase: When, loe,
Cato's and *Ennius* tongues have lent much worth,
And wealth unto our language; and brought forth

Namina protulerit? Licuit, semperq; licetis,

Signatum praesente nota producere nomen;

Ut silvae foliis praeas montantur in annos.

Prima cadunt; ita verborum vetus interis aetas;

Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigetq;

Debemur morti nos, nostraq; suos, receptumque

Terræ Neptunus, classes Aquilonibus arces;

Regis opus, sterilisve diu palus, aptaq; remis

Vicinas urbes aliis, & grave sentio arduum

Seu cursum mutavi iniquum frugibus annus;

Doctus iter melius. Mortalia sunt peribula rerum;

Nedum sermonum steter honor, & gratia vixit.

Multa renascentur, quae jam cecidere, cadentq;

Quae nunc sunt in honore, vocabula, si volet usus;

Quem penes arbitrium est, & vis, & norma loquendi.

Res gesta regumq; ducumq; & tristia bella

Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.

Versibus impariter junctis, querimonia primum,

Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.

Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit, author,

Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub iudice lis est.

Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosq; Deorum,

Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,

Et juvenum curas, & libera vincta referre.

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambe.

Hanc socci capere pedem, grandesq; cothurni,

Alternis apaeum sermonibus, & populares

Vincemem strepitus, & natum rebus agendum,

Versibus exponi Tragicis res Comica non aude.

Indignatur item privati, ac propè socci

Dignis carminibus celebrari ceno Thyesta.

Singula quaq; locum teneant sortita decenter.

Descriptas servare vices operumq; solares,

Cur ego, si nequeo, ignoratq; Poëta salutar?

Cur nescire pudens praece, quam disscere malo?

Interdum tamen, & vixit Comedia tollit.

New names of things. It hath beene ever free,
And ever will, to utter termes that bee
Stamp'd to the time. As woods whose change appeares
Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding yeares,
The first-borne dying, so the aged state
Of words decay, and phrases borne but late
Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow.
Our selves, and all that's ours, to death we owe:
Whether the Sea receiv'd into the shore,
That from the North, the Navie safe doth store,
A kingly worke, or that long barren fen
Once rowable, but now doth nourish men
In neighbour-townes, and feelles the weightie plough;
Or the wilde river, who hath changed now
His course so hurtfull both to graine, and seedes,
Being taught a better way. *All mortall deeds*
shall perish: so farre off it is, the state,
Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting date.
Much phrase that now is dead, shall be reviv'd;
And much shall dye, that now is nobly liv'd;
If Custome please, at whose disposing will
The power, and rule of speaking resteth still.

The gests of Kings, great Captaines, and sad Warres;
What number best can fit, *Homer* declares.
In Verse unequall match'd, first sowre Laments,
After mens Wilhes, crown'd in their events
Were also clos'd: But, who the man should be,
That first sent forth the dapper Elegie,
All the Grammarians strive, and yet in Court
Before the Judge, it hangs, and waites report.

Unto the Lyrick Strings, the Muse gave grace
To chant the Gods, and all their God-like race,
The conqu'ring Champion, the prime Horse in course,
Fresh Lovers businesse, and the Wines free source:
Th' Iambick arm'd *Archilochus* to rave,
This foot the socks tooke up, and buskins grave,
As fit t' exchange discourse, a Verse to win
On popular noise with, and doe businesse in.

The Comick matter will not be exprest
In tragick Verse, no lesse *Thyestes* feast
Abhorres low numbers, and the private straine
Fit for the sock: Each subject should retaine
The place allotted it, with decent thewes.
If now the turnes, the colours, and right hues
Of Poëms here describ'd, I can, nor use,
Nor know t' observe: Why (if the Muses name)
Am I call'd Poët? wherefore with wrong shame,
Perversly modest, had I rather owe
To ignorance still, then either learne, or know.
Yet, sometime, doth the Comedie excite

Iratusq; Chremes timido delirigat ore,
 Et Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri
 Telephus, & Peleus, camp pauper, & exul uirg;
 Projicit ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba,
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.
 Non satis est pulchra esse poemata: dulcia sunt,
 Et quocunq; volent animum auditoris agunt.
 Ut ridentibus arident, ita stentibus adstent
 Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
 Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia ledent
 Telephe, vel Pelu. Male si mandata loqueris,
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. Tristia mæstum
 Vultum verba decet: iratum, plena minarum:
 Ludentem, lasciuia: severum, seria dictu.
 Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
 Fortunarum habitum: iuvat, aut impellit ad iram,
 Aut ad humum mærore gravi deducit, & angit.
 Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.
 Si dicentis erunt fortunæ abscondita,
 Romani tollent equites pediteq; cachinnum.
 Intererit multum, Davus ne loquatur, an heros:
 Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente iuventa
 Fervidus: an matrona potens, an sedula mæstræ:
 Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:
 Colchus, an Assyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis.
 Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
 Scriptor. Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
 Fura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
 Sit Medea ferox, invictaq; flebilis Ixo,
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.
 Si quid inexpertum scena committis, & audeas,
 Personam formare novam, seruetur ad imum
 Qualis ad incæpto pro cesserit, & sibi constet.

Her voyce, and angry *Chremes* chafes out-right
 With swelling throat : and, oft the tragick wight
 Complaines in humble phraſe. Both *Telephus*,
 And *Peleus*, if they ſeek to heart-ſtrike us
 That are Spectators, with their miſerie,
 When they are poore, and baniſh'd, muſt throw by
 Their bombard-phraſe, and foot-and-halfe-foot words:
 'T is not enough, th' elaborate Muſe affords
 Her Poem's beautie, but a ſweet delight
 To worke the hearers minds, ſtill, to their plight.
 Mens faces, ſtill, with ſuch a laugh, are prone
 To laughter; ſo they grieve with thoſe that mone.
 If thou woul'd'ſt have me weepe, be thou firſt drown'd
 Thy ſelfe in teares, then me thy loſſe will wound,
Peleus, or *Telephus*. If you ſpeake vile
 And ill-penn'd things, I ſhall, or ſleepe, or ſmile.
 Sad language fits ſad lookes; ſtuff'd menacings,
 The angry brow; the ſportive, wanton things;
 And the ſevere, ſpeech ever ſerious.
 For Nature, firſt within doth faſhion us
 To every ſtate of fortune; ſhe helpes on,
 Or urgeth us to anger; and anon
 With weightie ſorrow hurles us all along,
 And tortures us: and, after by the tongue
 Her truch-man, ſhe reports the minds each throw.
 If now the phraſe of him that ſpeakes, ſhall flow
 In ſound, quire from his fortune, both the rour,
 And Roman Gentry, ſearing, will laugh out.
 It much will differ, if a God ſpeake, than,
 Or an *Heroe*; If a ripe old man,
 Or ſome hot youth, yet in his flouriſhing courſe;
 Where ſome great Lady, or her diligent Nourſe;
 A ventring Merchant, or the Farmer free
 Of ſome ſmall thankfull land: whether he bee
 Of *Cholchis* borne; or in *Aſſyria* bred;
 Or, with the milke of *Thebes*, or *Argus*, fed.
 Or follow fame, thou that doſt write, or faine
 Things in themſelves agreeing: If againe
 Honour'd *Achilles* chance by thee be ſeiz'd,
 Keepe him ſtill active, angry, un-appeas'd,
 Sharpe, and condemning lawes, at him ſhould aime,
 Be nought ſo 'bove him but his ſword let claime.
Medea make brave with impetuous ſcorne;
Io bewaild, *Ixion* falſe, forſworne;
 Poore *Jo* wandring; wild *Oreſtes* mad:
 If ſomething ſtrange, that never yet was had
 Unto the Scene thou bringſt, and dar'ſt create
 A meere new perſon. Looke he keepe his ſtate
 Unto the laſt, as when he firſt went forth,
 Still to be like himſelfe, and hold his worth.

Difficile est propriè communia dicere, tuq;
 Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
 Quàm si proferres ignota, indictaq; primus.
 Publica materies privati juris erit, si
 Nec circa vilem, patulumq; moraberis orbem:
 Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
 Interpres: nec desilies imitator in artum,
 Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.
 Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim:
 Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum.
 Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?
 Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
 Quando rectius hic, qui nil molitur ineptè:
 Dic mihi Musa virum, captae posttempora Trojae,
 Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, & urbeis.
 Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
 Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
 Antiphaten, Scyllamq;, & cum Cyclope Charybdim
 Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.
 Semper ad eventum festinat, & in medias res,
 Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: & quæ
 Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.
 Atq; ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
 Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum.
 Tu quid ego, & populus mecum desideret, audi.
 Si plausoris eges aulae manentis, & usq;
 Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat,
 Aetatis cuiusq;, notandi sunt tibi mores,
 Mobilibusq; decor naturis dandus, & annis.
 Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo
 Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, & iram
 Colligit, ac ponit temerè, & mutatur in horas.
 Imberbis juvenis tandem custode remoto,
 Gaudet equis, canibusq;, & aprici gramine campi,
 Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,

'T is hard, to speake things common, properly:
 And thou maist better bring a *Rhapsody*
 Of *Homers*, forth in acts, then of thine owne,
 First publish things unspoken, and unknowne.
 Yet common matter thou thine owne maist make,
 If thou the vile, broad-troden ring forsake.
 For, being a Poet, thou maist teigne, create,
 Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,
 To render word for word: nor with thy sleight
 Of imitation, leape into a streight,
 From whence thy Modestie, or Poëmes law
 Forbids thee forth againe thy foot to draw.
 Nor so begin, as did that Circler late,
 I sing a noble Warre, and *Priam's* Fate.
 What doth this Promiser such gaping worth
 Afford? The Mountaines travail'd, and brought forth
 A scorned Mouse! O, how much better this,
 Who nought assaies unaptly, or amisse?
Speake to me, Muse, the Man, who after Troy was sack't,
Saw many Townes, and Men, and could their manners tract.
 Hee thinks not, how to give you smoake from light,
 But light from smoake; that he may draw his bright
 Wonders forth after: As *Antiphates*,
Scylla, *Charybdis*, *Polypheme*, with these.
 Nor from the brand, with which the life did burne
 Of *Meleager*, brings he the returne
 Of *Diomede*; nor *Troyes* sad Warre begins
 From the *two Egges*, that did disclose the twins.
 He ever hastens to the end, and so
 (As if he knew it) rapps his hearer to
 The middle of his matter: letting goe
 What he despaires, being handled, might not show.
 And so well faines, so mixeth cunningly
 Falshood with truth, as no man can elpie
 Where the midst differs from the first: or where
 The last doth from the midst dis-joyn'd appeare.
 Heare, what it is the People, and I desire:
 If such a ones applause thou dost require,
 That carries till the hangings be ta'en downe,
 And sits, till the *Epilogue* saies *Clap*, or *Crowne*:
 The customes of each age thou must observe,
 And give their yeares, and natures, as they swerve,
 Fit rites. The Child, that now knowes how to say,
 And can tread firme, longs with like lads to play;
 Soone angry, and soone pleas'd, is sweet, or lowre,
 He knowes not why, and changeth every houre.
 Th' unbearded Youth, his Guardian once being gone,
 Loves Dogges, and Horses, and is ever one
 I' the open field, Is Waxe like to be wrought
 To every vice, as hardly to be brought

*Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus aris,
Sublimis, cupidusq;, & amata relinquere pernix.*

*Conversis studiis etas, animusq;, virilis
Quarit opes, & amicitias: inservit honori;
Commisisse cavet, quod max mutare laboret.*

*Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda, vel quod
Quarit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti:
Vel quod res omneis timide gelideq;, ministrat;
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusq;, futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero: censor, castigatq;, minorum.*

*Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum:
Multa recedentes adimunt. ne forte seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroq;, viriles,
Semper in adjunctis, avoq;, morabimur aptis.*

*Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator, non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in scenam: multaq;, tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet:
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus:
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcumq;, ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

*Nève minor, quinto, neu sit productior actus
Fabula quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi.
Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.*

*Autoris parteis chorus, officiumq;, virile
Defendat, neu quid medios intercinat actus
Quod non proposito conducat, & hæreat aptè.
Ille bonis faveatq;, & concilietur amicè.
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes.*

To endure counsell: A Provider slow
For his owne good, a carelesse letter-goe
Of money, haughtie, to desire soon mov'd,
And then as swift to leave what he hath lov'd.

These studies alter now, in one, growne man;
His better'd mind seekes wealth, and friendship: than
Lookes after honours, and bewares to act
What straight-way he must labour to retract.

The old man many evils doe girt round;
Either because he seekes, and, having found,
Doth wretchedly the use of things forbear,
Or do's all businesse coldly, and with feare;
A great deferrer, long in hope, growne numbe
With sloth, yet greedy still of what's to come:
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times past, when he was a young lad;
And still correcting youth, and censuring.

Mans comming yeares much good with them doe bring
At his departing take much thence: left, then,
The parts of age to youth be given, or men
To children; we must alwayes dwell, and stay
In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.

The businesse either on the Stage is done,
Or acted told. But, ever, things that run
In at the eare, doe stirre the mind more slow
Then those the faithfull eyes take in by show,
And the beholder to himselte doth render:
Yet, to the Stage, at all thou maist not tender
Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the sight, which faire report will make
Present anone: *Medea* must not kill

Her Sonnes before the people, nor the ill-
Natur'd, and wicked *Atrous* Cooke, to th' eye,
His Nephews entrailles, nor must *Progne* flie
Into a Swallow there; Nor *Cadmus* take,
Upon the Stage, the figure of a Snake.

What so is showne, I not beleewe, and hate.

Nor must the Fable, that would hope the Fate
Once seene, to be againe call'd for, and plaid,
Have more or lesse then just five Acts: nor laid,
To have a God come in; except a knot
Worth his untying happen there: And not
Any fourth man, to speake at all, aspire.

An Actors parts, and Office too, the Quire
Must maintaine manly; not be heard to sing
Betweene the Acts, a quite cleane other thing
Then to the purpose leades, and fitly grees.
It still must favour good men, and to these
Be wonne a friend; It must both sway, and bend
The angry, and love those that feare to offend.

Ille dapetis laudet mensa brevis ille salubrem
 Fustitiam, legesq; & apertis oia portis.
 Ille tegat commissa, Deosq; precetur, & oret,
 Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vineta, tubaq;
 Æmula, sed tenuis, simplex foramine paucò
 Aspirare, & adesse choris erat utilis, atque
 Nondùm spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu.

Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
 Et frangi, castusq; verecundusq; coibat.

Postquam cepit agros extendere victor, & urbem
 Latior amplecti murus, Vinoq; diurno,

Placari Genius festis impunè diebus,
 Accessit numerisq; modisq; licentia major.

Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberq; laborum,
 Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?

Sic prisca motumq; & luxuriam addidit arti
 Tibicen, traxitq; vagus per pulpita vestem.

Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
 Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia praeceps:

Utiliumq; sagax rerum, & divina futuri
 Sortilegis non discrepans sententia Delphis.

Ignotum Tragica genus invenisse Camæna
 Dicitur, & plaustriis vexisse poemata Thespis,

Qua canerent agerentq; peruncti facibus ora.
 Post hunc persona pallaq; repertior honesta

Æschylus, & modicis instravit pulpita tignis;
 Et docuit magnumq; loqui nitiq; cothurno.

Carmine qui Tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
 Mox etiam agresteis Satyros nudavit, & asper

Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eo quòd
 Illecebris erat, & gratà novitate morandus

Spectator, functusq; sacris, & potus, & exlex.
 Verùm ita risores, ita commendare dicaces

Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria ludò:
 Ne, quicumq; Deus, quicumq; adhibebitur Heros,

Praise the spare diet, wholesome justice, lawes,
Peace, and the open ports, that peace dorth cause
Hide faults, pray to the Gods, and wish aloud
Fortune would love the poore, and leave the proud.

The Hau'-boy, not as now with latten bound,
And rivall with the Trumpet for his sound,
But soft, and simple, at few holes breath'd time
And tune too, fitted to the *Chorus* rime,
As loud enough to fill the seates, not yet
So over-thick, but, where the people met,
They might with ease be numbred, being a few
Chaste, thriftie, modest folke, that came to view.
But, as they conquer'd, and enlarg'd their bound,
That wider Walls embrac'd their Citie round,
And they uncensur'd might at Feasts, and Playes
Steep the glad *Genius* in the Wine, whole dayes,
Both in their tunes, the licence greater grew,
And in their numbers, For, alas, what knew
The Ideot, keeping holy-day, or drudge,
Clowne, Towns-man, base, and noble, mix'd, to judge?
Thus, to his antient Art the Piper lent
Gesture, and riot, whilst he swooping went
In his train'd Gowne about the Stage: So grew
In time to Tragedie, a Musicke new.
The rash, and head-long eloquence brought forth
Unwonted language; And that sense of worth
That found out profit, and foretold each thing
Now differ'd not from *Delphick* riddling.

Thespis is said to be the first found out
The Tragedie, and carried it about,
Till then unknowne, in Carts, wherein did ride
Those that did sing, and act: their faces dy'd
With lees of Wine. Next *Eschylus*, more late
Brought in the Visor, and the robe of State,
Built a small timbred Stage, and taught them talke
Loftie, and grave; and in the buskin stalke.
Hee too, that did in Tragick Verse contend,
For the vile Goat, soone after, forth did send
The rough rude Satyres naked; and would try,
Though sower, with safetie of his gravitie.
How he could jest, because he mark'd and saw
The free spectators, subject to no Law,
Having well eat, and drunke: the rites being done,
Were to be staid with softnesses, and wonne
With something that was acceptably new.
Yet so the scoffing Satyres to mens view,
And so their prating to present was best,
And so to turne all earnest into jest,
As neither any God, were brought in there,
Or Semi-god, that late was seene to weare

*Regali conspectus in auro nuper, & ostro,
Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas;
Aut, dum visat humum, nubeis, & inania captet.*

*Effutire leueis indigna Tragediâ versus:
Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda proteruis.*

*Non ego inornata, & dominantia nomina solum,
Verbaq; Pifones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo:
Nec sic enitar Tragico differre colori
Ut nihil intersit, Davusne loquatur, an audax
Pythias emuncto lacrata Simone talentum;
An custos, fumulusq; dei Silenus alumni.*

*Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi quisvis
Speret idem: sudet multum frustra, laboret.
Ausus idem: tantum series juncturaq; pollet:
Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.
Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosaq; dicta.
Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, & pater, & res:
Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat, & nucis emptor,
Aequis accipiunt animis, donant ve corona.*

*Succesit vetus his Comædia non sine multa
Laude, sed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam lege regi. Lex est accepta, chorusq;
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.*

*Syllaba longa brevi subjecta, vocatur Iambus
Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere iussit
Nomen Iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,
Primus ad extremum similis sibi: non ita pridem
Tardior ut paulo graviorq; veniret ad aureis,
Spondcos stabiles in iura paterna recepit
Commodus, & patiens: non ut de sede secunda
Cederet, aut quarta socialiter. his & in Acci
Nobilibus trimetris appareat rarus: & Enni.*

A royall Crowne, and purple, be made hop
 With poore base termes, through every baser shop:
 Or whilst he shuns the Earth, to catch at Aire
 And emptie Clowdes. For Tragedie is faire,
 And farre unworthy to blurt out light rimes;
 But, as a Matrone drawne at solemne times
 To Dance, so she should, shamefac'd, differ farre
 From what th' obscene, and petulant Satyres are.

Nor I, when I write Satyres, will so love
 Plaine phrased, my *Piso's*, as alone I approve
 Meere raigning words: nor will I labour so
 Quite from all face of Tragedie to goe,
 As not make difference, whether *Davus* speake,
 And the bold *Pythias*, having cheated weake
Simo, and, of a talent wip'd his purse;
 Or old *Silenus*, *Bacchus* guard, and Nurse.

I can out of knowne geare, a fable frame,
 And so, as every man may hope the same;
 Yet he that offers at it, may sweat much,
 And toile in vaine: the excellence is such
 Of Order, and Connexion, so much grace
 There comes sometimes to things of meanest place.
 But, let the *Fannes*, drawne from their Groves, beware.
 Be I their Judge, they doe at no time dare
 Like men street-borne, and neere the Hall, reherse
 Their youthfull tricks in over-wanton verse:
 Or crack out bawdie speeches, and uncleane.
 The Roman Gentrie, Men of Birth, and Meane
 Will take offence, at this. Nor, though it strike
 Him that buyes chiches blanch't, or chance to like
 The nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
 Receive, or give it an applause, the more.
 To these succeeded the old Comedie,
 And not without much praise; till libertie
 Fell into fault so farre, as now they saw
 Her licence fit to be restrain'd by law,
 Which law receiv'd, the *Chorus* held his peace,
 His power of foulely hurting made to cease.

Two rest's, a short and long, th' *Iambick* frame;
 A foot, whose swiftnesse gave the Verse the name
 Of *Trimeter*, when yet it was sixe-pac'd,
 But meere *Iambicks* all, from first to last.
 Nor is't long since, they did with patience take
 Into their birth-right, and for fittnesse sake,
 The steadie *Spondees*; so themselves doe beare
 More slow, and come more weightie to the eare:
 Provided, ne're to yeeld, in any case
 Of fellowship, the fourth, or second place.
 This foot yet, in the famous *Trimeters*
 Of *Accius*, and *Ennius*, rare appears:

*In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus,
 Aut opera celeris nimium, curaq; carentis,
 Aut ignorata premit artis crimine turpi:
 Non quisvis videt immodulata poemata iudex.
 Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis,
 Idcircone vager, scribamq; licenter? an omneis
 Visuros peccata putem mea? intus, & intra
 Spem venia cautus? vitavi deniq; culpam,
 Non laudem merni. Vos exemplaria Græca
 Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*

*At nostri proavi Plautinos, & numeros, &
 Laudare saleis: nimium patienter utrunque,
 Ne dicam stultè, mirati, si modò ego, & vos
 Scimus inurbanum lepidò seponere dicto,
 Legitimumq; sonum digitis callemus, & aure.*

*Nil intentatum nostri liquere poeta,
 Nec minimum mernere decus, vestigia Græca
 Ausi deserere, & celebrare domestica facta:
 Vel qui Prætextas, vel qui docuere Togatas.*

*Nec virtute foret, clarisve potentius armis,
 Quàm linguâ, Latiam, si non offenderet unum-
 Quemq; poetarum lima labor, & mora. Vos ò
 Pompilius sanguis carmen reprehendite, quod non
 Multa dies, & multa litura coercuit, atq;
 Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.*

*Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
 Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone poetas
 Democritus, bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
 Non barbam, secreta petit loca, balnea vitas.
 Nanciscetur enim pretium, nomenq; poeta,
 Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
 Tonsoi Lycino commiseris. O ego larvis,
 Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam.
 Non alius faceret meliora poemata, verùm,
 Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice totis, acutum*

So rare, as with some ~~taxe~~ it doth ingage
Those heavie Verses sent so to the Stage,
Of too much haste, and negligence in part,
Or a worse Crime, the ignorance of art.
But every Judge hath not the facultie
To note in Poëmes, breach of harmonie;
And there is given too, unworthy leave
To Roman Poëts. Shall I therefore weave
My Verse at randome, and licentiously?
Or rather, thinking all my faults may spie,
Grow a safe Writer, and be warie-driven
Within the hope of having all forgiven.
’T is cleare, this way I have got off from blame,
But, in conclusion, merited no fame.

Take you the Greeke Examples, for your light,
In hand, and turne them over day, and night.
Our Ancestors did *Plantus* numbers praise,
And jests, and both to admiration raise
Too patiently, that I not fondly say;
If either you, or I, know the right way
To part scurrilitie from wit: or can
A lawfull Verse, by th’ eare, or finger scan.

Our Poëts, too, left nought unproved here;
Nor did they merit the lesse Crowne to weare,
In daring to forsake the *Grecian* tracts,
And celebrating our owne home-borne facts;
Whether the guarded *Tragedie* they wrought,
Or ’t were the gowned *Comædy* they taught.

Nor had our *Italie* more glorious bin
In vertue, and renowne of armes, then in
Her language, if the Stay, and Care t’ have mended,
Had not our every Poët like offended.
But you, *Pompilius* off-spring, spare you not
To taxe that Verse, which many a day, and blot
Have not kept in; and (lest perfection faile)
Not ten times o’ re, corrected to the naile.

Because *Democritus* beleeves a wit
Happier then wretched art, and doth, by it,
Exclude all sober Poëts, from their share
In *Helicon*; a great sort will not pare
Their nailes, nor shave their beards, but to by-paths
Retire themselves, avoid the publike baths;
For so, they shall not only gaine the worth,
But fame of Poëts, they thinke, if they come forth,
And from the Barber *Licinus* conceale
Their heads, which three *Anticyra*’s cannot heale.
O I left-witted, that purge every spring
For choller! If I did not, who could bring
Out better Poëms? But I cannot buy
My title, at the rate, I’ ad rather, I,

Reddere qua ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.
 Munus & officium nil scribens ipse docebo;
 Unde parentur opes: quid alas formeisq; Poëtam:
 Quid deceat, quid non: quò virtus, quò ferat error.
 Scribendi rectè, sapere, est & principium & fons.
 Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere charta:
 Verbaq; provisam rem non invita sequentur.
 Qui didicit, patria quid debeat, & quid amicis:
 Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hospes:
 Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium: qua
 Partes in bellum missi ducis: ille profectò
 Reddere persona scit convenientia cuiq;.
 Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumq; jubebo
 Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.
 Interdum speciosa locus, morataq; rectè
 Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere, & arte,
 Valdius oblectat populum, meliusq; moratur,
 Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæq; canora.
 Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
 Musa loqui, præter laudem, nullius avaris.
 Romani pueri longis rationibus affem
 Discunt in partem centum diducere. Dicat
 Filius Albini, Si de quincunce remota est
 Uncia, quid superat? poterat dixisse triens. en,
 Rem poteris servare tuam. redit uncia: quid sit?
 semis. ad hæc animos ærugo, & cura peculi,
 Cum semel imbueris, speramus carmina fingi
 Posse linenda cedro, & levi servanda cupresso?
 Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poeta,
 Aut summi & jucunda, & idonea dicere vita.
 Silvestres homines sacer, interpretq; Deorum,
 Cadibus & victu sacro deterruit Orpheus,
 Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rapidasq; leones.

Be like a Whet-stone, that an edge can put
On Steele, though 't selfe be dull, and cannot cut.
I writing nought my selfe, will teach them yet
Their Charge, and Office, whence their wealth to get,
What nourisheth, what formed, what begot
The Poët, what becommeth, and what not:
Whether truth may, and whether error bring.

The very root of writing well, and spring
Is to be wise, thy matter first to know;
Which the *Socratick* writings best can show:
And, where the matter is provided still,
There words will follow, not against their will.
Hee, that hath studied well the debt, and knowes
What to his Countrey, what his friends he owes,
What height of love, a Parent will fit best,
What brethren, what a stranger, and his guest,
Can tell a States-mans dutie, what the arts
And office of a Judge are, what the parts
Of a brave Chiefe sent to the warres: He can,
Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
And I still bid the learned Maker looke,
On life, and manners, and make those his booke,
Thence draw forth true expressions. For, sometimes,
A Poëme, of no grace, weight, art, in rimes
With specious places, and being humour'd right,
More strongly takes the people with delight,
And better stayes them there, then all fine noise
Of verse meere-matter-lesse, and tinckling toies.

The Muse not only gave the *Greeks* a wit
But a well-compass'd mouth to utter it.
Being men were covetous of nought, but praise;
Our Roman Youths they learne the subtle wayes
How to divide, into a hundred parts,
A pound, or piece, by their long computing arts:
There's *Albin's* sonne will say, Subtract an ounce
From the five ounces; what remains? pronounce
A third of twelve, you may: foure ounces. Glad,
He cries, Good boy, thou'lt keepe thine owne. Now, adde
An ownc, what makes it then? The halfe pound just;
Sixe ounces. O, whence once the canker'd rust,
And care of getting, thus, our minds hath stain'd,
Thinke wee, or hope, there can be Verses fain'd
In juyce of Cedar, worthy to be steep'd,
And in smooth *Cypresse* boxes to be keep'd:
Poëts would either profit, or delight,
Or mixing sweet, and fit, teach life the right.
Orpheus, and priest, a speaker for the Gods
First frighted men, and wildly liv'd, at odds,
From slaughters, and foule life, and for the same
Was Tigers, said, and Lyons fierce, to tame.

*Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis
Saxo movere sono testudinis, & prece blanda
Docere quo vellet. Fuit hac sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis,
Concubitu prohibere vago: dare jura maritis,
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.*

*Sic honor, & nomen divinis vatibus, atq;
Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus,
Tyrtæusq; mares animos in tristia bella
Versibus exacuit. dicta per carmina sortes,
Et vita monstrata via est, & gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis, ludusq; repertus,
Et longorum operum finis. ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyra solers, & cantor Apollo.*

*Quicquid præcipies esto brevis: ut citò dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantq; fideles.
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.*

*Ficta, voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris.
Nec quodcunq; volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:
Nec prænse Lamiae vivum puerum extrahat alvo.
Centuria seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætercunt austera poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterq; monendo.
Hic meret ara liber Sotii: hic & mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.*

*Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus.
Nam neq; chorda sonum reddit, quem vult manus & mens;
Poscentiq; gravem, persaperemittit acutum:
Nec semper feriet, quodcunq; minabitur arcus.
Verum ubi plura nitenti in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas ant incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo?
Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usq;
Quamvis est monitus, venia caret & citharædus
Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:*

Amphion, too, that built the *Theban* towres,
Was said to move the stones, by his Lutes powers,
And lead them with soft songs, where that he would.
This was the wisdome, that they had of old,
Things sacred, from profane to separte;
The publike, from the private; to abate
Wild raging lusts; prescribe the mariage good;
Build Townes, and crave the Lawes in leaves of wood.
And thus at first, an honour, and a name
To divine Poëts, and their Verses came.
Next these great *Homer* and *Tyrtæus* set
On edge the Masculine spirits, and did whet
Their minds to Warres, with rimes they did rehearse;
The Oracles, too, were given out in Verse;
All way of life was shewen; the grace of Kings
Attempted by the Muses tunes, and strings;
Playes were found out; and rest, the end, and crowne
Of their long labours, was in Verse set downe:
All which I tell, lest when *Apollo's* nam'd,
Or *Muse*, upon the Lyre, thou chance b' asham'd.

Be brieft, in what thou wouldst command, that so
The docile mind may soonethy precepts know,
And hold them faithfully; For nothing rests,
But flowes out, that ore-swelleth in full breasts.

Let what thou fain'st for pleasures sake, be neere
The truth; nor let thy Fable thinke, what e're
It would, must be: lest it alive would draw
The Child, when *Lamia*'s din'd, out of her maw.
The Poëms void of profit, our grave men
Cast out by voyces; want they pleasure, then
Our Gallants give them none, but passe them by:
But he hath every suffrage can apply
Sweet mix'd with sowre, to his Reader, so
As doctrine, and delight together go.
This booke will get the *Sofist* money; This
Will passe the Seas, and long as nature is,
With honour make the farre-knowne Author live.

There are yet faults, which we would well forgive;
For, neither doth the String still yeeld that sound
The hand, and mind would; but it will resound
Of times a Sharpe, when we require a Flat:
Nor alwayes doth the loosed Bow, hit that
Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where I see
Much in the Poëme shine, I will not bee
Offended with few spots, which negligence
Hath shed, or humane frailtie not kept thence.
How then? Why, as a Scrivener, if h' offend
Still in the same, and warned will not mend,
Deserves no pardon; or who'd play, and sing
Is laugh'd at, that still jarreth on one string:

*Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Cherilus ille,
Quem bis terq. bonum cum risu miror, & idem
Indignor. quandoq. bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.*

*Ut pictura, poësis erit: quæ, si proprius stes;
Te capiet magis, & quædam, si longius abses.
Hæc amat obscurum: volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
Hæc placuit semel: hæc decies repetita placebit.*

*O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paterna
Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium, & tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi. consultus juris, & actor
Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disertis
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cacellius Aulus:
Sed tamen in pretio est. Mediocribus esse poëtis
Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columna.*

*Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver,
Offendunt; poterat duci quia cæna sine istis:
Sic animis natum inventumq. poema juvandis,
Si paulum summo discessit, vergit ad imum.*

*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indotusq. pila, discive, trochive, quiescit,
Ne spissæ risam tollant impune corona.*

*Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere: quid mi?
Liber, & ingenius, præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioq. remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invitâ dices, faciesq. Minervâ.
Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens, si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metii descendat iudicis aures,
Et patris, & nostras, nonumq. prematur in annum.
Membranis intus positis delere licebit,
Quod non adideris. Nescit vox missa reverti.*

*Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quasitum est. ego nec studium sine divite vena,*

So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
A *Charilus*, in whom if I but see
Twice, or thrice good, I wonder: but am more
Angry. Sometimes, I heare good *Homer* snore.
But, I confesse, that, in a long worke, sleepe
May, with some right, upon an Author creepe.

As Painting, so is Poësie. Some mans hand
Will take you more, the nearer that you stand;
As some the farther off: This loves the darke;
This, fearing not the subtillest Judges marke
Will in the light be view'd: This once, the sight
Doth please; this, ten times over, will delight.

You Sir, the elder brother, though you are
Informed rightly, by your Fathers care,
And, of your selfe too, understand, yet mind
This saying: To some things there is assign'd
A meane, and toleration, which does well:
There may a Lawyer be, may not excell;
Or Pleader at the Barre, that may come short
Of eloquent *Messalla's* power in Court,
Or knowes not what *Cassellius Aulus* can;
Yet, there's a value given to this man.
But neither, Men, nor Gods, nor Pillars meant,
Poëts should ever be indifferent.

As jarring Musique doth, at jolly feasts,
Or thick grosse ointment, but offend the Guests:
As Poppie, and *Sardane* honey; 'cause without
These, the free meale might have beene well drawne out:
So, any Poëme, fancied, or forth-brought
To bettring of the mind of man, in ought,
If ne're so little it depart the first,
And highest; sinketh to the lowest, and worst.

Hee, that not knowes the games, nor how to use
His armes in *Mars*; his field, he doth refuse;
Or, who's unskilfull at the Coit, or Ball,
Or trundling Wheele, he can sit still, from all;
Left the throng'd heapes should on a laughter take:
Yet who's most ignorant, dares Verses make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free-borne, doe hate
Vice, and, am knowne to have a Knights estate.
Thou, such thy judgement is, thy knowledge too,
Wilt nothing against nature speake, or doe:
But, if hereafter thou shalt write, not feare
To send it to be judg'd by *Metius* eare,
And, to your Fathers, and to mine; though 't be
Nine yeares kept in, your papers by, yo'are free
To change, and mend, what you not forth doe set.
The Writ, once out, never returned yet.

'Tis now inquir'd, which makes the nobler Verse,
Nature, or Art. My Judgement will not pierce

*Nec rude quid profit video ingenium; alacris sic
Alicui poscit opem res, & conjurat amice.*

*Qui studet aptatam cursu contingere metam
Multatulus fecitq; puer: sudavit, & alfit,
Abstulit Venere, & vino: qui Pythica cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitq; magistrum.
Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira Poëmata pango:
Occupet extremum scabies, mihi turper elinqui est,
Et quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri.*

*Ut præco ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,
Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poëta
Dives agris, dives positus in fœnore nummis.
Si verò est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit,
Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere auris
Litibus implicitum; mirabor, si sciet inter-
Noscere mendacem verumq; beatus amicum.
Tu sen donaris, seu quid donare voles eni,
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
Latitiæ. clamabit enim, Pulchrè, benè, rectè;
Pallefcit super his: etiam stillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem, saliet, tundet pede terram.
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt,
Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo: sic
Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.*

*Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,
An sit amicitia dignus. si carmina condas,
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.*

*Quintilio, si quid recitares, corrige, sodes,
Hoc aiebat, & hoc. melius te posse negares,
Bis, terq; expertum frustra; delere jubebat,
Et malè tortosos incudi reddere versus:
Si defendere delictum, quàm vertere malles,
Nulla ultra verbum, aut operam sumebat inanem,
Quin sine rivali terq; & tua solus amares.*

Into the Profits, what a meere rude braine
Can; or all toile, without a wealthie veine:
So doth the one, the others helpe require,
And friendly should unto one end conspire.

Hee, that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wished goale, both did, and suffer'd much
While he was young; he sweat; and freez'd againe:
And both from Wine, and Women did abstaine.
Who, since, to sing the *Pythian* rites is heard,
Did learne them first, and once a Master fear'd.
But, now, it is enough to say; I make
An admirable Verse. The great Scurfe take
Him that is last, I scorne to come behind,
Or, of the things, that ne're came in my mind
To say, I'm ignorant. Just as a Crier
That to the sale of Wares calls every Buyer;
So doth the Poet, who is rich in land,
Or great in money's out at use, command
His flatterers to their gaine. But say, he can
Make a great Supper; or for some poore man
Will be a suretie; or can helpe him out
Of an entangling suit, and bring 't about:
I wonder how this happie man should know,
Whether his soothing friend speake truth, or no.
But you, my *Pis*, carefully beware,
(Whether yo' are given to, or giver are.)
You doe not bring, to judge your Verses, one,
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For hee'll cry, *Good, brave, better, excellent!*
Looke pale, distill a showre (was never meant)
Out at his friendly eyes, leape, beat the groun'
As those that hir'd to weepe at Funeralls, swoune,
Cry, and doe more then the true Mourners: so
The Scoffer, the true Praiser doth out-goe.

Rich men are said with many cups to plie,
And rack, with Wine, the man whom they would try,
If of their friendship he be worthy, or no:
When you write Verses, with your judge do so:
Looke through him, and be sure, you take not mocks
For praises, where the mind conceales a foxe.

If to *Quintilius*, you recited ought:
Hee'd say, Mend this, good friend, and this; 'T is naught.
If you denied, you had no better straine,
And twice, or thrice had 'ssayd it, still in vaine:
Hee'd bid, blot all: and to the anvile bring
Those ill-torn'd Verses, to new hammering.
Then: If your fault you rather had defend
Then change. No word, or worke, more would he spend
In vaine, but you, and yours, you should love still
Alone, without a rivall, by his will.

Vir bonus & prudens, versus reprehendis in ore,
Culpabis duos, incompitis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum, ambitiosa recides
Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget :
Arguet ambiguum dictum, mutanda notabis :
Fiet Aristarchus, nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis ? ha nuga seria ducent
In mala, semel derisum, exceptumq, sinistrè.

Ut mala quam scabies, aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,
Vesantum tetigisse timent fugiuntq, Poetas
Qui sapiunt : agitant pueri, incantq, sequuntur.
Hic, dum sublimeis versus ructatur, & errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit anceps
In puteum, foveamve, licet succurrite longum
Clamet Iò cives, non sit qui tollere curet.
Si quis curet opem ferre, & demittere funem,
Quis scis, an prudens huc se deiecerit, atq,
Servari nolis ? dicam, Siculiq, Poeta
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Aetna
Insiluit. Sis ius, liceatq, perire Poeta.
Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec semel hoc fecit : nec si restructus eris, jam
Fiet homo : & ponet famosa mortis amorem.

Nec satis apparet, cur versus factiset : atrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidens
Moverit incestus : cerè furit, ac, velut ursus,
Objectos cavea valuit si frangere clathros
Indoctum, doctumq, fugat recitator acerbis.
Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditq, legendo,
Non missura cuncta nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

A wife, and honest man will cry out shame
On artlesse Verse; the hard ones he will blame;
Blot out the carelesse, with his turned pen;
Cut off superfluous ornaments; and when
They're darke, bid cleare this: all that's doubtfull wrote
Reprove; and, what is to be changed, note:
Become an *Aristarchus*. And, not say,
Why should I grieve my friend, this trifling way?
These trifles into serious mischiefs lead
The man once mock'd, and suffer'd wrong to tread.

Wife, sober folke, a frantick Poet feare,
And shun to touch him, as a man that were
Infected with the Leprosie, or had
The yellow Jaundies, or were furious mad
According to the Moone. But, then the boyes
They vex, and follow him with shouts, and noise,
The while he belcherth loftie Verses out,
And stalketh, like a Fowler, round about,
Busie to catch a Black-bird; if he fall
Into a pit, or hole; although he call,
And cry aloud, Helpe gentle Countrey-men,
There's none will take the care, to helpe him then;
For, if one should, and with a rope make haste
To let it downe, who knowes, if he did cast
Himselfe there purposely, or no; and would
Not thence be sav'd, although indeed he could?
I'll tell you but the death, and the disease
Of the Sicilian Poët *Empedocles*,
Hee, while he labour'd to be thought a God
Immortall, tooke a melancholique, odde
Concept, and into burning *Aetna* leap'd.
Let Poëts perish, that will not be kept,
Hee that preserves a man, against his will,
Doth the same thing with him, that would him kill.
Nor did he doe this once; for if you can
Recall him yet, hee'd be no more a man:
Or love of this so famous death lay by.

• His cause of making Verses none knowes why
Whether he piss'd upon his Fathers grave;
Or the sad thunder-stricken thing he have
Defiled, touch'd; but certaine he was mad,
And, as a Beare, if he the strength but had
To force the grates, that hold him in, would fright
All, So this grievous Writer puts to flight
Learn'd and unlearn'd; holding, whom once he takes;
And, there an end of him, reciting makes:
Not letting goe his hold, where he drawes food,
Till he drop off, a Horse-leech, full of blood.

[illegible]

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

MADE

BY

BEN. JOHNSON.

For the benefit of all Strangers, out of his observation of the English Language now spoken, and in use.

*Consuetudo, certissima loquendi Magistra, utendumq;
planè sermone, ut nummo, cui publica
forma est. Quint.*

Printed M.DC.XL.

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR

MADE

BY

W. J. L. J. J. J.

For the benefit of all students; out of his own
version of the English language now
spoken and written.

*Non obstant ha discipline per illas omnibus sed circa illas
harentibus. Quint.*

*Major adhuc restat labor, sed sanè sit cum venià, si gratià
carebis: Boni enim artificis partes sunt, quàm paucissi-
ma possit omittere.*

Scalig. lib. i. c. 25.

Neg. enim optimi artificis est, omnia persequi.
Gallenus.

Expedire Grammatico, etia n, si quadam nesciat.
Quintil.

THE PREFACE.

THe profit of *Grammar* is great to Strangers, who are to live in communion, and commerce with us; and, it is honourable to our selves. For, by it we communicate all our labours, studies, profits, without an Interpreter.

Wee free our Language from the opinion of Rudenesse, and Barbarisme, wherewith it is mistaken to be diseas'd; We shew the Copie of it, and Matchablenesse, with other tongues; we ripen the wits of our owne Children, and Youth sooner by it, and advance their knowledge.

Confusion of Language, a Curse.

Experience breedeth Art: Lacke of Experience, Chance.

Experience, Observation, Sense, Induction, are the fower Tryers of Arts. It is ridiculous to teach any thing for undoubted Truth, that Sense, and Experience, can confute. So *Zeno* disputing of *Quies*, was confuted by *Diogenes*, rising up and walking.

In Grammer, not so much the Invention, as the Disposition is to be commended: Yet we must remember, that the most excellent creatures are not ever borne perfect; to leave Beares, and Whelps, and other failings of Nature.

Iul. Cæsar Scaliger. de caus. ling. Lat.

Grammatici unus finis est rectè loqui. Neq̃, necesse habet scribere. Accidit enim Scriptura voci, neq̃, aliter scribere debemus, quàm loquamur.

Ramus in definit, pag. 30.

Grammatica est ars bene loquendi.

(b) *Peteres, ut Varro, Cicero, Quinctilianus, Etymologiam in notatione vocum statuere.*

(c) *Dictiōis natura prior est, posterior orationis. Ex usu veterum Latinorum, Vox, pro dictiōe scripta accipitur: quoniam vox esse possit. Est articulata, qua scripto excipi, atq̃, exprimi valeat: inarticulata, qua non. Articulata vox dicitur, quæ genus humanum utitur distinctim, à cæteris animalibus, quæ muta vocantur: non, quod sonum non edant; sed quia soni eorū nullis exprimantur propriè Literarum notis.*

Smithus de recta, & amend. L. Latin. script.

(d) *Syllaba est elementum sub accentu. Scalig. lib. 2.*

(e) *Litera est pars dictiōis indivisibilis. Nam, quamquam sunt literæ quædam duplices, una tamen tantum litera est, sibi quæq̃, sonum unum certum servans, Scalig.*

Et Smithus, ibid. Litera pars minima vocis articulata.

(f) *Natura literæ tribus modis intelligitur; nomine, quo pronunciatur; potestate, quæ valet; figurâ, quæ scribitur. At potestas est sonus ille, quo pronuntiarî, quem etiam figura debet imitari, ut his Prosodiam, Orthographia sequatur. Asper.*

(g) *Prosodia autem, & Orthographia partes non sunt; sed, ut sanguis, & spiritus per corpus univèrsū fusa. Scal. ut suprâ. Ramus, pag. 31.*

(h) *Litera, à lineando; unde, linere, lineatura, litera, & litura. Neq̃, enim à lituris litera quia deleantur; prius enim factæ, quàm deletæ sunt. At forma potius, atq̃, ratio, rationem, quàm interitū, habemus. Scal. ibid.*

(i) *Litera genus quoddam est, cujus species primaria duæ, vocalis, & Consonans, quarum natura, & constitutio non potest percipi, nisi prius cognoscantur differentia formales, quibus factum est, ut inter se non convenirent. Scal. ibid.*

Litera differentia generica est potestas, quam nimis rudi consilio veteres, Accidens appellarunt. Est enim forma quædam ipse flexus in voce, quasi in materia, propter quem flexum fit, ut vocalis per se possit pronunciari: Muta, non possit. Figura autem est accidens ab arte institutum, potestq̃, attributa mutari. Iul. Cæsar. Scal. ibidem. De vi, ac potestate literarum tum accurate scripserunt Antiqui, quàm de quâvis aliâ suæ professionis parte. Elaborarunt in hoc argumento Varro, Priscianus, Appion, ille, qui cymbalum dicebatur mundi: & inter rhetores non postremi iudicii, Dionysius Halicarnassæus, Caius quoq̃, Cæsar, & Octavius Augustus. Smith, ibid.

(l) *Literæ, quæ per seipsas possint pronunciari, vocales sunt; quæ non, nisi cum aliis, consonantes.*

Vocalium nomina simplici sono, nec differente, à potestate proferantur.

Consonantes, additis vocalibus, quibusdam præpositis, aliis postpositis.

(m) *Ex consonantibus, quorum nomen incipit à Consonante, Mutæ sunt; quarum à vocali, semivocales: Mutæ non inde appellatæ, quod parum sonarent, sed quod nihil.*

(n) *Omnes*

CHAPTER I.

Of Grammar, and the Parts.

(a) **G**rammar is the art of true, and well speaking a Language: the writing is but an Accident.

The parts of Grammar are

(b) *Etymologie,* } which is { the true notation of words.
Syntaxe, } { the right ordering of them.

(c) A *Word*, is a part of speech, or note, whereby a thing is knowne, or called: and consisteth of one, or more *Syllables*.

(d) A *Syllabe* is a perfect sound in a word, and consisteth of one, or more *Letters*.

(e) A *Letter* is an indivisible part of a *Syllabe*, (f) whose *Prosodie*, or right sounding is perceiv'd by the power, the *Orthography*, or right writing by the forme.

(g) *Prosodie*, and *Orthography*, are not parts of *Grammar*, but diffus'd, like the blood, and spirits through the whole.

CHAPTER II.

(b) Of Letters, and their powers.

IN our Language we use these twentie, and foure *Letters*. A.B.C.D. E.F.G.H.I.K.L.M.N.O.P.Q.R.S.T.V.W.X.Y.Z. a.b.c.d.e.f.g. h.i.k.l.m.n.o.p.q.r.s.t.v.w.x.y.z. The great *Letters* serve to begin Sentences, with us, to lead proper names, and expresse numbers. The lesse make the fabricke of speech.

Our numerall Letters are,

I.	1.
V.	5.
X.	10.
L.	50.
C.	100.
D.	500.
M.	1000.

(i) All *Letters* are either *Vowells*, or *Consonants*: and, (k) are principally knowne by their powers. The *Figure* is an Accident.

(l) A *Vowell* will be pronounced by it selfe: A *Consonant*, not without the helpe of a *Vowell*, either before, or after.

The received *Vowells* in our tongue, are

a. e. i. o. u.

Consonants be either *Mutes*, and close the sound, as b.c.d.g.k.p.q.s. Or, *Halfe Vowells*, and open it, as f.l.m.n.r.s.x.z.

H. Is rarely other then an *aspiration* in power, though a *Letter* in forme. W. and Y. have shifting, and uncertaine seates, as shall bee showne in their places.

CHAP. III.

of the Vowels.

ALL our (n) *Vowels* are founded doubtfully. In quantitie, (which is Time) long, or short. Or, in accent, (which is Tune) sharp, or, flat. Long in these words, and their like :

Debating. congeling. expiring. opposing. enduring.

Short, in these: *Stomaching. severing. vanquishing. ransoming. picturing.*

Sharpe, in these: *Hate. mēte. bite. note. pale.*

Flat, in these: *Hat. mēt. bit. not. pul.*

(b) *A*,
With us, in most words is pronounced lesse, then the French *a*, as in,
art. act. apple. ancient.

But, when it comes before *l*. in the end of a Syllabe, it obtaineth the full French (*p*) sound, and is utter'd with the mouth, and throat wide open'd, the tongue bent backe from the teeth, as in:

al. smal. gal. fal. tal. cal.

So in the Syllables, where a Consonant followeth the *l*, as in
Salt. malt. balme. calme.

(g) *E*,
Is pronounced with a meane opening the mouth, the tongue turn'd to the inner roofof of the palate, and softly striking the upper great teeth. It is a Letter of divers note and use: and, either soundeth, or is silent. When it is the last letter, and soundeth, the sound is sharp, as in the French *i*. Example in, *mē. st. arē. yē. shē.*
in all, saving the Article, *the*.

Where it endeth, and soundeth obscure, and faintly, it serves as an accent, to produce the Vowell preceding: as in *māde. stēme. strīpe. ōre. cūre.* Which else would sound, *mād. stēm. strīp. ōr. cūr.*

It altereth the power of *e. g. s.* so plac'd, as in *hence*, which else would sound, *henc.* *Swinge*, to make it differ from *swing.* Use, to distinguish it from *us.*

It is meere silent in words, where *l*. is coupled with a Consonant in the end, as *Whistle. gristle. brittle. fickle. thimble, &c.*

Or after *v* Consonant, or double *β*. as in

love. glōve. move. redresse. crosse. losse.

Where it endeth a former Syllabe, it soundeth longish, but flat: as in

dérive. prépare. résoudre.

Except in *Derivatives*, or *Compounds* of the sharp *e*, and then it answers the *primitive*, or *simple* in the first sound, as

Agreeing. or agree: fore-seeing. of fore-see: being. of bee.

Where it endeth a last Syllabe, with one, or mo Consonants after it, it either soundeth flat, and full: as in *Descend. intent. amend. offend. rest. best.*

Or, it passeth away obscur'd, like the faint *i*, as in, these,

Written. gotten. open. saith. divel, &c.

(r) Which two letters *e*. and *i*. have such a neereneffe in our tongue, as often times they enterchange places: as in

enduce, for induce: endite, for indite: her, hir.

(2)

(n) Omnes Vocales ancipites sunt (i. e.) modo longæ, modo breves: eodem tamen modo semper depictæ, (nam scriptura est imitatio sermonis, ut pictura corporis. Scriptio vocum pictura. (Smithus) & eodem sono pronunciate. Nisi, quod vocalis longæ bis tantum temporis in effando retinet, quàm brevis. Ut rectè cecinit ille de Vocalibus.

Temporis unius brevis est, ut longæ duorum.

A.

(o) Littera hujus sonus est omnium Gentium ferè communis. Nomen autem, & figura multis nationibus est diversa. Scalig. & Ramus.
Dionysius ait a. esse ἀπαύρατον ex plenitudine vocis.

(p)

Terent. Maurus.

A, prima locum littera sic ab ore sumit,
Immunia, rictu patula, tenera labra,
Linguamq; necesse est ita pandulam reduci,
Ut nifus in illam valeat subire vocis,
Nec partibus ullis aliquos ferire dentes.

(q)

E,

Triplicem differentiam habet: primam, mediocri rictus: secundam, lingua, eamq; duplicem; alteram, interioris, nempe inflexæ ad interius cælum palati; alteram genuinos prementis. Tertia est labri inferioris.

Ramus, lib. 2.

Duas primas Terentianus notavit,
tertiam tacuit.

Terentianus 1.

E, quæ sequitur, vòcula dissona est priori: quia deprimis alium modico tenore rictum, & remotos premit hinc, & hinc molares.

(r) Apud Latinos, e. latius sonat in Adverbio benè, quàm in Adverbio herè: hujus enim posteriorem vocalem exilius pronuntiabant; ita, ut etiam in maxime exilem sonum transierit hei. Id, quod latius in multis quoq; patet: Ut ab Eo, verbo, deductum, ire: iis, & eis: Diis, & Deis: Febrem, febrim: Turrim, turrim: Priore, & priori. Ram. & Scalig.

Et propter hanc vicinitatem (ait Quint.) e. quoq; loco i. fuit: ut Menerva. Ieber. magister: dro Minerva, liber, Magister.

(s) I. por.

(s)

I.

*Porrigit ictum genuino propè ad ipsos
Minimumq; renidet supero tenus labello.*

Terent.

I. *Vocalis sonos habet tres : suum, exilem : alterum, latiore proprioremq; ipsi c; & tertium, obscuriorem ipsius u, inter quæ duo Y græcæ vocalis sonus continetur : ut non inconsulto Victorinus ambigam illam quam adduximus vocem, per Y scribendam esse putâris, Optimus.*

Scalig.

Ante Consonantem I. semper est Vocalis.

(c) *Ante Vocalem ejusdem syllabæ Consonans.*

(u) *Apud Hebræos I. perpetuò est Consonans, ut apud Græcos Vocalis.*

(w) *Ut in Giacente. Giesù. Gioconda. Giustitia.*

O.

(x) *O Pronunciatur rotundo ore, lingua ad radices Hypoglossis reductâ. ο μίμωρ, & ω μίω, unicâ tantum notâ, sono differenti.*

(y) *Profertur, ut ω.*

(z) *Ut oo. vel ou. Gallicum.*

*Una quoniam sat habitum est notare forma,
Pro temporibus quæ gramini ministrat usum.
Igitur sonitum reddere voles minori,
Retrorsus adaptam modicè teneto linguam,
Rictu neq; magno sat erit parere labra,
At longior also tragicum sub oris antro
Molita, rotundis acuit sonum labellis.*

Terent.

Differentiam o. parvi valde distinctam Franci tenent : sed scripturâ valde confundunt. O, scribunt perinde ut proferunt. At u scribunt modo per au. modo per ao. quæ sonum talem minimè sonans, qui simplici, & rotundo motu oris proferri debet.

(a) *Quanta sit affinitas (o.) cum (u.) ex Quint. Plinio, Papyriano notum est. Quid enim o. & u. permutata invicem, ut Hecobe, & Notrix, Culchides, & Pulixena, scriberentur? sic nostri præceptores, Cervom, Servomq; u. & o. litteris scripserunt; sic dederont, probaveront, Romanis olim facere. Quint. lib. 1.*

Deniq; o. teste Plinio, apud Priscianum aliquot Italia Civitates non habebant, sed loco ejus ponebant u. & maxime Umbræ, & Tusci. Atq; u. contra, teste apud eundem Papyriano, multis Italia populis, in usu non erat; sed utebantur o. unde Romanorum quoq; vetustissimi in multis dictionibus, loco ejus o. posuerunt : ut poblicum, pro publicum; polcrum, pro pulcrum; colpam, pro culpam.

(s)

I,

Is of a narrower sound then *e*, and uttered with a lesse opening of the mouth; the tongue brought backe to the palate, and striking the teeth next the cheeke-teeth.

It is a Letter of a double power.

As a *Vowel* in the former, or single Syllables, it hath sometimes the sharpe accent, as in

binding. minding. pining. whining. wiving. thriving. mine. thine.

Or, all words of one Syllable qualified by *e*. But, the flat in more, as in these, *bill. bitter. giddy. little. incident.* and the like:

In the Derivatives of sharpe Primitives, it keepeth the sound, though it deliver over the Primitive *Consonant* to the next Syllable; as in

divi-ning. requi-ring. repi-ning.

For, a *Consonant* falling betwene two *Vowels* in the word, will bee spell'd with the latter. In Syllables, and words, compos'd of the same *Elements*, it varieth the sound, now sharpe, now flat: as in

give, gîve. alive, live. drive, driven. rîle, tîtle.

But these, use of speaking, and acquaintance in reading, will teach, rather then rule.

(t) *I*, in the other power is meere another Letter, and would aske to enjoy an other *Character*. For, where it leads the sounding *Vowel*, and beginneth the Syllable, it is ever a *Consonant*: as in

Flames. Fohn. jest. jump. conjurer. perjur'd.

And before *Diphthongs*: as *Fay. joy. juyce.* as, having the force of the *Hebrewes* (u) *Fod*, and the *Italians* (w) *Gi*.

O,

(x) Is pronounced with a round mouth, the tongue drawne back to the root: and is a Letter of much change, and uncertaintie with us.

In the long time it naturally soundeth sharp, and high: as in

(y) *chôsen. hôsen. hôly. fôlly.*

ôpen. ôver. nôte. thrôre.

In the short time more flat, and a kin to *u*: as

(z) *côsen, dôsen. môther.*

brôther. lôve. prôve.

In the *Diphthong*, sometimes it soundeth out: as

oughi. soughi. noughi.

wroughi. mow. sow.

But oftner upon the *u*: as in *sâund. bound. how. now. thou. com.*

In the last Syllables before *n*. and *m*. it frequently looseth: as in

persôn. actiôn. willow. billow.

It holds up, and is sharpe, when it ends the word, or Syllable: as in

gô. frô. sô. nô.

except in *to*, the Preposition. *Two*, the numerall. *Do*, the *Verbe*, and the compounds of it, as *undo*: and the Derivatives, as *Doing*.

It varieth the sound in Syllables of the same *Character*, and proportion: as in

shove. shôve. glove. grôve.

Which double sound it hath from the *Latine*: as

(a) *Volus, vultus. vultis, volis.*

(b) Is founded with a narrower, and meane compasse, and some depression of the middle of the tongue, and is like our *i*: a letter of a double power. As a *Vowel* it soundeth thin and sharpe, as in *use*; thicke and flat, as in *us*.

It never endeth any word for the nakednesse, but yeeldeth to the termination of the *Diphthong ew*, as in *new*, *strew*, *knew*, &c. or the qualifying *e*, as in *sue*, *due*; and the like.

(c) When it leadeth a founding *Vowel* in the Syllabe, it is a *Consonant*: as in *save*, *reue*, *prove*, *love*, &c.

Which double force is not the unstedfastnesse of our tongue, or incertaintie of our writing, but false upon us from the *Latine*.

(d) Is but the *V* geminated in the full sound, and though it have the seate of a *Consonant* with us, the power is alwayes *Vowelish*, even where it leades the *Vowel* in any Syllabe: as if you marke it, pronounce the two *w*, like *s*. quicke in passage, and these words:

Will sound, *Wine*, *want*, *wood*, *wast*, *swing*, *swam*.

So put the aspiration afore, and these words:

bu-at, *bu-ich*, *bu-ele*, *bu-eiber*.

Will be *What*, *which*, *whee*, *whether*.

In the *Diphthongs* there will be no doubt: as in *draw*, *straw*, *sow*, *know*.

Nor in *Derivatives*: as *knowing*, *sowing*, *drawing*.

Whether the double *w*, is of necessitie used, rather then the single *w*. left it might alter the sound, and be pronounced *knowing*, *sowing*, *drawing*. As in *saving*, *having*.

Is also meere *Vowelish* in our tongue, and hath only the power of an *i*, even where it obtaines the Seat of a *Consonant*: as in *Young*, *Yunker*.

Which the *Dutch*, whose Primitive it is, write *Iunk*, *Iunker*.

And somight we write

Iomh, *ies*, *ioke*, *iouder*, *iard*, *ielke*.

Iomh, *ies*, *yoke*, *yonder*, *yard*, *yelke*.

But that we choose *y*, to distinguish from *j*. *Consonant*.

In the *Diphthong* it sounds alwayes *i*, as in

may, *say*, *may*, *joy*, *toy*, *they*.

And in the ends of words: as in

deny, *reply*, *defy*, *cry*.

Which sometimes are written by *i*, but qualified by *e*.

But where two *is*, are founded, the first will be ever a *y*, as in *Derivatives*:

denying, *replying*, *defying*.

(f) Only in the words received by us from the *Greeke*, as *Sylabe*, *Tyran*, and the like, it keepes the sound of the thin, and sharpe *w*, in some proportion; And this we had to say of the *Vowels*.

V,

Quam scribere Graius, nisi jungat Y. nequibis
 Hanc edere vocem quoties paramus ore,
 Nitamur ut U. dicere sic ceteris ortus.
 Prodestris autem coëuntibus labellis
 Natura soni pressi alius meabit. Terentian.

Et alibi.

Græca diphthongus U. liseris tamen nostris vacat,
 Sola vocalis quod U. complet hunc satis sonum.

Ut in titulis, fabulis Terentii præpositis. Græca Menandru: Græca Apollodoru, pro Menandro, & Anaxagoræ, & quidem ne quis de potestate vocalis huius addubitare possit, etiam à mutis animalibus testimonium Plautus nobis exhibuit à Peniculo Menechmi. ME. Egon dedi? Pe. tu, tu, inquam, vini offerri natiuam.

Quæ tu, tu, usq. dicat tibi: nam nos, jam nos defesse sumus.

Ergo ut ovium balatus ita literæ sonum: sic nocturnarum cantus, & cuculi apud Aristophanem sonum huius vocalis vindicabit. Nam quando U. liquefit, ut in quis, & sanguis habet sonum communem cum Y græcâ, & αὐτὸς ὁ αὐτὸς αὐτὸς αὐτὸς. Et quando Coccyx dixerit Cocy.

(c) Consonans ut U. Gallicum, vel Digamma profertur.

Hanc & modo quam diximus J. simul iugatas

Verum est speciem sonare, utiq. Consonantiam.

Ut quæque tamen consisterit loco priore.

Nam si iuga quæ nomen J. consona fuer. Terent. Versa vice sit prior V. sequatur illa, ut in vide.

W.

(d) Ut Itali profertur Edoardo in Edouardo, & Galli, ou-y. Suavis, suadeo, etiam Latini, ut s-a-vis, &c. At quid attinet duplicare, quod simplex queat sufficere? Proinde W. pro copulâ Characterum non reprehendo, pro novâ literâ certè non agnosco. Peteresq. Anglo-Saxones pro ea, quando nos W. solemus uti, figuram istius modi p. solebant conscribere, quæ non multum differt ab eâ, quâ & hodiè utimur v. simplici, dum verbum inchoet.

Smithus derect. & amend. L. A. Script.

(f) Siquidem eandem pro v. græcorum: certè aliam, quam L. omni in loco reddere debebat sonum.

B

(g) Nobis cum Latines communis. Smith.

Nam muta jubet comprimi labella,

Vocalis ut intus locus exitum ministrat. Terent.

B. Labris per spiritus impetum reclusis edicimus. Mart. cap.

C.

(h) Litera Androgyne, natura nec mas, nec femina, & utrumq. est neutrum. Monstrum litera, non litera; Ignorantia spectamen, non artis. Smithus.

Quomodo nunc utimur vulgo, aut nullas, aut nimias habet vires: nam, modo k. sonat, modo s. At si litera sit à k. & s. diversa, suum debet habere sonum. Sed nescio quod monstrum, an Empulsa sit, qua modo mas, modo femina, modo serpens, modo cornix, appareat, & per ejusmodi imposturas, pro suo arbitrio, tam s. quam k. exigat aditus, & fundis suis: ut jure possint haec duo litera concedere cum c. per edictum, unde vi. Neq. dubito quin, ubi sit Prætor æquus facile c. cadet causa.

(i) Apud Latinos c. eandem habuit formam, & Characterem, quem Zÿva apud Græcos veteres.

An hæc sit occasio, quod ignorantia, confusaq. eandem, quod imperitos dederit sonum C. quem S. nolo affirmare.

(k) Petusta illius Anglo-Saxonice lingua, & scriptio peritiores consentiant, apud illos atavos nostros Anglo-Saxones, C. literam, maxime ante c. & i. cum habuisse sonum, quem, & pro tenui r. Chi. sono agnoscimus: & Itali, maxime Hetrusci, ante c. & i. hodie usurpant. Idem ibidem.

(l) C. molaribus super lingua extrema appulsis exprimitur.

Mart. Cap.

Terentianus.

C. pressius urget, sed, & hinc, hincq. remittit,
Quo vocis adherens sonus explicetur ore.

D.

D. Appulsu linguæ circa dentes superiores innascitur.

Terentianus.

(m) At portio dentes quotiens suprema lingua
Pulsaverit imos, modiceq. curva summas
Tunc D. sonitum perficit, explicatq. vocem.

F.

(n) Litera à gracà p. recedit lenis, & hebes sonus.

Idem.

(o) Vau consona Varrone, & Dydimio, testibus, nominata est J. figura à Claudio Casare facta etiam est. Vis ejus, & potestas est eadem, qua Digamma Acolici, ut ostendit Terentianus in v. consona.

V. vade, veni, refer, cetero vultum:

Crevisse sonum perspicitur, & coisse crassum,

Unde Acolici litera fingitur Digammos.

Æ. quasi & contrarium F. qua sonat p.

CHAP. III.

Of the Consonants.

B

Hath the same sound with us, as it hath with the *Latins*, alwayes one, and is utter'd with (g) closing of the lips.

C

Is a letter, which our Fore-fathers might very well have spar'd in our tongue: but since it hath obtained place, both in our Writing, and Language, we are not now to quarrell *Orthographie*, or *Custom*; but to note the powers.

Before *a*, *u*, and *o*. it plainly sounds *k*. *Chi*. or *Kappa*. as in
cable. coble. cadgell.

Or before the *Liquids*. *l*. and *r*. as in
clod. crust.

Or, when it ends a former Syllabe before a *Consonant*: as in
acquaintance. acknowledgement. action.

In all which it sounds strong.

(i) Before *e*, and *i*. it hath a weake sound, and hisseth, like *s*. as in
certaine. center. civill. citizen. whence.

Or, before the *Diphthongs*: as in
cease. deceive.

(k) Among the *English-Saxons* it obtain'd the weaker force of *Chi*. or the *Italians* *C*. as in

Capel. cane. cild. cyree.

Which were pronounced

Chapel. chance. child. church.

(l) It is founded with the top of the tongue, striking the upper teeth, and rebounding against the Palate.

D

Hath the same sound, both before, and after a *Powell* with us, as it hath with the *Latines*: and is pronounc'd softly, (m) the tongue a little affecting the teeth, but the nether teeth most.

F

Is a Letter of two forces with us: and in them both founded with the nether-lip rounded, and a kind of blowing out: but gentler in the one, then the other.

The more generall sound is the softest; (n) and expresseth the *Greeke* *p* as in *Faith. field. feight. force.*

Where it sounds *of*.

(o) The other is *or*. or *van*. the *Digamma* of *Claudius*: as in
cleft. of cleave. left. of leave.

The difference will best be found in the word *of*. which as a preposition sounds

of. of. him.

As the Adverbe of Distance.

off. farre off.

G

(*g*) Is likewise of double force in our tongue, and is sounded with an impression made on the mid'st of the palate.

Before *a, o.* and *n.* strong; as in these,

gate. got. gut.

Or, before the *Aspirate h.* or, *Liquids l.* and *r.* as in

ghost. glad. grant.

Or in the ends of words: as in

long. song. ring. swing.

eg. leg. lug. dug.

Except the qualifying *e.* follow; and then the sound is ever weak,

as in

age. stage. hedge.

sledge. judge. drudge.

Before *n.* the force is double: as in

guile. guide. guest. guise.

Where it soundeth like the *French gu.* And in

guin. guerdon. languish. anguish.

Where it speakes the *Italian gu.*

Likewise, before *e.* and *i.* the powers are confus'd; and utter'd, now strong, now weak: as in

get. geld. give. } long.

Gitterne. finger. }

In

genet. gentle. gin. } weak.

gibe. ginger. }

But this use must teach: the one sound being warranted to our Letter, from the *Greeke*: the other from the *Latine* throughout.

Wee will leave *H.* in this place; and come to

K,

(*k*) Which is a Letter the *Latines* never acknowledged, but only borrow'd in the word *Kalenda*. They used *qu.* for it. Wee sound it as the *Greeke x.* and as a necessarie Letter it precedes, and followes all *Vowells* with us.

It goes before no Consonants but *n.* as in

knave. knel. knot. &c.

And *l.* with the quiet *e.* after: as in

mickle. pickle. trickle. fickle.

Which were better written without the *e.* if that which wee have received for *Orthographie*, would yet be contented to be altered. But that is an *emendation*, rather to be wished, then hoped for, after so long a raigne of ill-custome amongst us.

It followeth the *s.* in many words: as in

shape. skawe. shirr.

skirmish. skrape. skulles.

Which doe better so sound, then if written with *cs*

L

(*l*) Is a Letter *half-vowellish*: which, though the *Italians* (especially the *Florentines*) abhorre, we keepe entire with the *Latines*, and so pronounce.

G.

(p)

Spiritus cum palato. Marr. Cap.

De sono quidem huius litera satis constat : sed distinctionis causa Charactèrem illi dederunt aliqui hunc 3. ut secernatur a G. Nam ut Græci in secundâ Conjugatione tres habent literas, γ. γ. tenuem, mediam, densam, Angli quatuor habent, ratâ proportionem sibi respondentes, ka. ga. ce. 31. Ille simplices, & aperta; hæc stridula, & compressa: illa media lingue officio sonantur, hæc summâ linguâ ad interiores illisa, superiorum dentium gingivas efflantur. Quodq; est ka. ad ga. idem est ce. ad 3.

Smithus, ibid.

Poces tamen pleraq; quas Meridionales Angli per hunc sonum 3. pronunciamus in fine : Boreales, per G. proferunt : ut in voce Pons, nos bri3 : illi brig. In rupturâ, brec : illi brek. Matram avem ad volandum, nos fliz : illi flig. ibid.

Apud Latinos proximum ipsi G. est G. Itaq; Cneum, & Gneum, dicebant : Sic Cursulionem, & Gurgulionem : appulsa enim ad palatum linguâ, modicella relicto intervallo, spiritus tota pronuntiatur.

Scal. de caus. L. L.

Et Terentianus.

Sic amurca, quæ vetustè sæpè per c. scribitur,

Esse per g. proferendum crediderunt plurimi

Quando quorû Græca vox est, ræpua origo præferat,

Apud Germanos semper proferitur γ.

K.

(q) Cum Kalendæ, Græcam habebant diductionem & sonum, uxor Græcam sunt mutati literam Romani, ut eas exprimerent. Et, credo tamen, fecerunt eâ formâ, ut, & C. Romanum efformarent, quod haberet adjunctum, quasi retrò bacillum, ut robur ei adderent istâ formâ K. nam C. Romanum stridulum quiddam, & mollius sonat, quàm K. Græcum.

Est & hæc litera Gallis planè supervacua, aut cerò quæ est. Nam, qui quæ. quod. quid. nullâ pronuntiant differentia, ne minimâ quidem à ki. ke. kod. kid. fancibus, palatoq; formatur. Capel.

Romani in suâ seriè non habebunt.

L

(r) Lingua, palatoq; dulcescit. M. Cap.

Et sic Dionysius γλωττατον, dulcissimam literam nominat.

Qui nescit, quid sit esse Semi-vocalem, ex nostrâ lingua facillè poterit discere : ipsa enim litera L, quantum, quasi Vocalem, in se videtur continere, id

ita ut iunctæ Mutæ sine Vocali sonum faciat; ut
abl. stabl. fabl. &c.

Quæ nos scribimus cum c. in fine, vulgò
able. stable. fable.

Sed cerè illud c. non tam sonat hic, quàm fuscum illud, & Jæminum Fran-
corum c. Nam nequicquàm sonat.

Alii hæc scribunt

abil. stabil. fabul.

Tanquam à fontibus

habilis. stabulis. fabula.

Verius, sed nequicquàm proficiunt. Nam, consideratius, auscultanti, nec i.
nec u. est, sed tinnitus quidam, vocalis naturam habens, quæ naturalitèr his li-
quidis inest.

M

(s) Libris imprimitur. M. Capella.

Mugit intus abditum, ac cæcum sonum. Terent.

Triplex sonus hujus litera M. Obscurum, in extremitate dictionum sonat,
ut templum: Apertum, in principio, ut magnus: Mediocre, in mediis ut um-
bra Prisc.

(r)

N

Quarta sonitus fingitur usq. sub palato,

Quo spiritus anceps coëat, naris, & oris. Terentian.

Lingua dentibus appulsa collidis. Mart. Capella.

Splendidissimo sono in fine, & subiremulo pleniore in principio, mediocri in
medio. Jul. C. Scal.

(u)

P

Labris spiritu erumpit. Mar. Cap.

Pellit sonitum de mediis foras labellis.

Ter. Maurus.

Q

(w) Est litera mendica, supposititia, verè servilis, manca, & decrepita,
& sine u. tanquàm bacillo nihil potest: & cum u. nihil valet amplius quàm k.
Oculus, qualis est, hanc jam habemus, sed semper cum precedente sua u. an-
tillâ superbâ. Smithus.

Namq. Q. præmissâ semper u. simul magis sibi,

Syllabam non editura, ni comes sit tertia

Qualibet vocalis. Ter. Mau.

Diomedes ait Q. esse compositam ex c. & u.

Appulsi palati ore restricti, & proferunt. M. Cap.

R

(x) Vibrat tremulis ictibus aridum sonorem. Ter. M.

— Sonat hic de nare caninâ

Litera. —

Perf. Sat. 1.

R Spiritum, lingua crispante corradiitur.

M. Cap.

Dionysius ῥῆ ὁμογενῶν γυναικῶν ῥοίμα
è congeneribus generosissimam appellavit.

S.

(y) S. promptus in ore, agiturq. pond' denies,
sic lenis & unum cict auribus susurrum.

Quare

It melteth in the sounding, and is therefore call'd a *liquid*, the tongue striking the root of the palate gently.

It's seldome doubled, but where the *vowel* sounds hard upon it: as in

bell. bell. kill.

shrill shrill. full.

And, even in these it is rather the haste, and superfluitie of the pen, that cannot stop it selfe upon the single *l*, then any necessitie we have to use it. For, the letter should be doubled only for a following Syllable's sake: as in

killling. beginning. begging. swimming.

(*s*) Is the same with us in sound, as with the *Latines*. It is pronounc'd with a kind of humming inward, the lips clos'd. Open, and full in the beginning: obscure in the end: and meanly in the midd'lt.

(*t*) Ringeth somewhat more in the lips and nose: the tongue striking back on the palate, and hath a threefold sound, *shrill* in the end: *full* in the beginning, and *flat* in the mid'lt.

They are Letters neere of kin, both with the *Latines*, and us.

(*n*) Breaketh softly through the lips, and is a Letter of the same force with us, as with the *Latines*.

(*w*) Is a Letter we might very well spare in our *Alphabet*, if we would but use the serviceable *k*. as he should be, and restore him to the right of reputation, he had with our Fore-fathers. For, the *English-Saxons* knew not this halting *Q*. with her waiting-woman *n*. after her, but express

quale. knaile.

quest. kneft.

quick by knick.

quil. knil.

Till *customs* under the excuse of expressing enfranchis'd words with us, intreated her into our Language, in

quality, quantity,
quarel, quintessence, &c.

And hath now given her the best of *k*. possessions.

(*x*) Is the *Dog*, Letter, and hurreth in the sound, the tongue striking the inner palate, with a trembling about the teeth. It is founded firme in the beginning of the words, and more *liquid* in the middle, and ends: as in

rarer. ripen.

And so in the *Latine*.

(*y*) Is a most easie, and gentle Letter, and softly huffeth against the teeth in the prolation. It is called the Serpents Letter, and the chiefe of the *Consonants*. It varieth the powers much in our pronounciation, as in the beginning

beginning of words it hath the sound of weak *e*. Before *Vowels*, *Diphthongs*, or *Consonant*: as,

Salt, say, small, sell,
shrik, shift, left, &c.

Sometime it inclineth to *z*. as in these,

Muse, use, rose,
nose, wise.

And the like: where the latter *Vowel* serves for the mark, or accent of the formers production.

So, after the *Half-Vowels*, or the obscure *e*. as in

Bels, gems, wens, burs.

Chimes, times, games.

Where the *Vowel* sits hard, it is commonly doubled.

T,

(*t*) Is sounded with the tongue striking the upper teeth, and hath one constant power, save where it precedeth, and then followed by a *Vowel*, as in

Faction, action, generation, corruption.

Where it hath the force of *s*. ore.

X,

(*x*) Is rather an abbreviation, or way of short writing with us, then a Letter. For, it hath the sound of *k*. and *s*. It begins no word with us, that I know, but ends many: as

Allex, fix, six, box.

Which sound the same with these,

Backs, knacks, knocks, locks, &c.

Z,

(*z*) Is a Letter often heard amongst us, but seldome scene: borrow'd of the *Greekes* at first, being the same with *z*. and soundeth a double *ß*. with us it hath obtained another sound; but in the end of words: as

Muse, maze, nose.

Hose, gaze, &c.

Never in the beginning, save with rustick people, that have,

zed, zay, zit, zo, zome.

And the like, for

Said, say, sit, so, some.

Or in the body of words indifferently, as

azure, zeale, zephyre, &c.

(*h*) Whether it be a Letter or no, hath been much examined by the Ancients, and by some, too much, of the *Greek* party condemned, and throwne out of the *Alphabet*, as an *Aspirate* meerely, and in request only before *Vowels* in the beginning of words, and after *x*. where it added a strong Spirit, which the *Welsh* retain after many *Consonants*. But, be it a Letter, or Spirit, we have great use of it in our tongue, both before, and after *Vowels*. And though I dare not say, she is (as I have heard one call her) the *Queen mother of Consonants*: yet she is the life, and quickening of them.

What

Quare non est merita, ut à Pindaro discretur Σαυκισδύλλος. Dionysius quoque cum ipsum expellit, rejicitque, ad Serpentes, maluit canem irritatam imitari, quam arbores naturales susurros sequi.

Stal.

Ram. Est Consonantium prima, & fortissima hæc litera, ut agnoscit Terentianus.

Vivida est hac inter omnes, atque densa litera.

Sibilum facit dentibus verberatis. M. Cap.

Quoties litera media Vocalium longarum, vel subjecta longis esset, geminabitur, ut

Causa. Cassus.

Quintil.

T.

(x) T quâ superis dentibus intima est origo

Summa satis est ad sonitum ferire lingua.

Teren.

T appulsu lingua, dentibusque appulsis excutitur.

M. Cap.

Latine factio. actio. generatio. corruptio. vitium. otium. &c.

X.

(y) X potestatem habet cs, & gs. ut

ex. crux. & frux, appareat.

Quorum obliqui casus sunt

Crucis & Frugis.

Ram. in Gram. ex Varrone.

X quicquid c. & s. formavit, exhibilat. Capell.

Neque Latini, neque Nos illâ multum utimur.

Z.

(z) Z verò idcirco Appius Claudius detestabatur; quod dentes mortui, dum exprimitur, imitatur. M. Capel.

z compendium duarum literarum est &c. d. in una notâ, & compendium Orthographia, non Protodia; quia hic in voce non una litera effertur, sed dua distinguuntur. Compendium ineleganter, & fallaciter inventum. Sonus enim, notâ illâ significatus, in unam Syllabam non perpetuò concluditur, sed dividitur, aliquando. Ut in illo Plauti loco: Non Atticissat, sed Sicilissat, pro atticiza, siciliza, Græcis; & ubi initium facit, est dz. non oz, sicuti sds, non ords; sed dds; Ram. in lib. 2.

(a)

H,

Nulli dubium est, faucibus emicet quod ipsis

H litera, sive est notâ, quæ spiret anhelum.

Teren.

H, contra actis paulum faucibus, ventus exhalat.

Mar. Cap.

Vocalibus apertis, sed & antepositis cunctis

Hastas, Hederas, quum loquor, Hister. Hospes. Hujus.

Solum patitur quatuor ante Consonantes,

Græcis quatuor nominibus Latina forma est,

Si quando Choros. Phillida. Rhamnes. Thima dico.

What her powers are before *Vowels* and *Diphthongs*, will appeare in
hal. heale. hill. bor. bow. bow. holiday. &c.

In some it is written, but sounded without power: as

host. honest. humble.

Where the *Vowel* is heard without the *Aspiration*, *ost. onast. umble.*

After the *Vowel* it sounds, as in *ab*, and *oh*.

Beside, it is coupled with divers *Consonants*, where the force varies, and is particularly to be examin'd.

Wee will begin with *Ch*.

Ch

(b) Hath the force of the *Greeke* χ , or α , in many words derived from the *Greeke*: as in *Charact. Christian. Chronicle.*

Archangel. Monarch.

In meere *English* words, or fetch'd from the *Latine* the force of the *Italian c*.

Chaplain. chaff. chest. chops.

chin. chuf. churle.

Gh

(c) Is only a piece of ill writing with us: if we could obtaine of *Custom* to mend it, it were not the worse for our *Language*, or us: for the *g* sounds just nothing in *trough. cough.*

might. night. &c.

Only, the writer was at leisure, to adde a superfluous Letter, as there are too many in our *Pseudographie*.

Ph. & Rh

(d) Are used only in *Greeke* infranchis'd words: as

Philip. Physick. Rhetorick. Rhodes. &c.

Sh

(e) Is meere *English*, and hath the force of the *Hebrew* ω . *shin*, or the *French ch*. as in

shake. shed. shine. show.

shrinke. rash. blush.

Th

(f) Hath a double, and doubtfull sound, which must be found out by use of speaking; sometimes like the *Greeke* θ , as in

thief. thing. lengthen. strengthen. loveth. &c.

In others, like their δ , or the *Spanish* d , as

this. that. then. thence.

those. kith. bequeath.

And in this consists the greatest difficultie of our *Alphabet*, and true writing: since wee have lost the *Saxon* Characters δ . and ρ . that distinguished the

δ c.

δ ou.

δ ine

δ o.

pick.

pin.

pred.

prive.

Wh

Hath beene inquir'd of in *w*. and this for the Letters.

CHAP. V.

of the Diphthongs.

(g) **D**iphthongs are the complexions, or couplings of *Powells*, when the two Letters send forth a joynt sound, so as in one Syllabe both sounds be heard: as in

Ai. or Ay.

Aide. maide. said. pay. day. way.

Au. or Aw.

audience. author. aunt. law. saw. draw.

Ea.

Earle. Pearle. meate. seate. sea. flea.

To which adde *Tea*, and *plea*; and you have at one view all our words of this termination.

Ei.

steight. streight. weight.

theirs. point. feint.

Ew.

Few. strew. dew.

anew.

Oi. or Oy.

Point. joynt. soile. koile.

joy. toy. boy.

Oo.

good. food. moode. brood. &c.

Ou. or Ow.

ront. stont. how.

now. bow. low.

Vi. or Vy.

buye. or buie. juice. or juyce.

These nine are all I would observe: for to mention more, were but to perplexe the Reader. The *Oa.* and *Ea.* will be better supplied in our *Orthographie* by the accenting *e.* in the end: as in

brôde. lôde. côte.

bôse. quêne. sêne.

Neither is the double *ee.* to be thought on, but in *derivatives*; as *tree.* *sees.* and the like: where it is as two Syllables. And for *eo.* it is found but in three words in our tongue

Yeoman. people. jeopard.

Which were truer written

Ye-man. péple. jépard.

And thus much shall suffice for the *Diphthongs.*

The *Triphthong* is of a complexion, rather to be fear'd than lov'd; and would fright the young *Grammarian* to see him. I therefore let him passe, and make haste to the *notion.*

CHAPTER. VI.

Of the Syllables.

A Syllabe is a part of a word, that may of it selfe make a perfect sound, and is sometimes of one only letter, sometimes of more.
Of one, as in every first Vowel in these words:

- a. abated.
- e. eclipsed.
- i. imagin'd.
- o. omitted.
- u. usurped.

A Syllabe of more letters is made, either of Vowells only, or of Consonants joyned with Vowells.

Of Vowells only, as the Diphthongs

Ai. in Aiton. Ayding.

Aw. in Austere. Audients.

Ea. in Easy. Eating.

Ei. in Eirie of Hawkes.

Ew. in Ewer. &c. and in the

Triphong Yea.

Of the Vowells mixt; sometimes but with one Consonant, as to: sometimes two, as try: sometimes three, as best: or foure, as nests: or five, as stumps: other while fixe, as the latter Syllabe in re-straints. At the most they can have but seven, as strengths.

Some Syllables, as

The. then. there. that.

with. and. which.

Are often compendiously, and shortly written: as

e en ere t
y. y. y. y.
ih ch
w. & w.

Which, who so list may use: but Orthographie commands it not. A man may forbear it, without danger of falling into Premunire.

Here order would require to speake of the Quantitie of Syllables, their speciall Prerogative among the Latines and Greekes: whereof so much as is constant, and derived from Nature, hath beene handled already. The other which growes by Position, and placing of letters, as yet (not through default of our Tongue, being able enough to receive it, but our owne carelesnesse, being negligent to give it) is ruled by no Art. The principall cause whereof seemeth to be this, because our Verses and Rythmes (as it is almost with all other people, whose Language is spoken at this day) are naturall, and such whereof Aristotle speaketh, οὐκ ἐστὶν ἀπορροχιδισμὸς, that is, made of a naturall, and voluntarie composition, without regard to the Quantitie of Syllables.

This would aske a larger time and field, then is here given, for the examination: but since I am assigned to this Province; that it is the for of my

age, after thirty yeares conversation with men, to be *elementarius Senex*: I will promise, and obtaine so much of my selfe, as to give, in the heele of the booke, some spurre and incitement to that which I so reasonably seeke. Not that I would have the *vulgar*, and *practis'd* way of making, abolish'd and abdicated, (being both sweet and delightfull, and much talking the care) but, to the end our *Tongue* may be made equall to those of the renowned Countries, *Italy*, and *Greece*, touching this particular. And, as for the difficultie, that shall never withdraw, or put me off, from the Attempt: For, neither is any excellent thing done with ease, nor the compassing of this any whit to be despaired: Especially, when *Quintilian* hath observ'd to me, by this *naturall Rhythme*, that we have the other *Artificiall*, as it were by certaine *Markes*, and *footing*, was first traced, and found out. And the *Grecians* themselves before *Homer*, as the *Romans* likewise before *Livius Andronicus*, had no other *Meters*. Thus much therefore shall serve to have spoken concerning the *Parts* of a *Word*, in a *Letter*, and a *Syllabe*.

It followeth to speake of the common *affections*, which unto the *Latines*, *Greeskes*, and *Hebrewes*, are two; the *Accent*, and *Notation*. And first

CHAPTER VII.

Of the Accent

THE *Accent* (which unto them was a *tuning* of the voyce, in lifting it up, or letting it downe) hath not yet obtained with us any signe, which notwithstanding were most needfull to be added, nor where (over the force of an *Accent* lieth, but where for want of one, the word is in danger to be *mis-tuned*: as in

*abased, excessive, besotted,
obtaine, ungodly, surrender.*

But the use of it will be seene much better by collation of words, that according unto the divers place of their *Accents*, are diversly pronounc'd, and have divers significations. Such are the words following, with their like, as

differ, différ, désers, désert, présent, présent.

réfuse, refuse, object, object, incense, incense.

convert, convert, torment, torment, &c.

In originall *Nounes* *Adjective*, or *Substantive*, derived according to the rule of the writer of *Analogie*, the *Accent* is intreated to the first: as in

fátherlinesse, mótherlinesse,

péremptory, háberdasher.

Likewise, in the *Adverbs*:

brótherly, sísterly.

All *Nounes* *Dissyllabick*, simple in the first, as

béleeze, hónor, crédit.

silver, síurety.

All *Nonnes* *trisyllabick*, in the first:

cóuntenance, jéopardye, &c.

All *Nounes* compounded in the first, of how many *Syllables* soever they be: as

Ténnis-court-keeper, Chimney-sweeper.

Words

Words simple in *able*, draw the *Accent* to the first, though they be of four *Syllables*: as

Sociable. tolerable.

When they be compounded, they keepe the same *Accent*: as

insociable. intolérable.

But in the way of comparison, it altereth thus: Some men are *sociable*, some *insociable*, some *tolérable*, some *intolérable*. For, the *Accent* fits on the *Syllable* that puts difference: as

Sincerity. insincerity.

Nounes ending in *tion*, or *sion*; are accented in *antepenultimâ*: as

condition. infusion. &c.

In *ty*, à *Latinis*, in *antepenultimâ*: as

vérité. charité. simplicité.

In *ence*, in *antepenultimâ*: as

pénitence. abstinence.

sustenance. consequence.

All Verbes *diffyllables*, ending in *er. el. ry. and ish*. accent in *prima*: as

cóver. cācel. cārry. búry.

lévy. rāvish. &c.

Verbes made of Nounes, follow the *Accent* of the Nounes: as

to blānket. to bāsquet.

All Verbes comming from the *Latine*, either of the *Supine*, or otherwise, hold the *Accent*, as it is found in the first person present of those *Latine Verbes*: as from

ánimo. áimate.

célebro. célébrate.

Except words compound of *facio*: as

liquefacio. liquefi.

And of *statuo*.

constituo. constitute.

All variations of Verbes hold the *Accent* in the same place, as the *Theme*,

I áimate. áimate. áimate. &c.

And thus much shall serve to have opened the fountaine of *Orthographie*. Now let us come to the notation of a word.

CHAPTER. VIII.

The Notation of a Word

IS, when the originall thereof is sought out, and consisteth in two things; the *Kind*, and the *Figure*.

The *Kind* is to know, whether the word bee a *Primitive*, or *Derivative*. Genus.

Man. love

Are *Primitives*:

Manly. lover

Are *Derivatives*.

The *Figure* is to know, whether the word bee *simple*, or *compounded*; Figura.

learned. say

Are *simple*: *unlearned. gain-say* are *compounded*.

In

Composition.

Sapè tria coagmenta: Nom.
A foot-ball-plaier.

A Tennis-court-keeper.

Sapissimè duo Substantia: ut

Hand-ker-chit. Rain-bow.

By-fore. Table-napkin.

Head-ach. *κεφαλαγια*.

Substantivum cum verbo:

Wood-bind.

Pronomen cum Substantivo:

ut Self-love. *φιλαυτια*.

Self-freedom. *αυτονομια*.

Verbum cum Substantivo: ut

a Puff-checke. *φυστηριδωρ*.

Draw-well. Draw-bridge.

Adjectivum cum Substantivo:

ut

New-ton. *νεατονις*.

Handi-craft. *χειροσπλα*.

Adverbium cum Substantivo:

ut

Downfall.

Adverbium cum Participio:

ut

Up-rising. Downe-

lying.

In which kind of composition, our *English* tongue is above all other very hardy, and happy; joyning together, after a most eloquent manner, sundry words of every kind of Speech:

Mil-horse. lip-wife. self-love.

twy-light. there-about.

not-with-standing. by-cause.

cut-purse. never-the-lesse.

These are the common affections of a word: His divers sorts now follow. A word is of *Number*, or *without Number*. Of *Number*, that word is termed to be, which signifieth a number *singular*, or *plural*.

Singular, which expresseth one only thing: as

tree. bookes. teachers.

Again, a word of number is *finite*, or *infinite*. *Finite*, which varieth his number with certaine ends: as

man. run. horse.

Infinite, which varieth not: as

true. strong running.

Moreover, a word of number is a *Noun*, or a *Verbe*. But, here it were fit, we did first number our Words, or parts of Speech, of which our Language consists:

CHAP. IX.

Of the Parts of Speech.

IN our *English* Speech, we number the same parts with the *Latines*.

Noun.

Adverbe.

Pronoun.

Conjunction.

Verbe.

Proposition.

Participle.

Interjection.

Only, we adde a ninth, which is the *Article*: And that is two-fold,

Finite, as *The*.

Infinite, as *A*.

The *finite* is set before *Nounes Appellatives*: as

The Horse. The Tree.

The Earth. or specially

The nature of the Earth.

Proper Names, and *Pronounes* refuse *Articles*, but for *Emphasis* sake: as

The Henry of Henries.

The only Hee of the Towne.

Where *Hee* stands for a *Noun*, and signifies *Man*.

The *Infinite* hath a power of declaring, and designing uncertaine, or infinite things: as

A man. A house.

This *Article A*, answers to the *Germane Ein*, or the *French*, or *Italian Articles*, deriv'd from one, not *Numerall*, but *Prepositive*: as

A House. Ein Hanse.
Un Maison. Una Casa.

The is put to both numbers, and answers to the Dutch Article
Der. die. das.

Save, that it admits no inflexion.

CHAP. X.

Of the Noun.

ALL Nounes are words of Number, Singular, or Plurall.

They are $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{common.} \\ \text{proper.} \\ \text{personall.} \end{array} \right\}$ And are all $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Substantive.} \\ \text{or,} \\ \text{Adjective.} \end{array} \right\}$

Their Accidents are,

Gender, Case, Declension.

Of the *Genders* there are sixe. First, the *Masculine*, which comprehendeth all *Males*, or what is understood under a *Masculine species*: as *Angels*, *Men*, *Starres*: and (by *Prosopæia*) the *Moneth's*, *winds*, almost all the *Planets*. Second, the *Feminine*, which compriseth *Women*, and *femal species*: *Ilands*, *Countries*, *Cities*.

And some *Rivers* with us: as

Severne, *Avon*, &c.

Third, the *Neuter*, or *feined Gender*: whose notion conceives neither *Sexe*; under which are compriz'd all *inanimate things*; a *ship* excepted: of whom we say, *shee sayles well*, though the name be *Hercules*, or *Henry*, the *Prince*. As *Terence* call'd his *Comedie Eunnuchus*, per *vocabulum Artis*.

Fourth, the *Promiscuous*, or *Epicene*, which understands both kinds: especially, when we cannot make the difference; as, when we call them *Horses*, and *Dogges*, in the *Masculine*, though there be *Bitches*, and *Mares* amongst them. So to *Fowles* for the most part, we use the *Feminine*, as of *Eagles*, *Hawkes*; we say, *shee flies well*; and call them *Geese*; *Ducks*, and *Doves*, which they flye at.

Fift, the *Common*, or rather *Doubtfull gender*, wee use often, and with elegance: as in

Cosin, *Gossip*, *friend*, *Neighbour*,
Enemie, *Servant*, *Theefe*, &c.

When they may be of either *Sexe*.

Sixt, is the *Common of three Genders*: by which a *Noun* is divided into *Substantive*, and *Adjective*. For a *Substantive* is a *Noun* of one only *Gender*, or (at the most) of two. And an *Adjective* is a *Noun* of three *Genders*, being alwayes infinite.

CHAP. XI.
Of the Diminution of Nounes.

THe common Affection of Nounes is *Diminution*. A *Diminutive* is a Noun, noting the *diminution* of his *Primitive*.

The *diminution* of *Substantives* hath these foure divers terminations:

Ell, part, parcell. cocke, cockrell.

Et, capon, caponet. poke, poket. Baron, Baronet.

Ock, Hill, hillock. Bull, bullock.

Ing, Goose, gosling. Duck, duckling.

So from the *Adjective*, *Deare, darling.*

Many *Diminutives* there are, which rather be abusions of speech, then any proper *English* words. And such for the most part are *Mens*, and *Womens Names*: Names, which are spoken in a kind of flatterie, especially among familiar friends and lovers: as

Richard, Dick. William, Will.

Margery, Madge. Mary, Mal.

Diminution of *Adjectives* is in this one end, *ish*: as

White, Whitish. Greene, greenish.

After which manner certain *Adjectives* of *likenesse* are also formed from their *Substantives*: as

Diuel, diuelish. Theefe, theefish.

Coult, coultish. Elf, elvish.

Some Nounes steale the forme of *Diminution*, which neither in signification shew it, nor can derive it from a *Primitive*: as

Gibbet. Doublet. peervish.

CHAP. XII.
Of Comparisons.

THese then are the common Affections, both of *Substantives*, and *Adjectives*: there follow certaine other, not generall to them both, but proper and peculiar to each one. The proper affection therefore of *Adjectives* is *Comparison*; of which, after the *Positive*, there be two degrees reckoned, namely, the *Comparative*, and the *Superlative*.

The *Comparative* is a degree declared by the *Positive*, with this Adverbe *more*; as

Wiser, more wise.

The *Superlative* is declared by the *Positive* with this Adverbe *most*: as

Wiseſt, moſt wiſe.

Both which degrees are formed of the *Positive*: the *Comparative*, by putting to *er*: the *Superlative* by putting to *eſt*: as in these examples:

Learned, learnedeſt, learnedeſt.

Simple, ſimpler, ſimpleſt.

Trew, trewer, treweſt.

Black, blacker, blackeſt.

From this generall rule a few speciall words are excepted: as

Good. better. best.

Ill. worse. worst.

Little. lesse. least.

Much. more. most.

Many Words have no comparison, as

Reverend. Puissant.

Victorious. Renowned.

Other have both degrees, but lacke the *Positive*: as *former. formost.*

Some are formed of Adverbs: as

Wisely. wiselier. wiseliest.

Justly. justlier. justliest.

Certaine Comparisons, forme out of themselves: as

Lesse. lesser.

Worse. worse.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the First Declension.

ANd thus much concerning the *proper Affection of Adjectives*: The *proper Affection of Substantives* followeth: And that consisteth in Declining.

A Declension is the varying of a Noun Substantive into divers terminations. Where besides the *Absolute*, there is, as it were a *Genitive Case*, made in the Singular number by putting to *s*.

Of Declensions there be two kindes: the first maketh the Plurall of the Singular, by adding thereunto *s*: as

Tree. Trees.

Thing. things.

Steeple. Steeples.

So with *s*. by reason of the neere affinitie of these two Letters, whereof we have spoken before:

Parke, Parkes. Bucke, Buckes.

Dwarfe, Dwarfes. Path, pathes.

And in this first Declension, the *Genitive plurall* is all one with the *plurall absolute*.

Singular { *Father.* } Plur. { *Fathers.*
 { *Father.* } { *Fathers.*

Generall exceptions: Nounes ending in *z. s. sh. g.* and *ch.* in the declining take to the genitive singular *i.* and to the plurall *e.* as

Sing. { *Prince,* } Plur. { *Princes.*
 { *Princes.* } { *Princes.*

So, *rose. bush. age. breech. &c.* Which distinctions, not observed, brought in first the monstrous Syntaxe of the Pronounne, *his*, joyning with a Noun, betokening a Possessor, as, the Prince his house, for the Princes house.

Many words ending in Diphthongs, or Vowells, take neither *z.* nor *s.* but only change their Diphthongs or Vowells, retaining their last Consonant: as

Monse. Mice, or Meese.

Loufe. Lyce, Or Leece.

Goose, Geese. Foot, Feet.

Tooth, Teeth.

Exception of number : Some Nounes of the *first Declension* lacke the *Plurall* : as

Rest. Gold. Silver. Bread.

Other the *Singular* : as

Riches, Goods.

Many being in their principall signification *Adjectives*. are here declined, and in the *Plurall* stand in stead of *Substantives*: as

Other, others, One, ones.

Hundred, hundreds, Thousand, thousands.

Necessarie, necessaries : and such like.

CHAPTER XIII.

of the second Declension.

The second Declension formeth the *Plurall* from the *Singular*, by putting to *n*. which notwithstanding it have not so many Nounes, as hath the former, yet lacketh not his difficultie, by reason of sundry exceptions, that cannot easily be reduced to one generall head. Of this former are

Oxe, Oxen. Hofe, Hofen.

Exceptions. *Man*, and *Woman*, by a contraction make *men* and *women*, or *wemen*, in stead of *manen* and *womenen*. *Cow*, makes *Kine*, or *keene*: *Brother*, for *Bretheren*, hath *Brethren*, and *Brethern*. *Child* formeth the plurall by adding *r*. besides the roor, for we say not *children*, which according to the Rule given before, is the right formation; but *childern*, because that sound is more pleasant to the eares.

Here the genitive plural is made by adding *s.* unto the Absolute: as

Sing. { *childe*
 childes. } Plur. { *childern.*
 childrens. }

Exceptions from both Declensions: Some Nounes have the plurall of both Declensions; as

Honfe. honfes. honfen.

Eye. eyes. eyes.

Step. shoes. shoen.

CHAPTER. XV.

Of Pronouns.

A Few irregular Nouns, varying from the generall precepts, are commonly termed *Prænomines*: whereof the first foure instead of the Genitive have an Accusative case: as,

I. } Plur. { We. Thou. } You.
Me. } Us. Thee. } or
Iee.

Hee, shee, That. All three make in the Plurall, They, Them.
Foure Possessives: My, or Myne. Plurall: Our, ours. Thy, thine. Plurall,
Your, yours. His, Hers, both in the plurall making, Their, theirs: As many
Demonstratives. This, plurall, These. That, plurall Those: yonne, or yon-
der same.

Three Interrogatives, whereof one requiring both Genitive, and Ac-
culative, and taken for a Substantive: who? whose? whom? The other two
Infinite, and Adjectively used, what. whether.

Two Articles in gender, and number infinite, which the Latines lacke:
A. The.

One Relative, which. One other signifying a Reciprocation, self. pl. selves.
Composition of Pronounes is more common:

My-self. our-selves.
Thy-self. your-selves.
Him-self. }
Her-self. } Plurall: Them-selves.
It-self. }

This-same, that-same. yonne-same, yonder-same, self-same.

CHAP. XVI.

Of a Verbe.

Hitherto we have declared the whole Etymologie of Nounes: which
ineasinesse, and shortnesse, is much to be preferred before the La-
tines, and the Grecians. It remaineth with like brevitie, if it may be, to
prosecute the Etymologie of a Verbe. A Verbe is a word of number, which
hath both Tyme, and Person. Tyme is the difference of a Verbe, by the pre-
sent, past, and future, or to come. A Verbe finite therefore hath three only
Tymes, and those alwayes imperfect.

The first is the present: as

Amo, Love.

The second is the Tyme past: as

Amabam, loved.

The third is the Future: as

Ama, amato: Love, love.

The other Tymes both imperfect: as

Amem, amarem, amabo.

And also perfect: as

Amavi, amaverim, amaveram,

Amavisse, amavero.

Wee use to expresse by a Syntaxe, as shall be seene in the proper place.

The future is made of the present, and is the same alwayes with it.

Of this future ariseth a Verbe infinite, keeping the same termination:

as likewise of the *present*, and the *Time past*, are formed the *Participle present* by adding of *ing*: as

Love, loving.

The other is all one with the *Time past*:

The *Passive* is expressed by a *Syntaxe*, like the *times* going before, as hereafter shall appeare.

A *Person* is the speciall difference of a *verball* number, whereof the *presens*, and the *Time past*, have in every number three.

The second, and third person singular of the present are made of the first, by adding *est*, and *eth*, which last is sometime shortned into *z*, or *s*.

The *time past* is varied, by adding in like manner in the second person singular *est*: and making the third like unto the first.

The *future* hath but only two *persons*; the second, and the third, ending both alike.

The *persons* Plurall, keepe the termination of the first person Singular. In former times, till about the reigne of King Henry the eighth, they were wont to be formed, by adding *en*: thus,

Loven. sayen. complainen.

But now (whatsoever is the cause) it hath quite growne out of use, and that other so generally prevailed, that I dare not presume to set this a-foot againe. Albeit, (to tell you my opinion) I am perswaded, that the lacke hereof well considered, will be found a great blemish to our tongue. For, seeing *time*, and *person* be, as it were, the right, and left hand of a *Verbe*; what can the mayming bring else, but a lameness to the whole body?

And by reason of these two differences, a *Verbe* is divided two manner of wayes. First, in respect of *persons*, it is called *personall*, or *impersonall*. *Personall*, which is varied by three persons: as

Love, lovest, loveth.

Impersonall, which onely hath the third person: as
behoveth. yrketh.

Secondly, in consideration of the *times*, we terme it *active*, or *neuter*: *Active*, whose *Participle past* may be joyned with the *Verbe am*: as,

I am loved. Thou art hated.

Neuter, which cannot be so coupled: as

Pertaine. Dye. Live.

This therefore is the generall forming of a *Verbe*, which must to every speciall one hereafter be applied.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the first Conjugation.

THE varying of a *Verbe* by *persons*, and *times*, both *finite*, and *infinite*, is termed a *Conjugation*. Whereof there bee two sorts. The first fetcheth the *time past* from the *present*, by adding *ed*: and is thus varied

Pr. *Love, lovest, loveth.*

Pl. *Love, love, love.*

Pa. *Loved, loved'st, loved.*

Pl. *Loved, loved, loved.*

Fu. *Love, love.*

Pl. *Love, love.*

Inf.

Inf. Love.
Part. pr. Loving.
Part. past. Loved.

Verbes are oft-times shortned: as

Sayest, *sest.* would, *woud.*
Should, *shoud.* holpe, *hope.*

But, this is more common in the leaving out of *e.* as

Loved'st, for lovedest.
Rubbed, *rub'd.* tookest, *took'st.*

Exception of the *time-past*, for *ed.* have *t.* as

Licked, *lick't.* leaved, *left.*
Gaped, *gap't.* Blushed, *blush't.*

Where *Verbes* ending with *d.* for avoyding the concurrence of two many Consonants, doe cast it away: as

Lend, *lent.* Spend, *spent.* Gyrd, *gyrt.*

Make by a rare contraction is here turned into *Made.* Many *Verbes* in the *time past* vary not at all from the *present*: such are

Cast, *hurt.* cost, *burst.* &c.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the second Conjugation.

And so much for the *first Conjugation*; being indeed the most usuall forming of a *Verbe*, and thereby also the common Inne to lodge every strange, and forraine guest. That which followeth for any thing, I can find (though I have with some diligence searched after it,) intertaineth none, but naturall, and home-borne words, which though in number they be not many, a hundred and twenty, or thereabouts; yet in variation are so divers, and uncertaine, that they need much the stampe of some good *Logick*, to beat them into proportion. We have set downe that, that in our judgement agreeth best with reason, and good order. Which, notwithstanding, if it seeme to any to be too rough hewed, let him plane it out more smoothly, and I shall not only not envy it, but, in the behalfe of my Countrey, most heartily thanke him for so great a benefit, hoping that I shall be thought sufficiently to have done my part, if in towling this Bell, I may draw others to a deeper consideration of the matter: for touching my selfe, I must needs confesse, that after much painfull churning, this only would come, which here we have devised.

The *second Conjugation* therefore turneth the *present* into the *time past*, by the only change of his Letters, namely of *Vowells* alone, or *Consonants* also.

Verbes changing *Vowells* only, have no certaine termination of the *Participle past*, but derive it as well from the *present*, as the *time past*, and that otherwhile differing from either, as the examples following do declare.

The change of *Vowells* is, either of *simple Vowells*, or of *Diphongs*; whereof the first goeth by the order of *Vowells*, which we also will observe.

An *a.* is turned into *oo.*

Pres.

Pref.	<i>Shake, shakest, shaketh.</i>	Plur. <i>Shake, shake, shake.</i>
Past.	<i>Shooke, shookest, shooke.</i>	Pl. <i>Shooke, shooke, shooke.</i>
Fut.	<i>Shake, shake.</i>	Plur. <i>Shake, shake.</i>
Inf.	<i>Shake.</i>	
Part. pr.	<i>Shaking.</i>	
Part. pa.	<i>Shaken.</i>	

This forme doe the *Verbes*, take, wake, forsake, and hang, follow; but hang, in the time past maketh hung; not, hangen.

Hereof the *Verb*, am, is a speciall exception, being thus varied:

Pr. *Am, art, is.* Pl. *are, are, are;* or, *Be, be, be,* of the unused word, *Bee, beeſt, beeſh,* in the singular.

Past. *Was, waſt, w. is. or, Were, wert, were.* Pl. *Were, were, were.*

Fut. *Be, be.* Plur. *Be, be.*

Inf. *Be.*

Part. pr. *Being.*

Part. paſt. *Bene.*

Ea, maketh first *e.* short:

Pr. *Leade.* Past. *Ledde.* Part. pa. *Ledde.*

The rest of the times and persons, both singular and plurall in this, and the other *Verbs* that follow, because they jumpe with the former examples, and rules, in every point, we have chosen rather to omit, then to thrust in needlesse words.

Such are the *Verbs*, eate, beate, (both making *Participles past*: besides *ette*, and *bette*; eaten, and beaten) spread, shead, dreade, sweate, shreade, treade.

Then *a,* or *o.* indifferently;

Pr. *Breake.*

Past. *Brake, or broke.*

Par. pa. *Broke, or broken.*

Hither belong, *ſpeake, ſweare, teare, cleave, weare, ſteale, beare, ſheare, weawe.* So, *gett,* and *helpe*: but *halpe*, is ſeldome uſed, ſave with the Poets.

i. is changed into *a.*

Pr. *give.*

Past. *gave.*

Par. pa. *given.*

So, *bid,* and *ſit.*

And here ſometimes *i.* is turned into *a.* and *o.* both.

Pr. *Winne.*

Past. *Wanne, or Wonne.*

Par. pa. *Wonne.*

Of this ſort are *ſling, ring, wring, ſing, ſting, ſlick, ſpinne, ſtrick, drinke, ſinke, ſpring, begin, ſinke, ſhrinke, ſwing, ſwimme.*

Secondly, long *i.* into *e.*

Pr. *reede.*

Pa. *read.*

Par. pa. *read.*

Alſo *feed, meet, breed, bleed, ſpeed.*

Then into *o.*

Pr. *ſeeſh.*

Pa. *ſodde.*

Par. pa. *ſodde, or ſoddem.*

Laſtly,

Lastly, it makes, *aw*.

Pr. *see*.
Pa. *saw*.
Par. pa. *scene*.

o. hath *a*.

Pr. *come*.
Pa. *came*.
Par. pa. *come*.

And here it may besides keepe his proper *Vowel*.

Pr. *runne*.
Pa. *ranne*, or *runne*.
Par. pa. *runne*.

oo. maketh *o*.

Pr. *choofe*.
Pa. *chofe*.
Par. pa. *chofen*.

And one more, *shoote*, *shotte*, in the *Participle*.

past. *shot*, or *shotten*.

Some pronounce the *Verbs* by the *Diphthong*, *ew*. *chemse*, *shewte*, and that is *Scottish*-like.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the third Conjugation.

The change of *Diphthongs* is of *ai*. and *y*. or *aw*. and *ow*. All which are changed into *ow*.

ai. { Pr. *Slay*.
Pa. *slew*.
Par. pa. *slaine*.
y. { Pr. *Fly*.
Pa. *flew*.
Par. pa. *flyne*, or *flowne*.
aw. { Pr. *draw*.
Pa. *drew*.
Par. pa. *drawne*.
ow. { Pr. *know*.
Pa. *knew*.
Par. pa. *knowne*.

This forme commeth oftener, then the three former: *snow*, *grow*, *throw*, *blow*, *crow*.

Secondly, *y*. is particularly turned, sometimes into the Vowells *i*. and *e*.

i. { Pr. *Byte*.
Pa. *Bitte*.
Par. pa. *Bitte*, or *bitten*.

Likewise, *hyde*, *quyte*, *chyde*, *stride*, *fyde*.

o. { Pr. *Hight*.
Pa. *Hoght*.
Par. pa. *Hoght*.

So,

So, *Shine, strive, thrive.*

And, as γ . severally frameth either; so may it joyntly have them both:

Pr. *Ryse.*

Past. *Rise, or rose.*

Par. pa. *Rise, or risen.*

To this kind pertaine: *Smyte, wryte, byde, ryde, clyme, dryve, chyeve.*

Sometimes, into the *Diphthongs, ai, and ou.*

ai. { Pr. *Lye.*
Pa. *Lay.*
Par. pa. *lyne, or layne.*

ou. { Pr. *Fynd.*
Pa. *found.*
Par. pa. *found.*

So, *bynde, grynde, wynde, fyght.*

Last of all; *aw, and ow*; doe both make *e*.

aw. { Pr. *Fall.*
Pa. *fell.*
Par. pa. *fallen.*

Such is the *Verbe, fraught*: which *Chaucer* in the *Man of Lawes tale*:

This Merchants have done, freight their ships new.

ou. { Pr. *Howld.*
Pa. *Held.*
Par. pa. *Held, or howlden.*

Exceptions of the *Time past*.

Some that are of the *first Conjugation*, only have in the *Participle past*, besides their owne, the forme of the second, and the third: as

Hew, hewed, and hewne.

Mow, mowed, and mowen.

Load, loaded, and loaden.

CHAP. XX.

Of the fourth Conjugation.

Verbs that convey the *Time past* for the *present*, by the change both of Vowells and Consonants, following the terminations of the first Conjugation, end in *d*. or *t*.

Pr. *Stand.*

Pa. *Stood.*

Such are these words,

Pr. *Wolle, wolt, wolle.*

Pa. *wolde, or woulde. wouldst, would.*

Fut. *wolle, woll.*

The *infinite Times* are not used:

Pr. { *Can, canst, can.*

Pa. { * *Colde, or could.*

Pr. { *Sholle, sholt, shall.*

Pa. { *Sholde, or shoulde.*

* An old English word, for which now we commonly use, *shall*, or *shall*.

The other Times of either *Verbe* are lacking.

Pr. { *Heare.*
Pa. { *Heard.*

Pr. { *Sell.*
Pa. { *Sold.*
So, *Tell, told.*

Of the other sort are these, and such like:

Pr. { *Feele.*
Pa. { *Felt.*

So, *creepe, sleepe, weepe, keepe, sweepe, meene.*

Pr. { *Teach.*
Pa. { *Taught.*

To this forme belong: *thinke, retch, seake, reach, catch, bring, worke, and buy, and owe, which make, bought, and ought.*

Pr. { *Dare, darest, dare.*
Pa. { *Durst, durst, durst.*

Pr. { *May, mayst, may.*
Pa. { *Might, mightest, might.*

These two *Verbs* want the other Times.

A generall exception from the former Conjugations. Certaine *Verbs* have the forme of either Conjugation: as

Hang, hanged, and hung.

Reach, reach't, and rought.

So, *cleave, sheare, sting, clyme, cetch, &c.*

CHAP. XXI. Of Adverbs.

Thus much shall suffice for the *Etymologie* of *Words*, that have number, both in a *Noune*, and a *Verbe*: whereof the former is but short, and easie: the other longer, and wrapped with a great deale more difficultie. Let us now proceed to the *Etymologie* of words without number.

A *Word* without number is that, which without his principall signification noteth not any number. Whereof there be two kinde, an *Adverbe*, and a *Conjunction*.

An *Adverb* is a word without number, that is joynd to another word: as

Well-learned.

Hee fighteth valiantly.

Hee disputeth very subtilly.

So that an *Adverb* is as it were an *Adjective* of *Nounes, Verbes*; yea, and *Adverbs* also themselves.

Adverbs are either of *Quantitie*, or *Qualitie*. Of *Quantitie*: as

Enough, too-much, altogether.

Adverbs of *Qualitie* be of divers sorts:

First of *Number*: as *Once, twice, thrice.*

Secondly, of *Time*: as *To day, yesterday, then.*

By, and by, ever, when.

Thirdly of *Place*: as *Here, there, where, yonder.*

Fourthly, in affirmation, or negation: as

I. yes. indeed. no. not. nay.

Fifthly, in wishing, calling, and exhorting: wishing, as

O. If.

Calling; as, *Ho. firrah.* Exhorting: as *so, so. there, there.*

Sixthly in similitude, and likeness: as

So. even so. Likewise, even as.

To this place pertaine *Adverbs* of *qualitie* whatsoever, being formed from *Nounes*, for the most part, by adding *ly*: as

Fast, justly. True, truly.

Strong, strongly. Name, namely.

Here also *Adjectives*, as well *positive*, as *compared* stand for *Adverbs*:

When he least waceth, soonest shall he fall.

Interjections, commonly so termed, are in right *Adverbs*, and therefore may justly lay title to this roome. Such are these, that follow, with their like: as

Ah, alas. wo. fie. tush. ha, ha, he.

st. a note of silence. *Rr.* that serveth to set dogges together by the eares. *Hrr.* to chase birds away.

Prepositions are also a peculiar kind of *Adverbs*, and ought to be referred hither. *Prepositions* are separable, or inseparable. *Separable* are for the most part of *Time*, and *Place*: as

Among. according. without.

Afore. after. before. behind.

Under. upon. beneath. over.

Against. besides. neere.

Inseparable Prepositions are they, which signifie nothing, if they be not compounded with some other word: as

re. un. in Release. unlearned.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Conjunctions.

A *Conjunction* is a word without number, knitting divers speeches together: and is *declaring*, or *reasoning*. *Declaring*, which uttereth the parts of a *Sentence*: And that againe is *gathering*, or *separating*. *Gathering*, whereby the parts are affirmed to be true together, which is *coupling*, or *conditioning*. *Coupling*, when the parts are severally affirmed: as

And. also. neither.

Conditioning, by which the part following dependeth, as true, upon the part going before; as *If. unlesse. except.*

A *separating conjunction* is that, whereby the parts (as being not true together) are separated, and is

Severing,

or,

sundring.

Severing, when the parts are separated only in a certaine respect, or reason: as

But. although. notwithstanding.

Sundring,

Sundring, when the parts are separated indeed, and truly, so as more then one cannot be true: as

Either, whither, or.

Reasoning Conjunctions are those which conclude one of the parts by the other, whereof some render a reason; and some doe inferre.

Rendring are such, as yeeld the cause of a thing going before: as.

For, because.

Inferring, by which a thing that commeth after, is concluded by the former: as

Therefore, Wherefore.

So that, inasmuch that.

THE

THE SECOND B O O K E, OF THE ENGLISH G R A M M A R. *Of Syntaxe.*

CHAP. I.

Of Apostrophus.

The Latines
and Hebrewes
have none.

AS yet we have handled *Etymologie*, and all the parts thereof. Let us come to the consideration of the *Syntaxe*.
Syntaxe is the second part of *Grammar*, that teacheth the Construction of words, whereunto *Apostrophus*, an affection of words coupled, and joyned together, doth belong.

Apostrophus is the rejecting of a Vowell from the beginning, or ending of a Word. The note whereof, though it many times, through the negligence of Writers and Printers, is quite omitted, yet by right should, and of the learned sort hath his signe and marke, which is such a *Semi-circle* placed in the top.

In the end a Vowell may be cast away, when the word next following beginneth with another: as

Th' outward man decayeth:

So th' inward man getteth strength.

*If ye utter such words of pure love, and friendship,
What then may wee looke for, if ye once begin to hate?*

Gower. lib. I. de confess. Amant.

If thou' art of his company, tell forth, my sonne.

It is time to awake from sleepe.

Vowells suffer also this *Apostrophus* before the Consonant *h*.

Chaucer in the 3. Booke of *Troilus*.

For of Fortunes sharpe adversitie,

The worst kind of infortune is this:

A man to have beene in prosperitie,

And it to remember when it passed is.

The first kind then is common with the *Greekes*, but that which followeth, is proper to us, which though it bee not of any, that I know,
either

either in Writing, or Printing, usually express'd: Yet considering that in our common speech, nothing is more familiar, (upon the which all Precepts are grounded, and to the which they ought to be referred) who can justly blame me, if, as neere as I can, I follow Natures call.

This rejecting therefore, is both in Vowells, and Consonants, going before,

Gower, lib. 4. *There is no fire, there is no sparke,
There is no dore, which may charke.*

Who answered, that he was not privy to it, and in excuse seem'd to be very fore displeased with the matter, that his men of Warre had done it without his commandement, or consent.

CHAP. II.

Of the Syntaxe of one Noun with another.

Syntaxe appertaineth, both to words of number, and without number, where the want, and superfluity of any part of speech are two generall, and common exceptions. Of the former kind of Syntaxe is that of a Noun, and Verbe.

The Syntaxe of a Noun, with a Noun, is in number, and gender: as

*Esau could not obtaine his fathers blessing, though he sought it with
teares.*

Jezabel was a wicked woman, for she slew the Lords Prophets.

An Idol is no god, for it is made with hands.

In all these examples yee see *Esau*, and *hee*; *Jezabel*, and *shee*; *Idol*, and *it*, to agree in the singular number. The first example also in the Masculine gender: the second in the Feminine: the third, in the Neuter. And in this Construction (as also throughout the whole English Syntaxe) order, and the placing of words is one especiall thing to be observed. So that when a Substantive, and an Adjective, are immediatly joyned together, the Adjective must goe before: as

Plato sheweth Faults out of his Common-wealth, as effeminate Writers, unprofitable members, and enemies to vertue.

When two Substantives come together, whereof one is the name of a Possessor, the other of a thing possessed, then hath the name of a Possessor the former place, and that in the Genitive:

All mans righteousness is like a defiled cloth.

Gower, lib. 1.

*An Owle flieth by night,
Out of all other birds sight.*

But if the thing possess'd goe before, then doth the Proposition of, come betweene:

Ignorance is the mother of errour.

Gower, lib.

*So that it groweth well therefore
The strength of man is some lore.*

Which

Which Preposition may be coupled with the thing possessed, being in the Genitive.

Nort. in Arsan. *A road made into Scanderbeck's Countrey by the Duke of Mysia's*

men; for the Dukes men of Mysia.

Here the absolute serveth sometimes in stead of a Genitive:

All trouble is light, which is endured for righteousness sake.

Otherwise, two Substantives are joyned together by apposition; Sir Thomas More in King Richards Story: *George Duke of Clarence, was a Prince at all points fortunate.* Where if both be the names of Possessors, the latter shall be in the Genitive.

Foxe in the 2. Volume of Acts and Monuments:

King Henry the Eight, married with the Lady Katherine his Brother, Prince Arthurs wife.

The generall exceptions:

The Substantive is often lacking: *Sir Thomas More.*

Sometime without small things, greater cannot stand.

Chaucer. *For some folke will be wonne for riches,*

And some folke for strokes, and some folke for gentleness.

Likewise the Adjective:

It is hard in prosperitie to preserve true Religion, true godlinesse, and true humilitie.

Lidgate, lib. 8. speaking of Constantine,

That whilome had the divination

As chiefe Monarch, chiefe Prince, and chiefe President

Over all the world, from East to Occident.

But the more notable lacke of the Adjectives is in the want of the relative;

In the things, which we least mistrust, the greatest danger doth often lurke.

Gower, lib. 2.

For thy the wise men ne demen

The things after that their they semen.

But, after that, which they know, and finde.

* Pf. 118. 22. *The stone, the builders refused, for which the builders refused.*

And here besides the common wanting of a Substantive, whereof we spake before, there is another more speciall, and proper to the Absolute, and the Genitive.

Chaucer in the 3. booke of Fame.

This is the mother of rydings,

As the Sea is mother of Wells, and is mother of Springs.

Rebecca clothed Jacob with garments of his brothers

Superfluity also of Nounes is much used:

Sir Tho: More, whose death King Edward (although he commanded it) when he wist it was done, pitiously bewailed it, and sorrowfully repented it.

Chaucer in his Prologue to the Man of Lawes tale.

Such law, as a man geveth another wight,

He should himself usen it by right.

In Greek and Latine this want were barbarous: the Hebrewes notwithstanding use it.

Gower, lib. 1. *For, whose well another blame,
Hee seeketh oft his owne shame.*

Special exceptions, and first of *Number*. Two Singulars are put for our Plurall:

*All Authority, and Custome of men, exalted against the word of
God, must yeeld themselves prisoners.*

Gower. *In thine aspect are all alich,
The poore man, and eke the rich.*

The second Person plurall is for reverence sake to one singular thing:

Gower, lib. 1. *O good Father deare,
Why make ye this heavie cheare.*

Where also after a *Verbe* plurall, the singular of the Noun is retained:
*I know you are a discreet, and faithfull man, and therefore am come to aske
your advice.*

Exceptions of *Genders*.

The Articles *hee*, and *it*, are used in each others Gender.

Sir Tho. More. *The south wind sometime swelleth of himselfe before a tem-
pest.*

Gower of the earth.

*And for thy men it delve, and ditch,
And eare it, with strength of plough:
Where it hath of himselfe enough,
So that his need is least.*

It, also followeth for the Feminine: Gower, lib. 4.

*He swore it should nought be let,
That, if she have a daughter bore,
That it ne should be forlore.*

CHAP. III.

Of the Syntaxe of a Pronoun with a Noun.

The Articles *a*, and *the*, are joynt to Substantives common never to proper names of men: *William Lambert in the Perambulation of Kent.*

The cause only, and not the death maketh a Martyr.

Yet, with a proper name used by a Metaphor, or borrowed manner of speech, both Articles may be coupled:

*Who so avoucheth the manifest, and knowne truth, ought not there-
fore to be called a Goliath, that is a monster, and impudent fellow, as
he was.*

Jewell against Harding:

*You have adventured your selfe to be the noble David, to conquer
this Giant.*

Nort. in Arsan. *And if ever it were necessarie, now it is, when many an
Athanasius, many an Atticus, many a noble Prince, and godly Per-
sonage lyeth prostrate at your feet for succour.*

Where this Metaphor is expounded. So, when the proper name is used to note ones parentage, which kind of Nounes the Grammarians call *Patroni-
micks*: Nort. in Gabriells Oration to Scanderbech.

For you know well enough the wiles of the Ottomans.

Perkin Warbeck, a stranger borne, fained himselfe to be a Plantaginet.

When a Substantive, and an Adjective are joyned together, these Articles are put before the Adjective:

A good conscience is a continuall feast.

Gower, lib. i. *For false semblant bath evermore
Of his counsell in companie,
The darke untrue Hypocrisie.*

Which Construction in the Article, *A*, notwithstanding some Adjectives will not admit:

Sir Tho. More. *Such a Serpent is ambition, and desire of vain-glory.*

Chaucer. *Under a Shepheard false, and negligent,*

The Wolfe hath many a Sheepe, and Lamb to rent.

Moreover, both these Articles are joyned to any cases of the Latines, the Vocative only excepted: as,

A man saith. The strength of a man.

I sent to a man. I hurt a man.

I was sued by a man.

Likewise, the Apostle testifieth: The zeale of the Apostle, Give eare to the Apostle: Follow the Apostle: Depart not from the Apostle.

So that in these two Pronounes the whole Construction almost of the Latines is contained. *The*, agreeth to any number: *A*, only to the singular, save when it is joyned with those Adjectives, which doe of necessity require a Plurall:

The Conscience is a thousand witnesses.

Lidgate, lib. i.

Though for a season they sit in high cheares,

Their fame shall fade within a few yeares.

A, goeth before words beginning with Consonants, and before all Vowells, (Diphthongs, whose first letter is *y*, or *w*. excepted) it is turned into *An*:

Sir Tho. More:

For men use to write an evill turne in marble stone; but a good turne they write in the dust.

Gower, lib. i.

For all shall dye; and all shall passe

As well a Lyon, as an Ass.

So may it be also before *h*.

Sir Tho. More. *What mischief worketh the proud enterprize of an high heart.*

A, hath also the force of governing before a Noun:

Sir Tho. More:

And the Protector had sayd to her for manner sake, that she was a Councell with the Lord Hastings to destroy him.

Chaucer, 2 booke of Troylus:

And on his way fast homeward he sped,

And Troylus he found alone in bed.

Likewise,

Likewise, before the Participle present, *An*, hath the force of a *Gerund*:
Nort. in Arias.

But there is some great tempest a brewing towards us.

Lidgate, lib. 7.

The King was slain, and ye did assent

In a Forrest an hunting, when that he went.

The Article, *The*, joyned with the Adjective of a Noun proper may follow, after the Substantive:

Chaucer.

Their Chaunticleer the faire

Was wont, and eke his Wives to repaire.

Otherwise it varieth from the common Rule. Again, this Article by a *Synecdoche* doth reſtraine a generall, and common name to ſome certaine and ſpeciall one:

Gower in his Prologue.

The Apoſtle writeth unto us all,

And ſaith, that upon us his fall,

Th' end of the world. for Paul.

So by the Philoſopher, *Ariſtole*. By the Poet, among the Grecians, *Homer*: with the Latines, *Virgill*, is underſtood.

This, and *that*, being Demonstratives; and *what*, the Interrogative, are taken for Subſtantives:

Sir *John Cheeke*, in his Oration to the Rebels.

Ye riſe for Religion: What Religion taught you that?

Chaucer, in the reſte tale:

And this is very ſooth, as I you tell.

Aſham, in his Diſcourſe of the Affaires of Germanie. A wonderfull folly in a great man himſelfe, and ſome peece of miſerie in a whole Common-wealth, where fooles chiefly, and flatterers, may ſpeake freely *what* they will; and good men ſhall commonly be ſilent, if they ſpeake *what* they ſhould.

What, alſo for an Adverbe of Partition:

Lambert. *But now*, in our memorie, *what* by decay of the haven, and *what* by overthrow of Religious Houſes, and loſſe of Calice, it is brought in manner to miſerable nakedneſſe, and decay.

Chaucer, 3. booke of *Troilus*:

Then wot I well, ſhee might never faile

For to beene holpen, what at your inſtance?

What at your other friends governance.

That, iſued for a Relative:

Sir, *John Cheeke*. *Sedition is an Apoſtame*, which; when it breaketh inwardly, putteth the State in great danger of Recovery; and corrupteth the whole Common-wealth, with the rotten furie, *that* it hath putrefied with. For, *with which*

They, and *theſe*, are ſometimes taken, as it were, for Articles:

Fox, 2. Volume of *Acts*:

That no kind of diſquietneſſe ſhould be procured againſt them of Bern, and Zurich.

Gower, lib. 2.

My brother hath us all ſold

To them of Rome.

In th' other
tongues, *quid*;
n, have not
the force of
partition, nor
illud cœivo,
of a Relative.

The *Pronoun, These*, hath a rare use being taken for an Adjective of similitude: It is, neither the part of an honest man to tell these tales: nor if a wise man to receive them.

Lidgate, lib. 5. *Lo, how these Princes proud, and richdofse,
Have shamefull ends, which cannot live in peace.*

Him, and *Them*, be used reciprocally for the Compounds, *himselfe*, *themselves*:

Fox. *The Garrison desired, that they might depart with bagge,
and baggage.*

Chaucer in the *Squires tale*:

So deepe in graine he dyed his colours,

Right, as a Serpent hideth him under flowers.

His, *their*, and *theirs*, have also a strange use; that is to say, being Possessives, they serve instead of Primitives:

Chaucer: *And shortly so farre forth this thing went,
That my will, was his wills instrument.*

Which in *Latine* were a solecisme; for there we should not say, *sua voluntatis*, but *voluntatis ipsius*.

Pronounes have not the Articles *a*, and *the*, going before *which*, the *Relative*, *selfe*, and *same*, only excepted: The *same* Jewd canred Carle, practiseth nothing, but how he may overcome, and oppresse the Faith of Christ, for the *which*, you, as you know, have determined to labour and travell continually.

The Possessives, *My*, *thy*, *our*, *your*, and *their*, goe before words: as, *my land*: *thy goods*; and so in the rest: *Myne*, *thyne*, *ours*, *yours*, *hers*, and *theirs*, follow, as it were, in the *Genitive* case: as *these lands are mine*, *thine*, &c.

His, doth indifferently goe before, or follow after: as, *his house is a faire one*; and, *this house is his*.

CHAP. III.

Of the Syntaxe of Adjectives.

Adjectives of Qualitie are coupled with *Pronounes* Accusative cases: Chaucer. *And he was wise, hardy, secret, and rich,*

Of these three points, nas none him lych.

Certaine Adjectives include a Partition: *From the head doth life and motion flow to the rest of the members.*

The Comparative agreeth to the parts compared, by adding this Preposition, *than*: Chaucer, 3. booke of *Pame*.

What did this Aolus, but he

Tooke out his blacke trumpet of brasse,

That blacker than the Drivell was.

The Superlative is joyned to the parts compared by this Preposition, *of*:

Gower, lib. 1. *Pride is of every misse the prick:*

Pride is the worst vice of all wick.

Jewell.

The friendship of truth is best of all.

Oftentimes both Degrees are expressed by these two Adverbs, *more*, and

The *Latines* Comparative governeth an Ablative; their Superlative a Genitive plural: The *Greekes*, both Comparative, and Superlative hath a Genitive; but in neither tongue is a signe going betweene.

and *most* : as, *more excellent, most excellent*. Whereof the latter doth most to have his proper place in those that are spoken in a certaine kind of excellencie, but yet without Comparison : *Hector was a most valiant man*; that is, *inter fortissimus*.

Furthermore, these Adverbs, *more*, and *most*, are added to the Comparative, and Superlative degrees themselves, which should before the Positive:

Sir Tho. More. Forasmuch as she saw the Cardinall more readier to depart, then the remnant; For, not only the high dignitie of the Civill Magistrate, but the most basest handicrafts are holy, when they are directed to the honour of God.

And, this is a certaine kind of English Atticisme, or eloquent Phrase of speech, imitating the manner of the most ancientest and finest Grecians; who, for more *emphasis*, and vehemencies sake used to speake.

Positives are also joyned with the Preposition, *of*, like the Superlative:

Elias was the only man of all the Prophets that was left alive.

Gower, lib. 4. *The first point of slouth I call Lachesse, and is the chiefe of all.*

CHAPTER. V.

Of the Syntaxe of a Verbe with a Noun.

Hitherto we have declared the Syntaxe of a Noun: The Syntaxe of a Verbe followeth, being either of Verbe with a Noun, or, of one Verbe with another.

The Syntaxe of a Verbe with a Noun is in *number*, and *person*: as

I am content. You are mis-inform'd.

Chaucer 2. booke of Fame.

For, as flame is but lighted smoke;

Night so is sound ayr ybroke.

I my selfe, and *your selves*, agree unto the first person: *You, thou, it, thy selfe, your selves*, to the second: All other Nounes and Pronounes (that are of any person) to the third: Againe, *I, we, thou, he, she, they, who*, doe ever governe: unlesse it be in the Verbe, *am*; that requireth the like case after it, as is before it, *Me, us, thee, her, them, him, whom*, are govern'd of the Verbe. The rest, which are Absolute, may either governe, or bee governed.

A Verbe impersonall in Latine is here expressed by an English impersonall, with this Article, *it*, going before: as, *opportet, it behoveth: deoet, it becommeth*. Generall Exceptions:

The person governing is oft understood by that went before: *True Religion glorifieth them that honour it*; and *is a target unto them that are a buckler unto it*.

Chaucer. *Womens counsells brought us first to woe;*

And made Adam from Paradise to goe.

But this is more notable, and also more common in the future; where-

in

in for the most part we never expresse any person, not so much as at the first.

Fear God. Honour the King.

Likewise the Verbe is understood by some other going before:

Not in Arsan.

When the danger is most great, naturall strength most feeble, and diuine ayde most needfull.

Certaine Pronounes, governed of the Verbe, doe here abound. Sir Thomas More. *And this I say, although they were not abused, as now they be, and so long haue beene, that I feare me euer they will be.*

Chaucer, 3. booke of Fame:

And as I wondred me, ywis

Upon this house.

Idem in Thisbe:

Sheriff ber up with a full dreary heart:

And in cave with dreadfull faie she start.

Speciall Exceptions.

Nounes signifying a multitude, though they be of the Singular number, require a Verbe plurall.

Lidgate, lib. 2. *And wise men rehearse in sentence*

Where folke be drunken, there is no resistance.

This exception is in other Nounes also very common, especially when the Verbe is joynd to an Adverbe, or Conjunction: *It is preposterous to execute a man, before he haue beene condemned.*

Gower, lib. 1.

Although a man be wise himselfe,

Yet is the wisdom more of twelve.

Chaucer:

Therefore I read you this counsell take,

For sake sinne, ere sinne you forsake.

In this exception of number, the Verbe sometime agreeth not with the governing Noun of the plurall number, as it should, but with the Noun governed: as, *Riches is a thing oft-times more hurtfull, then profitable to the owners.* After which manner the Latines also speake: *omnia pontus erat.* The other speciall * exception is not in use.

* Which notwithstanding the Hebrewes use very strangely, *Kullam ragububouna, Job 7. 10.* All they returne ye and come now.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Syntaxe of a Verbe, with a Verbe.

When two Verbes meet together, whereof one is governed by the other, the latter is put in the infinite, and that with this signe to, comming betweene, as *Good men ought to joyne together in good things.*

But, *will, doe, may, can, shall, dare,* (when it is in Transitive) *must,* and *less,* when it signifieth a sufferance, receive not the signe:

Gower. *To God no man may be fellow.*

This signe set before an infinite, not govern'd of a Verbe, changeth it into the nature of a Noun.

Not. in Arsan. *To winne is the benefit of Fortune: but to keepe is the power of wisdom.*

Generall

General Exceptions.

The Verbe governing is understood: *Nott. in Arsan.* For if the head, which is the life, and stay of the body, betray the members, must not the members also needs betray one another; and so the whole body, and head goe altogether to niter wreck, and destruction?

The other generall exception is * wanting.

The Speciall exception. Two Verbes, *have*, and *am*, require alwayes a Participle *past* without any signe: as, *I am pleased. Thou art hated. Save* when they import a necessitie, or conveniencie of doing any thing: In which case they are very * eloquently joyned to the *infinite*, the signe comming betweene: *By the example of Herod, all Princes are to take heed how they give care to flatterers.*

Lidgate, lib. i.

Truth, and falsesse in what they have done,

May no while assemble in one person.

And herethose Times, which in *Etymologie* we remembred to be wanting, are set forth by the *Syntaxe* of Verbes joyned together. The *Syntaxe* of *imperfect* Times in this manner:

The *Presents* by the *infinite*, and the Verbe, *may*, or *can*, as for, *Amem, Amarem*: *I may love: I might love.* And againe, *I can love: I could love.*

The *futures* are declared by the *infinite*, and the Verbe, *shall*, or *will*: as *Amabo*: *I shall, or, will love.*

Amavero addeth thereunto, *have*, taking the nature of two divers Times; that is, of the *future*, and the Time *past*:

I shall have loved: or,

I will have loved.

The *perfect* Times are expressed by the Verbe, *have*: as,

Amavi. Amaveram.

I have loved. I had loved.

Amaverim, and *Amavissim* adde *might* unto the former Verbe: as,

I might have loved.

The *infinite past*, is also made by adding, *have*: as,

Amavisse, to have loved.

Verbes *Passive* are made of the Participle *past*, and, *am*, the Verbe. *Amor*, and *Amabar*, by the only putting to of the Verbe: as,

Amor, I am loved.

Amabar, I was loved.

Amer, and *Amarer*, have it governed of the Verbe *may*, or *can*: as,

Amer, I may be loved: or, I can be loved.

Amarer, I might be loved, or, I could be loved.

In *Amabor*, it is governed of *shall*, or, *will*: as,

I shall, or, will be loved.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Syntaxe of Adverbs.

This therefore is the *Syntaxe* of words, having *number*, there remaineth that of words *without number*; which standeth in *Adverbs*, or *Conjunctions*. *Adverbs* are taken one for the other; that is to say, *Adverbs* of *likenesse*, for *Adverbs* of *Time*. As he spake those words, he gave up the ghost.

Gower,

* So in Greek and Latine, but in Hebrew this exception is often. *Esa. 6. 9.* which hebraisme the new Testament is went to re-taine by turning the Hebrew *infinite*, either into a verbal, *ἀκούσας* *ἀκούσας* today. *Matth. 13. 14.* or a Participle. *ἰδὼν* *ἰδὼν*. *Act. 7.*

³⁴ A phrase proper unto our tongue, save that the Hebrews seem to have the former, *Job 10. 23.* *When he is to fill his belly.*

Gower, lib. 1.

Anone, as he was meeke, and tame.

He found towards his God the same.

The like is to be scene in *Adverbs* of Time, and Place, used in each others stead, as among the *Latines*, and the *Grecians*.

Nort. in Arlan.

Let us not be ashamed to follow the counsell, and example of our enemies, where it may doe us good.

Adverbs stand in stead of *Relatives*:

Lidgate, lib. 1.

And little worth is fairenesse in certaine

In a person, where no vertue is scene.

Nort. to the Northerne Rebels.

Few women storme against the marriage of Priests, but such as have bene Priests harlots, or faine would be.

Chaucer in his Ballad.

But great God disposeth,

And maketh casuall by his Providence

Such things as fraile man purposeth. For, those things, which.

Certaine *Adverbs* in the Syntaxe of a Substantive, and an Adjective meeting together, cause, a, the Article to follow the Adjective.

Sir John Cheeke: *O! with what spite was sundred so noble a body, from so godly a mind.*

Jewell.

It is too light a labour to strive for names.

Chaucer.

Thou art at ease, and hold thee well therein.

As great a praise is to keepe well, as win.

* The Greeke Article is set before the positive also: Theocrit. *ιδ. γ. τιτῷ θμιν τὸ χαλδν πριζα-μιν.*

Adjectives * compared, when they are used *Adverbially*, may have the Article *the*, going before.

Jewell. *The more enlarged is your libertie, the lesse cause have you to complaine.*

Adverbs are wanting. Sir Tho. More. *And how farre be they off that would helpe, as God send grace, they hurt not; for, that they hurt not.*

Often-times they are used without any necessitie, for greater vehemencie sake; as, Then-afterward, Again, once more.

Gower.

Hee saw also the homes spread

Above all earth, in, which were

The kinde of all birds there.

Prepositions are joyned with the * *Accusative* cases of *Pronounes*:

Sir Thomas More. *I exhort, and require you, for the love that you have borne to me, and, for the love that I have borne to you, and, for the love, that our Lord beareth to us all.*

Gower, lib. 1. *For Lucifer, with them that sell,*

Bare Pride with him into Hell.

They may also be coupled with the *Possessives*: *Myne, thyne, ours, yours, his, hers, theirs.* Nort. to the Rebels. *Thinke you, her Majestie, and the wisest of the Realme, have no care of their owne soules, that have charge both of their owne, and yours?*

* The Hebrewes set them always before.

These * *Prepositions* follow sometimes the *Nounes* they are coupled with: *God hath made Princes, their Subjects guides, to direct them in the way, which they have to walke in.*

But, *ward*, or *wards*; and, *toward*, or, *towards*, have the same Syntaxe, that

that *versus*, and *adversus*, have with the *Latines*: that is, the latter coming after the Noun, which it governeth, and the other contrarily: *Nort. in Paul Angells Oration to Scanderbeck: For, his heart being unclean to God-ward, and spitefull towards men, doth alwayes imagine mischief.*

Lidgate, lib. 7.

And south-ward runneth to Caucasus,

And folke of Scythie, that bene inborious.

Now, as before in two Articles, *a*, and *the*, the whole construction of the *Latines*, was contain'd: so their whole rection is by *Prepositions* neere-hand declared: where the *Preposition of*, hath the force of the Genitive; *to*, of the Dative; *from*, *of*, *in*, *by*, and such like of the Ablative: as, *the praise of God. Be thankfull to God. Take the doke of the hoope. I was saved from you, by you, in your house.*

Prepositions matched with the * *Participle present*, supply the place of * *The like nature in* *Gerundes*: as, *In loving, of loving, by loving with loving, from loving, &c.*

Prepositions doe also governe * *Adverbs.*

Lidgate, lib. 9. *Sent from above, as shee did understand.*

Generall exceptions: Divers *Prepositions* are very often wanting, whereof it shall be sufficient to give a taste in those, that above the rest, are most worthy to be noted.

Of, in an Adjective of Partition: Lidgate, lib. 5.

His Lieges eche one being of one assent

To live, and dye with him in his intent.

The *Preposition*, *touching*, *concerning*, or some such like doth often want, after the manner of the Hebrew *Lamed*:

Gower. *The privities of mans heart*

They speake, and sound in his eare,

As though they loud windes were.

Riches, and inheritance, they be given by Gods providence, to whom of his wisdom hee thinketh good: For, touching, riches, and inheritance; or some such like Preposition.

If, is somewhat strangely lacking: *Nort. in Arsan. Unwise are they, that end their matters with, Had I wist.*

Lidgate, lib. 1. *For, we were not this prudent ordinance,*

Some, to obey, and above to gye

Destroyed were all worldly Policie.

The superfluitie of *Prepositions* is more rare: Jewell. *The whole Universitie, and City of Oxford.*

Gower. *So that my Lord touchend of this*

I have answered, how, that it is.

CHAP. VIII.

of the Syntaxe of Conjunctions.

THe Syntaxe of *Conjunctions* is in order only; *Neither*, and, *either*, are placed in the beginning of words: *Nor*, and *or*, coming after: *Sir Thomas More: Hee can be no Sanctuary-man, that hath neither discretion to desire it, nor malice to deserve it.*

Sir John Cheeke. Either by ambition you lacke Lordlinesse, much anfit for you; or by covetousnesse, ye be unsatiable, a thing likely enough in you: or else by folly, ye be not content with your estate, a fancie to be pluckt out of you.

Lidgate, lib. 2. Wrong, chyming up of stiles, and degrees,

Either by murder, or by false treasons

Asketh a fall, for their finall guerdons.

Here, for nor in the latter member, *ne* is sometime used: *Lambert*. But the Archbishop set himselfe against it, affirming plainly, that hee neither could, ne would suffer it.

The like Syntaxe is also to be marked in *so*, and *as*, used comparatively: for, when the comparison is in quantitie, then *so* goeth before, and *as* followeth. *Ascham*. He hateth himselfe, and hasteth his owne hurt, that is content to heare none so gladly, as either a foole, or a flatterer.

Gower, lib. 1. Men wist in thilk time none

So faire a wight, as she was one.

Sometime for *so*, *as* commeth in. *Chancer*. lib. 5. Troil.

And said, I am, albeit to you no joy,

As gentle a man, as any wight in Troy.

But if the Comparison be in qualitie, then it is contrary: *Gower*;

For, as the fish, if it be dry.

Mote in default of water dye:

Right so, without ayre, or live,

No man, ne beast, might thrive.

And, in the beginning of a sentence, serveth in stead of an Admirati-
on: And, what a notable signe of patience was it in Job, not to murmur against
the Lord?

Chancer 3. booke of Fame.

What, quoth shee, and be ye wood!

And, wene ye for to doe good,

And, for to have of that no fame?

Conjunctions of divers sorts are taken one for another: as, *But*, a severing Conjunction, for a conditioning: *Chancer* in the man of lawes tale.

But it were with the ilk eyes of his mynde,

With which men seene after they ben blinde.

Sir Thomas More. Which, neither can they have, but you give it: neither
can you give it, if ye agree not.

The selfe-same Syntaxe as in *And*, the coupling Conjunction; The Lord
Berners in the Preface to his translation of *Froissart*: What knowledge should
we have of ancient things past, and historie were not.

Sir John Cheeke. Tee have waxed greedie now upon Cities, and have attempt-
ed mightie spoiles to glut up, and you could your wasting hunger.

On the other side, *for*, a cause-renderer, hath sometime the force of a
severing one.

Lidgate, lib. 3. But it may fall a Drewry in his right,

To outrage a Giant for all his great might.

Here the two generall exceptions are termed, *Asyndeton*, and *Polyyndeton*. *Asyndeton*, when the Conjunction wanteth: The Universities of Christen-
dome are the eyes, the lightes, the leaven, the salt, the seasoning of the world.

Gower. To whom her heart cannot heale,

Turne it to woe, turne it to weale.

Here the *severing Conjunction*, or, is lacking; and in the former example, *and*, the *coupler*.

Polygyneton is in doubling the *Conjunction* more then it need to be:

Gower, lib. 4. *So, whether thus he friere, or swear,*

Or he be in, or 'tis be out,

He will be idle all about.

CHAPTER IX.

Of the Distinction of Sentences.

ALL the parts of *Syntaxe* have already beene declared. There resteth one generall Affection of the whole, dispersed thorow every member thereof, as the bloud is thorow the body, and consisteth in the breathing, when we pronounce any *Sentence*; For, whereas our breath is by nature so short, that we cannot continue without a stay to speake long together; it was thought necessarie, as well for the speakers ease, as for the plainer deliverance of the things spoken, to invent this meanes, whereby men pausing a pretty while, the whole speech might never the worse be understood.

These Distinctions are, either of a *perfect*, or *imperfect* Sentence. The distinctions of an *imperfect* Sentence are two, a *sub-distinction*, and a *Comma*.

A *Sub-distinction* is a meane breathing, when the word serveth indifferently, both to the parts of the Sentence going before, and following after, and is marked thus (;)

A *Comma* is a distinction of an *imperfect* Sentence, wherein with somewhat a longer breath, the Sentence following, and is noted with this shorter semicircle (,)

Hither pertaineth a * *Parenthesis*, wherein two *Comma's* include a Sentence:

Jewell. *Certaine falsehoods (by meane of good utterance) have sometime more likely-hood of truth, then truth it selfe.*

Gower, lib. 1. *Division.* (the Gospel saith)

One house upon another leith.

Chancer 3. booke of Fame:

For time, ylost (this know ye)

By no way may recovered be.

These imperfect distinctions in the *Syntaxe* of a Substantive, and an Adjective give the former place to the Substantive: Ascham. *Thus the poore Gentleman suffered grieve; great for the paine, but greater for the spite.*

Gower, lib. 2. Speaking of the envious person:

Though he a man see vertuous,

And full of good condition,

Thereof maketh he no mention.

The Distinction of a perfect Sentence hath a more full stay, and doth rest the spirit, which is a *Pause*, or a *Period*.

A *Pause* is a Distinction of a Sentence, though perfect in it selfe, yet joyned to another, being marked with two pricks. (:)

A *period* is the Distinction of a Sentence, in all respects perfect, and is marked

* The *He-browes* have no peculiar note to discern this *Parenthesis* by, nor the *Interrogation*, and *Admirati-on* following.

marked with one full prick; over against the lower part of the last letter, thus (.)

If a Sentence be with an *Interrogation*, we use this note (?)

Sir John Cheeke. Who can persuade, whose reason is above reason; and might rule right; and it is law for lawfull, whatsoever is lustfull; and Com-motioners are better then Commissioners; and common wee is named Common-wealth?

Chaucer, 2. booke of Fame.

*Loe, is it not a great mischance,
To let a foole have governance,
Of things, that he cannot demayne?*

Lidgate, lib. 1.

*For, if wives be found variable,
Where shall husbands find other stable?*

If it be pronounced with an *Admiration*, then thus (!) *Sir Tho. More.*

O Lord God, the blindnesse of our mortall nature!

Chaucer, 1. booke of Fame.

*Alas! what harme doth apparence,
When it is false in existence!*

These Distinctions (whereof the first is commonly neglected) as they best agree with nature: so come they nearest to the ancient staies of Sentences among the *Romans*, and the *Grecians*. An example of all foure to make the matter plaine, let us take out of that excellent Oration of *Sir John Cheeke*, against the *Rebells*, whereof before we have made so often mention: *When common order of the law can take no place in unruly, and dis-bedlent subjects: and all men will of wilfulnesse resist with rage, and thinke their owne violence, to be the best justice: then be wise Magistrates compelled by necessity, to seek an extreme remedy, where meane salves helpe not, and bring in the Martiall Law, where none other Law serveth.*

The End.

TIMBER:

OR,

DISCOVERIES;

MADE VPON MEN
AND MATTER: AS THEY
have flow'd out of his daily Read-
ings, or had their refluxe to his
peculiar Notion of the Times.

By
BEN: IOHNSON.

Tecum habita, ut noris quam sit tibi curia supellex.
Pers. sat. 4.

LONDON,
Printed M.DC.XLI.

DISCVLVVS

Rerum, & sententiarum, quasi Y^{ly} dicta à multiplici
materia, & varietate, in iis contenta. Quomodo
enim vulgo solemus infinitam arborum nascentium indisci-
minatam multitudinem Sylvam dicere: Ita etiam libros suos in
quibus varia, & diversa materia opuscula temerè congesta erant,
Sylvas appellabam. *Antiqui: Tymber-trees.*

EX.

Pen: Johnson.

LONDON

MDCCXII

EXPLORATA OR, DISCOVERIES.

Ill *Fortune* never crush't that man, whom good *Fortune* deceived not. I therefore have counsell'd my friends, never to trust to her fairer side, though she seem'd to make peace with them: But to place all things she gave them so, as she might aske them againe without their trouble; she might take them from them, nor pull them: to keepe alwayes a distance betweene her, and themselves. He knowes not his own strength, that hath not tri'd *Adversity*. Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet, that which happens to any man, may to every man. But it is in his reason what hee accounts it, and will make it.

Change into extremity is very frequent, and easie. As when a beggar suddenly growes rich, he commonly becomes a Prodigall; for, to obscure his former obscurity, he puts on riot and excesse.

No man is so foolish, but may give an other good counsell sometimes; and no man is so wise, but may easily erre, if hee will take no others counsell, but his owne. But very few men are wise by their owne counsell; or learned by their owne teaching. For hee that was onely taught by himselfe, had a foole to his Master.

A *Fame* that is wounded to the world, would bee better cured by anothers *Apologie*, then its owne. For few can apply medicines well themselves. Besides, the man that is once hated, both his good, and his *evill* deeds oppresse him: Hee is not easily emergent.

In great *Affaires* it is a worke of difficulty to please all. And oft times wee lose the occasion of carrying a *business* well, and thoroughly, by our too much haste. For *Passions* are spirituall Rebels, and raise sedition against the understanding.

There is a *Necessity* all men should love their countrey. He that professeth the contrary, may be delighted with his words, but his heart is there.

Natures that are hardned to *evill*, you shall sooner breake, then make straight; they are like poles that are crooked, and dry: there is no attempting them.

Wee praise the things wee heare, with much more willingnesse, then those wee see: because wee envy the present, and reverence the past, thinking our selves instructed by the one, and over-laid by the other.

Opinion is a light, vaine, crude, and imperfect thing, settled in the Imagination; but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtaine the tincture of *Reason*. Wee labour with it more then Truth. There is much more holds us, then presseth us. An ill fact is one thing, an ill fortune is another: Yet both often times sway us alike, by the error of our thinking.

Many men beleeve not themselves, what they would perswade others; and lesse doe the things, which they would impose on others: but least of all, know what they themselves most confidently boast. Only they set the signe of the Crosse over their outer doores, and sacrifice to their gut, and their groyne in their inner Closets.

*Lactura
vita.*

What a deale of cold busines doth a man mis-spēd the better part of life in! In scattering complements, tending visits, gathering and venting newes, following Feasts and Playes, making a little winter-love in a darke corner.

Hypocrita.

Paritans Hypocrita est Harefous, quem opinio propria perspicacia, quæ sibi videtur, cum paucis in Ecclesiâ dogmatibus, errores quosdam animadvertisse, de statu mentis deurbavit: unde sacro furore percitus, phœnecie pugnat contra Magistratus, sic ratum, obedientiam præstare Deo.

*Munus
auxilia.*

Learning needs rest: Sovereignty gives it. Sovereignty needs counsell: Learning affords it. There is such a Confociation of offices, betwene the Prince, and whom his favour breeds, that they may helpe to sustaine his power, as hee their knowledge. It is the greatest part of his Liberality, his Favour: And from whom doth he heare discipline more willingly, or the Arts discours'd more gladly, then from those, whom his owne bounty, and beneficts have made able and faithfull?

*Cognitio
verbi.*

In being able to counsell others, a Man must be furnish'd with an universall store in himselfe, to the knowledge of all *Nature*. That is the matter, and seed-plot: There are the seats of all Argument, and Invention. But especially, you must be cunning in the nature of Man: There is the variety of things, which are as the *Elements*, and *Letters*, which his art and wildome must ranke, and order to the present occasion. For wee see not all letters in single words, nor all places in particular discourses. That cause seldome happens, wherein a man will use all Arguments.

*Confiliari
adjunct.
Probitas
sapientia.*

The two chiefe things that give a man reputation in counsell, are the opinion of his *Honesty*, and the opinion of his *Wisdom*: The authority of those two will perswade, when the same Counsels utter'd by other persons lesse qualified, are of no efficacy, or working.

Wisdom without *Honesty* is meere craft, and coosnage. And therefore the reputation of *Honesty* must first be gotten, which cannot be, but by living well. A good life is a maine Argument.

*Vita recta.
Obsequen-
tia.
Humani-
tas.
Solicitude.*

Next a good life, to beget love in the persons wee counsell, by dissembling our knowledge of ability in our selves, and avoyding all suspicion of arrogance, ascribing all to their instruction, as an *Ambassador* to his Master, or a *Subject* to his *Soveraigne*, seasoning all with humanity and sweetness, onely expressing care and sollicitude. And not to counsell rashly, or on the suddaine, but with advice and meditation: (*Da non consilium.*) For many foolish things fall from wise men, if they speake in haste, or be extemporall. It therefore behooves the giver of counsell to be circumspect, especially to beware of those, with whom hee is not thoroughly acquainted, lest any spice of rashnesse, folly, or selfe-love appeare, which will be mark'd by new persons, and men of experience in affaires.

*Modestia.
Parvosia.*

And to the Prince, or his *Superiour*, to behave himselfe modestly, and with respect. Yet free from Flattery, or Empire. Not with insolence, or precept, but as the Prince were already furnished with the parts hee should have, especially in affaires of State. For in other things they will more easily suffer themselves to be taught, or reprehended: They will not willingly contend. But heare (with *Alexander*) the answer the *Musician* gave him, *Abstine Rex, ut in melius hac scias, quid ego.*

A man

A man should so deliver himselfe to the nature of the subject, whereof hee speaks, that his hearer may take knowledge of his discipline with some delight: and so apparell faire, and good matter, that the studious of elegancy be not defrauded, redeme Arts from their rough and braky seats, where they lay hid, and over-grown with thornes, to a pure, open, and flowry light: where they may take the eye, and be taken by the hand.

I cannot thinke *Nature* is so spent, and decay'd, that she can bring forth nothing worth her former yeares. She is alwayes the same, like her selfe: And when she collects her strength, is abler still. Men are decay'd, and *studies*: Shee is not.

I know *Nothing* can conduce more to letters, then to examine the writings of the *Ancients*, and not to rest in their sole Authority, or take all upon trust from them; provided the plagues of *Indigine*, and *Pronouncing* against them, be away; such as are *envy*, *bitternesse*, *precipitation*, *impudence*, and *scurrile scoffing*. For to all the observations of the *Ancients*, wee have our owne experience: which, if wee will use, and apply, wee have better meanes to pronounce. It is true they open'd the gates, and made the way that went before us, but as *Guides*, not *Commanders*: *Mores Domini nostri, sed Duces fuere*. Truth lyes open to all; it is no mans severall. *Pater omnibus veritas, nondum est occupata. Multum ex illa, etiam futuris relictum est.*

If in some things I dissent from others, whole *Wit*, *Industry*, *Diligence*, and *Judgement* I looke up at, and admire: let me not therefore heare presently of *Ingratitude*, and *Rashnesse*. For I thanke those, that have taught me, and will ever: but yet dare not thinke the *scope* of their labour, and enquiry, was to envy their posterity, what they also could adde, and find out.

If I erre, pardon me: *Nulla ars simul & inventa est, & absoluta*. I doe not desire to be equall to those that went before, but to have my reason examin'd with theirs, and so much faith to be given them, or me, as those shall ever. I am neither *Author*, or *Fauctor* of any sect. I will have no man addict himselfe to mee, but if I have any thing right, defend it as *Truth's*, not mine (save as it conduceth to a common good.) It profits not me to have any man fence, or fight for me, to flourish, or take a side. Stand for *Truth*, and 'tis enough.

Arts that respect the mind, were ever reputed nobler, then those that serve the body: though wee losse can bee without them. As *Tillage*, *Spinning*, *Weaving*, *Building*, &c. without which, wee could scarce sustaine life a day: But these were the workes of every hand, the other of the braine only, and those the most generous, and exalted wits, and spirits that cannot rest, or acquiesce. The mind of man is still fed with labour: *Opere pascitur*.

There is a more secret *Cause*: and the power of liberall studies lyes more hid, then that it can bee wrought out by profane wits. It is not every mans way to hit. They are men (I confesse) that set the *Caraff*, and *Valuer* upon things, as they love them; but *Science* is not every mans *Mistress*. It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature.

If divers men seek *Fame*, or *Honour*, by divers wayes, so both bee honest,

Plutarc. in
vita Alex.
Perspici
tam
Elegantia.

Natura non
effata.

Non nimis
credendum
antiquis
inquirati.

Dissentire
licet:

Sed cum ra
tione.

Non nihil
cedendum,

Sed verita
tis.

Scientia
liberales.

Non vulgi
sunt.

Honest
Ambitio.

*Mortuus
improbu*

*Afflictio pia
Magistra.*

*Deploratis
facilis des-*

*cenfus
Averni.*

*The Divell
take all.*

*Aegidius
curse supe-*

*rat.
Prodisgo*

*nummi nau-
ci.*

*Munda et
fordida.*

*Debitum
deplora-*

*tum.
Lairo sof-*

*quipedalis.
* with a*

*great belly.
Com. de*

*schortenhien
Calumnia*

fructus.

*Imperti-
nus.*

*Bellum
scribenti-*

um.

*Differentia
inter*

*Dollos
Schol.*

Schol.

Schol.

Schol.

Schol.

Schol.

Schol.

Schol.

Schol.

honest, neither is to be blam'd: But they that seeke *Immortality*, are not only worthy of leave, but of praise.

Hee hath a delicate Wife, a faire fortune, and family to goe to be well come: yet hee had rather be drunk with mine Host, and the Fiddlers of such a Towne, then goe home.

Affliction reacheth a wicked person sometime to pray: *Prosperity* never.

Many might goe to heaven with halfe the labour they goe to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way: But the Divell take all (quoth he) that was choak'd in the Mill-dam, with his foure last words in his mouth.

A Gripe in the way out-travels a Foot-man, or a Post out of the way.

Bags of money to a prodigall person, are the same that Cherry-stones are with some boyes, and so thrown away.

A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more carelesse about her house.

Of this *Spill-water*, there is little to bee gather'd up: it is a desperate debt.

The *Theife* that had a longing at the Gallows to commit one Robbery more, before hee was hang'd.

And like the *German-Lord*, when hee went out of *New-gate* into the Carr, tooke order to have his *Armes* set up in his last *Herborough*: Said he was taken, and committed upon suspicion of *Treason*, no witnesse appearing against him: But the Judges interraine'd him most civilly, discour'd with him, offer'd him the court sic of the racke, but he confessed, &c.

I am beholden to *Calumny*, that shee hath so endeavor'd, and taken paines to bely mee. It shall make mee for a suter Guard on my selfe, and keepe a better watch upon my *Actions*.

A *tedious* person is one a man would scape a steeple from, gallop down any steepe Hill to avoid him, forsake his meat, sleepe, nature it selfe, with all her benefits to shun him. A *nicere Impertinent*: one that touch'd neither heaven nor earth in his discourse. Hee open'd an entry into a faire roome, but shut it againe presently. I spake to him of *Garlick*, hee answered *Asparagus*: consulted him of marriage, hee tels mee of hanging, as if they went by one, and the same *Destiny*.

What a sight it is, to see *Writers* committed together by the eares, for *Ceremonies*, *Syllables*, *Poines*, *Colons*, *Commas*, *Hyphens*, and the like: fighting, as for their fires, and their Altars, and angry that none are frighted at their noyles, and loud brayings under their asses skins.

There is hope of getting a fortune without digging in these quarries. *Sed meliore (in omne) ingenio, animo, quam fortuna, summus.*

Pinguis solum lassat: sed jurat ipse labor.

Wits made out their severall expeditions then, for the discovery of

Truth, to find out great and profitable *Knowledge*, had their severall instruments for the disquisition of *Antiquities*. Now there are certain

Schools, or *Smatterers*, that are busie in the shirts, and our sides of Learning,

and

and have scarce any thing of solide literature to commend them. They may have some edging, or trimming of a Scholler, a welt, or so: but it is no more.

Imposture is a specious thing, yet never worse, then when it faimes to be best, and to none discover'd sooner, then the simplest. For *Truth* and *Goodness* are plaine, and open, but *Imposture* is ever ashamed of the light.

A *Puppet-play* must be shadow'd, and scene in the darke: For draw the *Curtaine*, Et sordet gestitulation.

There is a great difference in the understanding of some Princes, as in the quality of their Ministers about them. Some would dresse their Masters in gold, pearle, and all true Jewels of Majesty: Others furnish them with feathers, bells, and ribbands; and are therefore esteemed the fitter servants. But they are ever good men, that must make good the times: if the men be naught, the times will be such. *Finis expectandus est in unoquoque hominum, animalis, ad mutationem promptissimo.*

It is a quick saying with the Spaniards: *Artis inter heredes non dividi.* Yet these have inherited their fathers lying, and they brag of it. Hee is an narrow-minded man, that affects a Triumph in any glorious study: but to triumph in a lye, and a lye themselves have forg'd, is frontlesse. *Folly* often goes beyond her bounds; but *Impudence* knowes none.

Envy is no new thing, nor was it borne onely in our times. The Ages past have brought it forth, and the coming Ages will. So long as there are men fit for it, *quorum odium virtute relictâ placet*, it will never be wanting. It is a barbarous envy, to take from those mens vertues, which because thou canst not arrive at, thou impotently despair'st to imitate. Is it a crime in me that I know that, which others had not yet knowne, but from me? or that I am the Author of many things, which never would have come in thy thought, but that I taught them? It is a new, but a foolish way you have found out, that whom you cannot equall, or come neere in doing, you would destroy, or ruine with evill speaking: As if you had bound both your wits, and natures prentises to slander, and then came forth the best Artificers, when you could forme the foulest calumnies.

Indeed, nothing is of more credit, or request now, then a petulant paper, or scoffing verses; and it is but convenient to the times and manners wee live with, to have then the worst writings, and studies flourish, when the best begin to be despis'd. *III Arts* begin, where good end.

The time was, when men would learne, and study good things, not envie those that had them. Then men were had in price for learning: now, letters onely make men vile. Hee is upbraidingly call'd a Poet, as if it were a most contemptible Nick-name. But the Professors (indeed) have made the learning cheape. Rayling, and tinkling *Rimers*, whose Writings the vulgar more greedily reade, as being taken with the scurrility, and petulancie of such wits. Hee shall not have a Reader now, unlesse hee jeere and lye. It is the food of mens natures: the diet of the times! Gallants cannot sleepe else. The Writer must lye, and the gentle Reader rests happy, to heare the worthiest workes mis-interpreted, the clearest actions obscured, the innocent life traduc'd, And in such allicence of lying, a field so fruitfull of slanders, how can there be matter wanting to his laughter? Hence comes the Epidemicall Infection. For

how

how can they escape the contagion of the Writings, whom the virulency of the calumnies hath not stay'd off from reading.

*Sed seculi
moribus.*

Nothing doth more invite a greedy Reader, then an unlook'd for subject. And what more unlook'd for, then to see a person of an unblam'd life, made ridiculous, or odious, by the Artifice of lying? but it is the disease of the Age: and no wonder, if the world, growing old, begin to be infirm: Old age it selfe is a disease. It is long since the sick world began to doate, and talke idly: Would she had but doated still; but her doorage is now broke forth into a madnesse, and become a meere phrency.

*Alastor
malin.*

This *Alastor*, who hath left nothing unsearch'd, or unassay'd, by his impudent, and licentious lying in his agutth writings (for he was in his cold quaking fit all the while:) what hath he done more, then a troublesome base curre? bark'd, and made a noyse a farre off: had a foole, or two to spit in his mouth, and cherish him with a musty bone? But they are rather enemies of my fame, then me, these Barkers.

*Malichor
li facit.*

It is an Art to have so much judgement, as to apparrell a Lye well, to give it a good dressing, that though the nakednesse would shew deform'd and odious, the suiting of it might draw their Readers. Some love any Strumpet (be shee never so shop-like, or meritorious) in good clothes. But these nature could not have form'd them better, to destroy their owne testimony, and over-throw their calumny.

*Hearc-say
newes.*

That an *Elephant*, 630. came hither Ambassadour from the great *Mogull*, (who could both write and reade) and was every day allow'd twelve cast of bread, twenty Quarts of *Canary Sack*; besides Nuts and Almonds the Citizens wives sent him. That hee had a *Spanish Boy* to his Interpreter, and his chiefe negotiation was, to conferre or practise with *Archy*, the principall foole of *State*, about stealing hence *Windfor Castle*, and carrying it away on his back if he can.

*Lingua sa-
pientis.*

A wise tongue should not be licentious, and wandering, but mov'd, and (as it were) govern'd with certaine raines from the heart, and bottome of the brest: and it was excellently said of that Philosopher; that there was a Wall, or Parapet of teeth set in our mouth, to restrain the petulancy of our words: that the rashnesse of talking should not only bee retarded by the guard, and watch of our heart; but be fenced in, and defended by certaine strengths, placed in the mouth it selfe, and within the lips. But you shall see some, so abound with words without any seasoning or taste of matter, in so profound a security, as while they are speaking, for the most part, they confesse to speake they know not what.

*Potius
quam lo-
quens:*

Of the two (if either were to bee wisht) I would rather have a plaine downe-right wisdome, then a foolish and affected eloquence. For what is so furious, and *Be'lem* like, as a vaine sound of chosen and excellent words, without any subject of *sentence*, or *science* mix'd?

Optanda.

Whom the disease of talking still once possesseth, hee can never hold his peace. Nay, rather then hee will not discourse, hee will hire men to heare him. And so heard, not hearken'd unto, hee comes off most times like a *Mountebanke*, that when hee hath prais'd his medicines, finds none will take them, or trust him. Hee is like *Homers Thersites*.

*Thersites
Homeri.*

A' per-

Ἀμτροπῆς Ἀπειρόμετρος; speaking without judgement, or measure.

Loquax magis, quam facundus.

Satis loquentia, sapientia parum.

Πλούσιος τοι θησαυρὸς ἐν ἀδελφωποσίῳ ἄριστος;

θεὸς ὡς πλεονεξία δὲ χάρις κατὰ μέτρον ἰσχύος.

Optimus est homini lingua thesaurus, & ingens

Gratia, qua parcis measuras singula verba.

Vlysses in *Homer*, is made a long thinking man, before hee speaks; and *Epaminondas* is celebrated by *Pindar*, to be a man, that though he knew much, yet hee spoke but little. *Demacatus*, when on the Bench he was long silent, and said nothing; one asking him, if it were folly in him, or want of language? hee answer'd: *A foole could never hold his peace.* For too much talking is ever the *Indice* of a foole.

Dum tacet indoctus, poterit cordatus haberi;

Is morbos animi namq. tacendo regit.

Nor is that worthy speech of *Zeno* the Philosopher to be past over, without the note of ignorance: who being invited to a feast in *Athens*, where a great Princes Ambassadors were entertain'd, and was the onely person had said nothing at the table, one of them with courtesie asked him; What shall we returne from thee, *Zeno*, to the Prince our Master, if hee aske us of thee? Nothing, he replyed, more, but that you found an old man in *Athens*, that knew to be silent amongst his cups. It was here a Miracle, to see an old man silent, since talking is the disease of Age: but amongst cups makes it fully a wonder.

It was wittily said upon one that was taken for a great, and grave man, so long as hee held his peace: This man might have beene a Counsellor of State till he spoke: But having spoken, not the Beadle of the Ward *Eximelia*. *Pythag. quam laudabilis!* ἡσυχίας πρὸς τὸν ἄδαν ἔχοντος ὁ θεὸς ἐτίμας. *Lingua cohibe, prae aliis omnibus, ad Deorum exemplum; * Digito compece labellum.*

There is almost no man, but hee sees clearer, and sharper, the vices in a speaker, then the virtues. And there are many, that with more ease; will find fault with what is spoken foolishly, then that can give allowance to wherein you are wise silently. The treasure of a foole is alwayes in his tongue (said the witty comick Poet) and it appears not in anything more, then in that nation, whereof one when hee had got the inheritance of an unlucky old *Grange*, would needs sell it, and to draw buyers, proclaim'd, the virtues of it. *Nothing* ever thriv'd on it, (saith he.) *No owner* of it, ever dyed in his bed, some hung, some drown'd themselves, some were battisht, some starv'd: the trees were all blasted, the Swynoddyed of the *Asses*, the Cattell of the *Murren*, the Sheepe of the *Roi*; they that stood, were ragg'd, bare, and bald, as your hand; nothing was ever heard there, not a Duckling, or a Goose. *Hesitium fuerat calamitatis.* Was not this man like to sell it?

Expectation of the *Vulgar* is more drawing, and held with newnesse, then goodnesse; wee see it in *Fencers*, in *Players*, in *Poets*, in *Preachers*, in all; where *Fame* promisseth any thing, so it be new, though never so naught, and depraved, they run to it, and are taken. Which shewes, that the only decay, or hurt of the best mens reputation with the people, is, their wits

have our liv'd the peoples palats. They have beene too much, or too long a feast.

Clarke
Parla.

Greatnesse of name in the Father, oft-times helps not forth, but overwhelmes the Sonne: they stand too neere one another: The shadow kills the growth; so much, that wee see the Grand-child come more, and offer to be the heire of the first; then doth the second: He dies betweene; the Possession is the third.

Eloqu-
tis.

Eloquence is a great, and diverse thing: Nor did he yet ever favour any man so much, as to become wholly his. Hee is happy, that can arrive to any degree of her grace. Yet there are, who prove themselves Masters of her, and absolute Lords: but I beleeve, they may mistake their evidence. For it is one thing to be eloquent in the Schooles, or in the Hall; another at the Barre, or in the Pulpit. There is a difference betweene Mooting, and Pleading; betweene Fencing, and Fighting. To make Ar- guments in my Study, and confute them is easie, where I answer my selfe, not an Adversary. So, I can see whole volumes dispatch'd by the mouth of a Doctor on all sides: But draw these forth into the just lists, and draw them appear subditi, and they are chang'd with the place, like bodies open Ayre: they scarce can find themselves, that they were wont to do- mine: so among their Auditors: but indeed I would no more chuse a Rhetorician, for reigning in a Schoole, then I would a Pilot, for rowing in a Pond.

Amor, et
odium.

Love, that is ignorant, and Hatred have almost the same ends: many foolish Lovers with the same to their friends, which their enemies would: As to with a friend banish'd, that they might accompany him in exile; or some great want that they might relieve him: or a disease, that they might sic by him. They make a Chasme to their countrey by Injury, as if it were not honest to do nothing, then to seek a way to doe good by a Mischiefe. Injuries doe not extinguish courtesies: they only suffer them not to appear faire. For a man that doth me an injury after a courtesie, takes not away the courtesie, but defaces it: As he that writes other verses upon my verses, takes not away the first Letters, but hides them.

Justitia.

Nothing is a courtesie, unless it be meant us, and that friendly, and lovingly. We owe no thanks to Rivers, that they carry our boats, or Winds, that they be favouring, and fill our sayles; or meats, that they be nourishing. For these are, what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, Trees shade us; but they know it not. It is true, some man may receive a Courtesie, and not know it; but never any man received it from him, that knew it not. Many men have beene cur'd of diseases by Accidents; but they were not Remedies. I my selfe have knowne one help'd of an Ague, by falling into a water; another whip'd out of a Fever: but no man would ever use these for med'cines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesie from wrong. My Adversary may offend the Judge with his pride, and impertinences, and I win my cause: but he meant it not me, as a Courtesie. I escap'd Py- rous, by being ship-wreck'd, was the wrack a benefit therefore? No: The doing of Courtesies right, is the mixing of the respects for his owne sake, and for mine. He that doth them merely for his owne sake, is like one that sends his Captive to sell down: he hath his Horse well dress'd for Smithfield.

over

The

The price of many things is farre above, what they are bought and sold for. *Life*, and *Health*, which are both inestimable, we have of the *Physician*: As *Learning*, and *Knowledge*, the true tillage of the mind, from our *Schoole-masters*. But the fees of the one, or the salary of the other, never answer the value of what we received; but sery'd to gratifie their labours.

Memory of all the powers of the mind, is the most delicate, and fraile: it is the first of our faculties, that Age invades. *Seneca*, the father, the *Rhetorician*, confesseth of himselfe, hee had a miraculous one; not only to receive, but to hold. I my selfe could in my youth, have repeated all, that ever I had made, and so continued, till I was past fortie: Since, it is much decay'd in me. Yet I can repeate whole books that I have read, and *Poems*, of some selected friends. which I have lik'd to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithfull to me, but shaken with age now, and *flaush* (which weakens the strongest abilities) it may performe somewhat, but cannot promise much. By exercise it is to be made better, and serviceable. Whatsoever I pawn'd with it, while I was young, and a boy, it offers me readily, and without stops: but what I trust to it now, or have done of later yeares, it layes up more negligently, and often times loses, so that I receive mine owne (though frequently call'd for) as if it were new, and borrow'd. Nor doe I alwayes find presently from it, what I doe seek; but while I am doing another thing, that I labour'd for, will come: And what I sought with trouble, will offer it selfe, when I am quiet. Now in some men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatsoever they reade, or pen, they can say without booke presently; as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder in such, as have a swift stile; for their memories are commonly slowest; such as torture their writings, and go into counsell for every word, must needs fixe somewhat, and make it their owne at last, though but through their owne vexation.

Suffrages in Parliament are numbred, not weigh'd: nor can it bee otherwise in those publike *Councils*, where nothing is so unequall, as the equality: for there, how odde soever mens braines, or wisdomes are, their power is alwayes even, and the same.

Some Actions be they never so beautifull, and generous, are often obscur'd by base, and vile mis-constructions; either out of envy, or ill nature, that judgeth of others, as of it selfe. Nay, the times are so wholly growne, to be either partiall, or malicious; that, if hee be a friend, all see well about him; his very vices shall be vertues: if an enemy, or of the contrary faction; nothing is good, or tolerable in him: insomuch, that wee care not to discredit, and shame our judgements, to sooth our passions.

Man is read in his face: *God* in his creatures, but not as the *Philosopher*, the creature of glory reads him: But, as the *Divine*, the servant of *humility*: yet even hee must take care, not to be too curious. For to utter Truth of *God* (but as hee thinkes onely) may be dangerous, who is best knowne, by our not knowing. Some things of him, so much as hee hath revealed, or commanded, it is not only lawfull, but necessary for us to know: for therein our ignorance was the first cause of our wickednesse.

Truth is mans proper good; and the onely immortal thing, was given to our mortality to use. No good *Christian*, or *Ethnick*, if he be honest,

Valor Re-
rum.

Memoria.

Comis. Suf-
fragia.

Stare à par-
tibus.

Deus in
creaturis.

Veritas pro-
prium homi-
nis.

can misse it; no *Scree-man*, or *Parin* should. For without truth all the Actions of man-kind, are craft, malice, or what you will, rather then Wisdom. *Homer* sayes, hee hates him worse then heil-mouth, that utters one thing with his tongue, and keepes another in his brest. Which high expression was grounded on divine Reason. For a lying mouth is a stinking pit, and murders with the contagion it venteth. Beside, nothing is lasting that is fain'd; it will have another face then it had, ere long: As *Euripides* saith, *No lye ever grows old*.

*Nullum
viciū sine
patrociniō.*

It is strange, there should be no vice without his patronage, that (when wee have no other excuse) wee will say, wee love it; wee cannot forsake it: as if that made it not more a fault. Wee cannot, because wee thinke wee cannot: and wee love it, because wee will defend it. Wee will rather excuse it, then be rid of it. That wee cannot, is pretended, but that wee will not, is the true reason. How many have I knowne, that would not have their vices hid? Nay, and to bee noted, live like *Antipodes*, to others in the same *Citie*; never see the Sunne rise, or set, in so many yeares, but be as they were watching a Corps by Torch-light, would not sinne the common way, but held that a kind of *Rusticity*, they would doe it new, or contrary, for the infamy? They were ambitious of living backward, and at last arrived at that, as they would love nothing but the vices, not the virious customes. It was impossible to reforme these natures; they were dry'd, and hardned in their ill. They may say, they desir'd to leave it, but doe not trust them: and they may thinke they desir'd it, but they may lye for all that; they are a little angry with their follies, now and then, marty they come into grace with them againe quickly. They will confesse, they are offended with their manner of living: like enough, who is not? When they can put me in security, that they are more then offended, that they hate it: then Ile hearken to them, and, perhaps, beleeve them: But many now a dayes, love and hate their ill together.

*De verē
Argutū.*

I doe hearethem say often: Some men are not witty, because they are not every where witty, then which nothing is more foolish. If an eye or a nose bee an excellent part in the face, therefore be all eye or nose? I thinke the eye-brow, the fore-head, the cheek, chyn, lip, or any part else, are as necessary, and naturall in the place. But now nothing is good that is naturall: Right and naturall language seeme to have least of the wit in it, that which is writh'd and tortur'd, is counted the more exquisite. Cloath of Bodkin, or Tissue, must be imbroidered, as if no face were faire, that were not pouldred, or painted? No beauty to be had, but in wresting, and writhing our owne tongue? Nothing is fashionable, till it bee deform'd, and this is to write like a *Gentleman*. All must bee as affected, and preposterous as our Gallants cloathes, sweet bags, and night-dressings: in which you would thinke our men lay in, like *Ladies*: it is so curious.

*Confutatio
Pueris.*

Nothing in our Age, I have observ'd, is more preposterous, then the running Judgements upon *Poetry*, and *Poets*, when wee shall heare those things commended, and cry'd up for the best writings, which a man would scarce vouchsafe, to wrap any wholesome drug in, hee would never light his *Tobacco* with them. And those men almost nam'd for *Miracles*, who yet are so vile, that if a man should goe about, to examine, and

correct

correct them, hee must make all they have done, but one blot. Their good is so intangled with their bad, as forcibly one must draw on the others death with it. A Sponge dipt in Inke will doe all.

Comitetur panica librum

Spongia.

Et paulo post,

Non possunt

multa, una litara potest.

*Mart. 1. 4.
epig. 10.*

Yet their vices have not hurt them: Nay, a great many they have profited, for they have beene lov'd for nothing else. And this false opinion grows strong against the best men: if once it take root with the Ignorant. *Cestius* in his time, was preferr'd to *Cicero*: so farre, as the Ignorant durst. They learn'd him without booke, and had him often in their mowthes: But a man cannot imagine that thing so foolish, or rude, but will find, and enjoy an Admirer, at least, a Reader, or Spectator. The Puppets are scene now in despite of the Players: *Heath's Epigrams*, and the *Skullers Poems* have their applause. There are never wanting, that dare preferre the worst Preachers, the worst Pleaders, the worst Poets: nor that the better have left to write, or speake better, but that they that heare them judge worse; *Non illi peius dicunt, sed hi corruptius judicant.* Nay, if it were put to the question of the Water-rimers workes, against *Spencers*; I doubt not, but they would find more Suffrages; because the most favour common vices, out of a Prerogative the vulgar have, to lose their judgements; and like that which is naught.

Poetry in this latter Age, hath prov'd but a meane Mistresse, to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her; or given their names up to her family. They who have but saluted her on the by, and now and then tendred their visits, shee hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their owne professions (both the Law, and the Gospel) beyond all they could have hoped, or done for themselves, without her favour. Wherein she doth emulate the judicious, but preposterous bounty of the times *Grandes*: who accumulate all they can upon the Parasite, or Fresh-man in their friendship; but thinke an old Client, or honest servant, bound by his place to write, and starve.

Indeed, the multitude commend Writers, as they doe Fencers; or Wrestlers; who if they come in robustiously, and put for it, with a deale of violence, are received for the braver-fellows: when many times their owne rudenesse is a cause of their disgrace, and a slight touch of their Adversary, gives all that boisterous force the foyle. But in these things, the unskilfull are naturally deceiv'd, and judging wholly by the bulke, thinke rude things greater then polish'd; and scatter'd more numerous, then compos'd: Nor thinke this only to be true in the sordid multitude, but the neater sort of our Gallants: for all are the multitude; only they differ in cloaths, not in judgement or understanding.

I remember, the Players have often mentioned it as an honour to *Shakespeare*, that in his writing, (whatsoever he pent'd) hee never blotted out line. My answer hath beene, would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by,

*De Shakespeare
nosstrat.*

by, wherein he most faulted. And to justifie mine owne candor, (for I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any.) Hee was (indeed) honest, and of an open, and free nature: had an excellent *Phanisie*; brave notions, and gentle expressions: wherein hee flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as *Augustus* said of *Haterius*. His wit was in his owne power; would the rule of it had beene so too. Many times hee fell into those things, could not escape laughter: As when hee said in the person of *Caesar*, one speaking to him; *Caesar thou dost me wrong*. Hee replyed: *Caesar did never wrong, but with just cause*: and such like; which were ridiculous. But hee redeemed his vices, with his vertues. There was ever more in him to be prayd, then to be pardoned.

Augustus in Hist.

*Ingenium
discrimina.
Not. 1.*

In the difference of wits, I have observ'd, there are many notes: And it is a little *Mastery* to know them: to discerne, what every nature, every disposition will beare: For, before wee sow our land, we should plough it. There are no fewer formes of minds, then of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible; and therefore wee must search. Some are fit to make *Divines*, some *Poets*, some *Lawyers*, some *Physicians*; some to be sent to the plough, and trades.

There is no doctrine will doe good, where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling, and high; others low and still: Some hot and fiery; others cold and dull: One must have a bridle, the other a spur.

Not. 2.

There be some that are forward, and bold; and these will doe every little thing easily: I meane that is hard by, and next them; which they will utter, unretarded without any shamefastnesse. These never performe much, but quickly. They are, what they are on the sudden; they shew presently like *Graine*, that scatter'd on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the eare empty. They are wits of good promise at first, but there is an *Ingeni-stium*: They stand still at sixtene, they get no higher.

* A wit-stand.
Not. 3.

You have others, that labour onely to ostentation, and are ever more busie about the colours, and surface of a worke, then in the matter, and foundation: For that is hid, the other is scene.

Not. 4.
Marial.
lib. 11. epig.
91.

Others, that in composition are nothing, but what is rough, and broken: *Qua per salebras, altat, saxa cadunt*. And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that stile were more strong and manly, that stroke the eare with a kind of unevenesse. These men erre not by chance, but knowingly, and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves, have some singularity in a Ruffe, Cloake, or Hat-band; or their beards, specially cut to provoke holders, and set a marke upon themselves. They would be reprehended, while they are look'd on. And this vice, one that is in authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated: so that oft-times the faults which he fell into, the others seeke for: This is the danger, when vice becomes a *Precedent*.

Not. 5.

Others there are, that have no composition at all; but a kind of tuning, and riming fall, in what they vvrite. It runs and slides, and onely makes a sound. *Womens-Poets* they are call'd, as you have *womens-Taylors*.

They

*They write a verse, as smooth, as soft, as cream,
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce streame.*

You may found these wits, and find the depth of them, with your middle finger. They are *Cream-bowls*, or but puddle deepe.

Some that turne over all bookes, and are equally searching in all papers, that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice, by which meanes it happens, that what they have discredited, and impugned in one worke, they have before, or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the *Essayists*, even their Master *Montaigne*. These in all they write, confesse still what bookes they have read last, and there in their owne folly, so much, that they bring it to the *Stake raw*, and undigested: nor that the place did need it neither, but that they thought themselves furnished, and would vent it. Not. 6. Mic. de Montaigne.

Some againe, who (after they have got authority, or, which is lesse opinion, by their writings, to have read much) dare presently to fame whole bookes, and Authors, and lye safely. For what never was, will not easily be found; nor by the most curious. Not. 7.

And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false veneration of their owne *naturals*, thinke to divert the sagacity of their Readers from themselves, and coole the sent of their owne fox-like thefts; when yet they are so ranke, as a man may find whole pages together usurp'd from one Author. Their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many bookes, and so come forth more rideniously, and palpably guilty, then those, who because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry. Not. 8.

But the Wretcheder are the obstinate contemners of all helpes, and Arts: such as presuming on their owne *Naturals* (which perhaps are excellent) dare deride all diligence, and seeme to mock at the termes, when they understand not the things; thinking that way to get off wittily, with their Ignorance. These are imitated often by such, as are their Peeres in negligence; though they cannot be in nature: And they utter all they can thinke, with a kind of violence, and *indisposition*; unexamined, without relation, either to person, place, or any fitnessse else; and the more willfull, and stubborne, they are in it, the more learned they are esteemed of the multitude, through their excellent vice of Judgement. Who thinke those things the stronger, that have no Art: as if to breake, were better then to open; or to rent asunder, gentler then to loose. Not. 9.

It cannot but come to passe, that these men, who commonly seeke to doe more then enough, may sometimes happen on some thing that is good, and great; but very seldome: And when it comes, it doth not recompence the rest of their ill. For their jests, and their sentences (which they onely, and ambitiously seeke for) sticke out, and are more eminent; because all is fordid, and vile about them; as lights are more discern'd in a thick darkenesse, then a faint shadow. Now because they speake all they can (now ever unfitly) they are thought to have the greater copy. Where the learned use ever election, and a meane, they looke back to what they intended at first, and make all an even, and proportioned body. The true Artificer will not run away from nature, as hee were

were afraid of her, or depart from life, and the likenesse of Truth; but speake to the capacity of his hearers. And though his language differ from the vulgar somewhat, it shall not fly from all humanity, with the *Tamerlanes*, and *Tamer-Chams* of the late Age, which had nothing in them but the *scenicall* strutting, and furious vociferation, to warrant them to the ignorant gapers. Hee knowes it is his onely Art, so to carry it, as none but Artificers perceiveth. In the meane time perhaps hee is call'd barren, dull, leane, a poore Writer (or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks) by these men, who without labour, judgement, knowledge, or almost sense, are received, or prefer'd before him. Hee gratulates them, and their fortune. Another Age, or juster men, will acknowledge the vertues of his studies: his wisdom, in dividing: his subtilty, in arguing: with what strength hee doth inspire his Readers, with what sweetnesse hee strokes them: in inveighing, what sharpenesse, in jest, what urbanity hee uses. How he doth raigne in mens affections; how invade, and breake in upon them; and makes their minds like the thing hee writes. Then in his Elocution to behold, what word is proper: which hath ornament: which height: what is beautifully translated: where figures are fit: which gentle, which strong to shew the composition *Manly*. And how hee hath avoyded faint, obscure, obscene, sordid, humble, improper, or effeminate *Phrase*, which is not only prais'd of the most, but commended, (which is worse) especially for that it is naught.

*Ignorantia
anima.*

I know no disease of the *Soule*, but *Ignorance*, not of the Arts, and Sciences, but of it selfe; Yet relating to those, it is a pernicious *evill*: the darkener of mans life: the disturber of his *Reason*, and common Confounder of *Truth*: with which a man goes groping in the darke, no otherwise, then if hee were blind. Great understandings are most wrack'd and troubled with it: Nay, sometimes they will rather choose to dye, then not to know the things they study for. Think then what an *evill* it is, and what good the contrary.

Scientia.

Knowledge is the action of the *Soule*, and is perfect without the *senses*, as having the seeds of all *Science*, and *Virtue* in its selfe; but not without the service of the *senses*: by those Organs, the *Soule* *workes*: She is a perpetuall Agent, prompt and subtile, but often flexible, and erring; intangling her selfe like a Silke-worme: But her *Reason* is a weapon with two edges, and cuts through. In her Indagations oftentimes new Sents put her by; and shee takes in errors into her, by the same conduits shee doth *Truths*.

Otiū.

Ease, and relaxation, are profitable to all studies. The mind is like a Bow, the stronger by being unbent. But the temper in Spirits is all, when to command a mans wit, when to favour it. I have known a man vehement on both sides, that knew no meane, either to intermit his studies, or call upon them againe. When hee hath set himselfe to writing, hee would joyne night to day, presse upon himselfe without respite, not minding it, till hee fainted: and when hee left off, resolve himselfe into all sports, and looser esse againe, that it was almost a delight to draw him to his booke: But once got to it, hee grew stronger, and more earnest by the ease. His whole Powers were renew'd: he would worke on of himselfe, what hee desired, but with such excesse, as his study

Stodiorum

study could not bee rul'd: hee knew not how to dispose his owne Abilities, or husband them, hee was of that immoderate power against himselfe. Nor was hee only a strong, but an absolute *Speaker*, and *Writer*: but his subtilty did not shew it selfe; his judgement thought that a vice. For the ambush hurts more that is hid. Hee never forc'd his language, nor went out of the high way of *speaking*; but for some great necessity, or apparent profit. For hee denied *Figures* to be invented for ornament, but for ayde; and still thought it an extreme madnesse to bend, or wiest that which ought to be right.

It is no *Wonder*, mens eminence appeares but in their owne way. *Et stilis emi* Virgils felicity left him in prose, as *Tullies* forsooke him in verse. *Salusts* *nentia*. Virg. Orationes are read in the honour of Story: yet the most eloquent *Plato's* *gil*. Tully's speech, which he made for *Socrates*, is neither worthy or the *Patron*, or the *Person* defended. Nay, in the same kind of *Oratory*, and where the matter is one, you shall have him that reasons strongly, open negligently: another that prepares well, not fit so well: and this happens, not onely to braines, but to bodies. One can wrastle well; another runne well; a third leape, or throw the barre; a fourth lift, or stop a Cart going: Each hath his way of strength. So in other creatures; some dogs are for the Deere: some for the wild Boare: some are Fox-hounds: some Otter-hounds. Nor are all horses for the Coach, or Saddle; some are for the Cart, and Panniers.

I have knowne many excellent men, that would speake suddenly, to the admiration of their hearers; who upon study, and premeditation have beene forsaken by their owne wits; and no way answered their fame: Their eloquence was greater, then their reading: and the things they uttered, better then those they knew. Their fortune deserved better of them, then their care. For men of present spirits, and of greater wits, then study, doe please more in the things they invent, then in those they bring. And I have heard some of them compell'd to speake, out of necessity, that have so infinitely exceeded themselves, as it was better, both for them, and their Auditory, that they were so surpriz'd, not prepar'd. Nor was it safe then to crosse them, for their adversary, their anger made them more eloquent. Yet these men I could not but love, and admire, that they return'd to their studies. They left not diligence (as many doe) when their rashnesse prosper'd. For diligence is a great ayde, even to an indifferent wit; when wee are not contented with the examples of our owne Age, but would know the face of the former. Indeed, the more wee conferre with, the more wee profit by, if the persons be chosen.

One, though hee be excellent, and the chiefe, is not to be imitated alone. For never no Imitator, ever grew up to his *Author*; likenesse is *Dominus* *Verulanus*. alwayes on this side Truth: Yet there hapn'd, in my time, one noble *Speaker*, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, (where hee could spare, or passe by a jest) was nobly *ensorious*. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffer'd lesse emptinesse, lesse idlenesse, in what hee utter'd. No member of his speech, but consisted of the owne graces: His hearers could not cough, or looke aside from him, without losse. Hee commanded where hee spoke, and had his Judges angry, and pleased at his devotion: No man had their

affections more in his power. The feare of every man that heard him, was, lest hee should make an end.

Cicero is said to bee the only wit, that the people of *Rome* had equall'd to their Empire. *Ingenium par imperio*. We have had many, and in their severall Ages, (to take in but the former *Seculum*.) *Sir Thomas Moore*, the elder *Wiat*, *Henry*, Earle of *Surrey*, *Chaloner*, *Smith*, *Cliot*, *B. Gardiner*, were for their times admirable: and the more, because they began Eloquence with us. *Sir Nic: Bacon*, was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queene *Elizabeths* times. *Sir Philip Sidney*, and *Mr. Hooker* (in different matter) grew great Masters of wit, and language, and in whom all vigour of Invention, and strength of judgement met. The Earle of *Essex*, noble and high; and *Sir Walter Rawleigh*, not to be contemn'd, either for judgement, or stile. *Sir Henry Savile* grave, and truly letter'd; *Sir Edwin Sandes*, excellent in both: *Lo: Egerton*, the Chancellor, a grave, and great Orator; and best, when hee was provok'd. But his learned, and able (though unfortunate) Successor is he, who hath fill'd up all numbers, and perform'd that in our tongue, which may be compar'd, or preferr'd, either to insolent *Greece*, or haughty *Rome*. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits borne, that could honour a language, or helpe study. Now things daily fall: wits grow downe-ward, and Eloquence growes back-ward: So that hee may be nam'd, and stand as the marke, and axis of our language.

I have ever observ'd it, to have beene the office of a wise Patriot, among the greatest affaires of the State, to take care of the Common-wealth of Learning. For Schooles, they are the Seminaries of State: and nothing is worthier the study of a States-man, then that part of the Republicke, which wee call the advancement of Letters. Witnesse the care of *Julius Caesar*, who in the heat of the civill warre, writ his bookes of *Annales*, and dedicated them to *Tully*. This made the late Lord *S. Albane*, entitle his worke, *novum Organum*. Which though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the Title of *Nominals*, it is not penetrated, nor understood: it really openeth all defects of Learning, whatsoever, and is a Booke.

Qui longum nato scriptori porriget aevum.

*De Aug-
mentis sci-
entiarum.
Julius Ca-
sar.
Lord S. Al-
bane.
Hurt: de
art: Poetica.
De corrup-
tela morum.*

My conceit of his Person was never increas'd toward him, by his place, or honours. But I have, and doe reverence him for the greatnesse, that was onely proper to himselfe, in that hee seem'd to mee ever, by his worke one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had beene in many Ages. In his adversity I ever prayed, that God would give him strength: for Greatnesse hee could not want. Neither could I condole in a word, or syllable for him, as knowing no Accident could doe harme to vertue, but rather helpe to make it manifest.

There cannot be one colour of the mind, an other of the wit. If the mind be staid, grave, and compos'd, the wit is so, that vitiated, the other is blowne, and deslow'd. Doe wee not see, if the mind languish, the members are dull? Looke upon an effeminate person: his very gate confesseth him. If a man be fiery, his motion is so: if angry, 'tis troubled, and violent. So that wee may conclude: Wheresoever, manners, and

and fa shions are corrupted; Language is. It imitates the publicke riot. The excesse of Feasts, and apparell, are the notes of a sick State; and the wantonnesse of language, of a sick mind.

If wee would consider, what our affaires are indeed, not what they are call'd, wee should find more evils belong us, then happen to us. How often doth that, which was call'd a calamity, prove the beginning, and cause of a mans happinesse? And on the contrary: that which hapned, or came to an other with great gratulation, and applause, how it hath lifted him, but a step higher to his ruine! As, if hee stood before, where hee might fall safely.

The vulgar are commonly ill-natur'd, and alwayes grudging against their Governours: which makes, that a Prince has more busines, and trouble with them, then ever Hercules had with the Bull, or any other beast: by how much they have more heads, then will be rein'd with one bridle. There was not that variety of beasts in the Arke, as is of beastly natures in the multitude, especially when they come to that iniquity, to censure their *Soveraign's* actions. Then all the Counsels are made good, or bad by the events. And it falleth out, that the same facts receive from them the names; now of diligence; now, of vanity; now of Majesty; now of fury: where they ought wholly to hang on his mouth; as hee to consist of himselfe, and not others counsels.

After God, nothing is to be lov'd of man like the Prince: He violates nature, that doth it not with his whole heart. For when hee hath put on the care of the publicke good, and common safety, I am a wretch, and put of man, if I doe not reverence, and honour him: in whose charge all things *divine* and *humane* are plac'd. Doe but aske of nature, why all living creatures are lesse delighted with meat, and drinke, that sustaines them, then with *Venerie*, that wastes them. And she will tell thee, the first respects but a private, the other, a common good, *Propagation*.

Hee is the Arbitrer of life, and death: when hee finds no other subject for his mercy, hee should spare himselfe. All his punishments are rather to correct, then to destroy. Why are prayers with *Orpheus* said to be the daughters of *Jupiter*; but that Princes are thereby admonished, that the petitions of the wretched, ought to have more weight with them, then the Lawes themselves.

It was a great accusation to his Majesties deserved prayse, that men might openly visit, and pity those, whom his greatest prisons had at any time received, or his Lawes condemned.

Wise, is rather the Attribute of a Prince, then learned, or good. The learned man profits others, rather then himselfe: the good man, rather himselfe then others: But the Prince commands others, and doth himselfe. The wise *Licurgus* gave no Law, but what himselfe kept. *Sylla*, and *Lyfander*, did not so: the one living, extremely dissolute himselfe, inforced frugality by the Lawes: the other permitted those Licences to others, which himselfe abstained from. But the Princes Prudence is his chiefe Art, and safety. In his Counsels, and deliberations hee foresees the future times. In the equity of his judgement, hee hath remembrance of the past; and knowledge of what is to bee done, or avoyded for the present. Hence the *Persians* gave out their *Cyrus*, to have bene nurs'd by a Bitch, a creature to encounter it: as of sagacity to seek out good, shewing

Derebus mandanis.

Vulgi mores.

Morbis Comitialis.

Princeps.

De eodem.

Orpheus hymn.

De opt. Rege Iacobo.

De Princeps adjunctis.

Sed vere prudens

pi possis Princeps

nisi—simul & bonus.

Licurgus. Sylla. Lyfander.

Cyrus.

shewing that *Wisdom*e may accompany fortitude, or it leaves to be, and puts on the name of *Rashnesse*.

*De malignis
studentium.*

There be some men are borne only to sucke out the poyson of bookes: *Habent venenum pro victu: imo, pro deliciis.* And such are they that only relish the obscene, and foule things in *Poets*: Which makes the profession taxed. But by whom? men, that watch for it, (and had they not had this hint) are so unjust valuers of Letters, as they thinke no Learning good, but what brings in gaine. It shewes they themselves would never have beene of the professions they are, but for the profits and fees. But, if an other Learning, well used, can instruct to good life, informe manners, no lesse perswade, and leade men, then they threaten, and compell, and have no reward, is it therefore the worse study? I could never thinke the study of *Wisdom*e confin'd only to the *Philosopher*: or of *Poetry* to the *Divine*: or of *State* to the *Politicke*. But that he which can faine a *Common-wealth* (which is the *Poet*) can gowne it with *Counsels*, strengthen it with *Lawes*, correct it with *Judgements*, informe it with *Religion*, and *Morals*, is all these: Wee doe not require in him meere *Elocution*, or an excellent faculty in verse, but the exact knowledge of all vertues, and their Contraries, with ability to render the one lov'd, the other hated, by his proper embattaling them. The *Philosophers* did insolently, to challenge only to themselves that which the greatest *Generals*, and gravest *Counsellors* never durst. For such had rather doe, then promise the best things.

*Controvers.
Scriptores.*

*More An-
dabatarum,
qui clausis
oculis pug-
nant.*

Some *Controversers* in Divinity are like *Swaggerers* in a Taverne, that catch that which stands next them; the candlestick, or pots, turne every thing into a weapon: oft times they fight blind-fold, and both beate the Ayre. The one milkes a Hee-goat, the other holds under a Sive. Their Arguments are as fluxive as liquour spilt upon a Table; which with your finger you may draine as you will. Such *Controversies*, or *Disputations*, (carried with more labour, then profit) are odious: where most times the Truth is lost in the midst, or left untouch'd. And the fruit of their fight is, that they spit one upon another, and are both defil'd. These Fencers in Religion, like not.

Morbi.

The Body hath certaine diseases, that are with lesse evill tolerated, then remov'd. As if to cure a *Leprosie*, a man should bathe himselfe with the warme blood of a murdered Child. So in the Church, some errors may be dissimuled with lesse inconvenience, then can be discover'd.

*Instantia
intempesti-
va.*

Men that talke of their owne benefits, are not beleev'd to talke of them, because they have done them: but to have done them, because they might talke of them. That which had beene great, if another had reported it of them, vanisheth, and is nothing, if hee that did it speake of it. For men, when they cannot destroy the deed, will yet be glad to take advantage of the boasting, and lessen it.

Adulatio.

I have seene, that *Poverty* makes men doe unfit things, but honest men should not doe them: they should gaine otherwise. Though a man bee hungry, hee should not play the Parasite. That houre, wherein I would repent me to be honest, there were wayes enow open for me to be rich. But *Flattery* is a fine Pick-lock of tender cares: especially of those, whom fortune hath borne high upon their wings, that submit their dignity, and authority to it, by a soothing of themselves. For indeed men could

never

never be taken, in that abundance, with the Sprindges of others *Flattery*, if they began nothere; if they did but remember, how much more profitable the bitterness of *Truth* were, then all the honey distilling from a whorish voice, which is not praise, but poyson. But now it is come to that extreme folly, or rather madnesse with some: that he that flatters them modestly, or sparingly, is thought to maligne them. If their friend consent not to their vices, though hee doe not contradict them; hee is neverthelesse an enemy. When they doe all things the worst way, even then they looke for praise. Nay, they will hire fellowes to flatter them with suites, and suppers, and to prostitute their judgements. They have *Livery-friends*, friends of the dish, and of the *Spit*, that waite their turnes, as my Lord has his feasts, and guests.

I have considered, our whole life is like a *Play*: Wherein every man forgetfull of himselfe, is in travaile with expression of another. *Nay,* wee so insit in imitating others, as wee cannot (when it is necessary) returne to our selves: like *Children*, that imitate the vices of *Stammerers* so long, till at last they become such; and make the habit to another nature, as it is never forgotten. *De vita humana.*

Good men are the Stars the Planets of the Ages wherein they live, and illustrate the times. *God* did never let them be wanting to the world: As *Abel*, for an example, of Innocency; *Enoch* of Purity, *Noah* of Trust in Gods mercies, *Abraham* of Faith, and so of the rest. These sensuall men thought mad, because they would not be partakers, or practisers of their madnesse. But they plac'd high on the top of all vertue, look'd downe on the Stage of the world, and contemned the Play of *Fortune*. *For* though the most be Players, some must be *Spectators*. *De piis & probis.*

I have discovered, that a fain'd familiarity in great ones, is a note of certaine usurpation on the lesse. For great and popular men, faine themselves to bee servants to others, to make those slaves to them. So the Fisher provides baits for the Trowte, Roch, Dace, &c. that they may be food to him. *Mores Antici.*

The Complaint of Caligula, was most wicked, of the condition of his times: when hee said; They were not famous by any publike calamity, as the reigne of *Augustus* was, by the defeat of *Varus*, and the *Legions*; and that of *Tiberius*, by the falling of the Theater at *Idema*: whilst his oblivion was eminent, through the prosperity of his affaires. As that other voice of his, was worthier a head-man, then a head; when hee wished the people of *Rome* had but one neck. But he found (when he fell) they had many hands. A *Tyranne*, how great and mighty soever hee may seeme to *Comards* and Sluggards, is but one creature, one *Animal*. *Impiorum querela. Augustus. Varus. Tiberius.*

I have mark'd among the *Nobility*, some are so addicted to the service of the *Prince*, and *Common-wealth*, as they looke not for spoyle; such are to be honour'd, and lov'd. There are others, which no obligation will fasten on, and they are of two sorts. The first are such as love their owne ease: or, out of vice, of nature, or selfe-direction, avoide busines and care. Yet, these the *Prince* may use with safety. The other remove themselves upon craft, and designe (as the *Architects* say) with a premeditated thought to their owne, rather then their *Princes* profit. Such let the *Prince* take heed of, and not doubt to reckon in the List of his open enemies. *Nobilium Ingenia.*

There

*Principum
varia.
— Firmis-
ma vero
omnium ba-
sis juxta
discre-
torem
Principis—*

There is a great variation between him, that is rais'd to the *Soveraignie*, by the favour of his Peeres; and him that comes to it by the suffrage of the people. The first holds with more difficulty; because hee hath to doe with many, that thinke themselves his equals; and rais'd him for their owne greatnesse, and oppression of the rest. The latter hath no up-braiders; but was rais'd by them, that fought to be defended from oppression: whose end is both the easier, and the honestest to satisfie. Beside, while he hath the people to friend, who are a multitude, he hath the lesse feare of the *Nobility*, who are but few. Nor let the common Proverbe of (Hee that builds on the people, builds on the dirt) discredit my opinion: For that hath only place, where an ambitious, and private person, for some popular end, trusts in them against the publike Justice, and Magistrate. There they will leave him. But when a *Prince* governs them, so as they have still need of his Administration (for that is his Art) hee shall ever make, and hold them faithfull.

Clementia.

*Macchia-
well.*

** Haud in-
firmas in
Principe,
ubi lenitas,
ubi severi-
tas — plus
poteat in
commune
bonum cal-
lere.*

*Clementia
suavitas opti-
ma. St. Ni-
colaus.*

A *Prince* should exercise his cruelty, not by himselfe, but by his Ministers: so hee may save himselfe, and his dignity with his people, by sacrificing those, when he list, saith the great *Doctor of State*, *Macchiavell*. But I say, he puts off man, and goes into a beast, that is cruell. No vertue is a *Princes* owne, or becomes him more, then this *Clemency*: And no glory is greater, then to be able to save with his power. Many punishments sometimes, and in some cases as much discredit a *Prince*, as many Funerals a *Physician*. The state of things is secur'd by *Clemency*; Severity represseth a few, but it irritates more. * The lopping of trees makes the boughes shoote out thicker; And the taking away of some kind of enemies, increaseth the number. It is then, most gracious in a *Prince* to pardon, when many about him would make him cruell; to thinke then, how much he can save, when others tell him, how much he can destroy: not to consider, what the impotence of others hath demolish'd, but what his owne greatnesse can sustaine. There are a *Princes* vertues; And they that give him other counsels, are but the *Hangmans* Factors.

Hee that is cruell to halves, (saith the said *St. Nicolas*) looseth no lesse the opportunity of his cruelty, than of his benefits: For then to use his cruelty, is too late; and to use his favours will be interpreted feare and necessity; and so hee looseth the thanks. Still the counsell is cruelty. But *Princes* by harkning to cruell counsels, become in time obnoxious to the Authors, their Flatterers, and Ministers; and are brought to that, that when they would, they dare not change them: they must goe on, and defend cruelty with cruelty: they cannot alter the Habit. It is then growne necessary, they must be as ill, as those have made them: And in the end, they will grow more hatefull to themselves, then to their Subjects. Whereas, on the contrary, the mercifull *Prince* is safe in love, not in feare. Hee needs no Emisaries, Spies, Intelligencers, to intrap true Subjects. Hee feares no Libels, no Treasons. His people speake, what they thinke; and talke openly, what they doe in secret. They have nothing in their breasts, that they need a Cipher for. He is guarded with his owne benefits.

*Religio, Pal-
ladium Ho-
meri.*

The strength of Empire is in Religion. What else is the *Palladium*, (with *Homer*) that kept *Troy* so long from sacking? Nothing more commends the *Sovereigne* to the Subject, then it. For hee that is religious, must

must be mercifull and just necessarily. And they are too strong ties upon mankind. Justice is the vertue, that *Innocence* rejoyceth in. Yet even that is not alwayes so safe; but it may love to stand in the sight of mercy. For sometimes misfortune is made a crime, and then *Innocence* is succor'd, no lesse then vertue. Nay, often times vertue is made Capitall: and through the condition of the times, it may happen, that that may be punish'd with our praise. Let no man therefore murmur at the Actions of the Prince, who is plac'd so farre above him. If hee offend, he hath his Discoverer. God hath a height beyond him. But where the Prince is good, *Enripides* saith: *God is a Guest in a humane body.*

Enripides.
Tyranni.

There is nothing with some Princes sacred above their Majesty; or prophane, but what violates their Scepters. But a Prince with such Counsell, is like the *God Terminus*, of Stone, his owne Land-marke; or (as it is in the Fable) a crowned Lyon. It is dangerous offending such an one; who being angry, knowes not how to forgive. That cares not to doe any thing, for maintaining, or enlarging of *Empire*; kills not men, or Subjects; but destroyeth whole Countries, Armies, mankind, male, and female, guilty or not guilty, holy or prophane: Yea, some that have not seene the light. All is under the Law of their spoyle, and licence. But Princes that neglect their proper office thus, their fortune is often times to draw a *Scianus*, to be neere about him; who will at last affect to get above him, and put them in a worthy feare, of rooting both them out, and their family. For no men hate an evill Prince more, then they, that help'd to make him such. And none more boastingly, weepe his ruine, then they, that procur'd and practis'd it. The same path leads to ruine, which did to rule, when men professe a Licence in governing. A good King is a publike Servant.

Scianus.

A Prince without Letters, is a Pilot without eyes. All his Government is groping. In *Soveraignty* it is a most happy thing, not to be compelled; but so it is the most miserable not to be counsell'd. And how can he be counsell'd that cannot see to read the best Counsellors (which are books.) For they neither flatter us, nor hide from us: Hee may heare, you will say. But how shall he alwayes be sure to heare Truth: or be counsell'd the best things, nor the sweetest? They say Princes learne no Art truly, but the Art of *Horse-manship*. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. Hee will throw a Prince, as soone, as his Groome. Which is an Argument, that the good Counsellors to Princes are the best instruments of a good Age. For though the Prince himselfe be of most prompt inclination to to all vertue: Yet the best Pilots have need of Mariners, beside Sayles, Anchor, and other Tackle.

Illiteratus
Principes.

If men did know, what shining fetters, guilded miseries, and painted happinesse, Thrones and Scepters were. There would not bee so frequent strife about the getting, or holding of them. There would be more *Principalities*, then Princes. For a Prince is the Pastor of the people. Hee ought to sheere, not to flea his sheepe; to take their fleeces, not their fells. Who were his enemies before, being a private man, become his children, now hee is publike. Hee is the soule of the Commonwealth; and ought to cherish it, as his owne body. *Alexander* the Great was wont to say: Hee hated that Gardiner, that pluck'd his herbes, or flowers up by the roots. A man may milke a beast, till the blood come:

Charallus.
Principis.

Alexander
magnum.

Churne

Churne milke, and it yeeldeth butter; but wring the nose, and the blood followeth. Hee is an ill *Prince*, that so puls his Subjects feathers, as hee would not have them grow againe: that makes his *Exchequer* a receipt for the spoyle of those hee governs. No, let him keepe his owne, not affect his Subjects: strive rather to be call'd just, then powerfull. Not, like the *Romans Tyrans*, affect the Surnames that grow by humane slaughters: Neither to seeke warre in peace, or peace in warre, but to observe faith given, though to an Enemy. Study Piety toward the Subject: Shew care to defend him. Bee slow to punish in diverse cases; but be a sharpe, and severe Revenger of open crimes. Breake no decrees, or dissolve no orders, to slacken the strength of Lawes. Choose neither Magistrates *civill*, or *Ecclesiastick*, by *favour*, or *Price*: but with long disquisition, and report of their worth, by all Suffrages. Sell no honours, nor give them hastily, but bestow them with counsell, and for reward; If hee doe acknowledge it, (though late) and mend it. For *Princes* are easie to be deceiv'd. And what wisdom can escape it, where so many Court-*Arts* are studied? But above all, the *Prince* is to remember, that when the great day of Account comes, which neither Magistrate, nor *Prince* can thunne, there will be requir'd of him a reckoning for those, whom hee hath trusted, as for himselfe, which hee must provide. And if Piety be wanting in the *Priests*, Equity in the Judges, or the *Magistrate* be found rated at a price, what Iustice or Religion is to be expected: which are the only two Attributes make *Kings* kinne to *Gods*; and is the *Delphick* sword, both to kill Sacrifices, and to chastise offenders.

*De Gratia-
fis.*

When a vertuous man is rais'd, it brings gladnesse to his friends: griefe to his enemies, and glory to his Posterity. Nay his honours are a great part of the honour of the times: when by this meanes he is growne to active men, an example; to the sloathfull, a spurre; to the envious, a Punishment.

Divites.

Hee, which is sole heire to many rich men, having (beside his Fathers, and Vncles) the states of diverse his kindred come to him by accession; must needs bee richer then Father, or *Gran-father*: So they which are left heires *ex Asse*, of all their Ancestors vices; and by their good husbandry improve the old, and daily purchase new; must needs be wealthier in vice, and have a greater revenue, or stock of ill to spend on.

*Heredes ex
Asse.*

*Fures Pub-
lici.*

The great thieves of a State are lightly the officers of the Crowne; they hang the lesse still, play the Pikes in the Pond; eat whom they list. The Net was never spread for the Hawke or Buzzard that hurtis, but the harmelesse birds, they are good meate.

Juvenalis.

Dat veni am corvis, vexat censura columbas.

Plautus.

Non recte Accipitri tenditur, nisi miluo.

Lewis xl.

But they are not alwayes safe, though especially, when they meet with wise Masters. They can take downe all the huffe, and swelling of their looks; and like dexterous Auditors, place the Counter, where he shall value nothing. Let them but remember *Lewis* the eleventh, who to a Clarke of the *Exchequer*, that came to be Lord *Treasurer*, and had (for his device) represented himselfe sitting upon fortunes wheele: told him, hee might

might doe well to fasten it with a good strong nayle, lest turning about, it might bring him, where hee was againe. As indeed it did.

A good man will avoide the spot of any sinne. The very asperision is grievous: which makes him choosc his way in his life, as hee would in his journey. The *Ill-man* rides through all confidently; hee is coated, and booted for it. The oftner hee offends, the more openly; and the fowler, the fitter in fashion. His modesty like a riding Coat, the more it is worne, is the lesse car'd for. It is good enough for the dirt still; and the wayes he travels in. *An Innocent* man needs no *Eloquence*: his *Innocence* is in stead of it: else I had never come off so many times from these *Precipices*, whether mens malice hath pursued me. It is true, I have beene accus'd to the Lords, to the King; and by great ones: but it hap'ned my accusers had not thought of the Accusation with themselves; and so were driven for want of crimes, to use invention, which was found slander: or too late, (being entred so farre) to seeke starting holes for their rashnesse, which were not given them. And then they may thinke, what accusation that was like to prove, when they, that were the *Engineers*, fear'd to be the Authors. Nor were they content, to saine things against mee, but to urge things sain'd by the Ignorant, against my profession; which though from their hired, and mercenary impudence, I might have past by, as granted to a Nation of Barkers, that let out their tongues to lick others sores, yet I durst not leave my selfe undefended, having a paire of eares unskilfull to heare lyes, or have those things said of me, which I could truly prove of them. They objected, making of verses to me, when I could object to most of them, their not being able to reade them, but as worthy of scorne. Nay, they would offer to urge mine owne Writings against me; but by picces, (which was an excellent way of malice) as if any mans Context, might not seeme dangerous, and offensive, if that which was knit, to what went before, were defrauded of his beginning; or that things by themselves utter'd, might not seeme subject to Calumnie, which read entire, would appeare most free. At last they upbraided my poverty; I confesse, there is my Domestick; sober of diet, simple of habit; frugall, painefull, a good Counsellor to me, that keepe me from Cruelty, Pride, or other more delicate imper tinences; which are the Nurse-children of Riches. But let them looke over all the great, and monstrous wickednesse, they shall never find those in poore families. They are the issue of the wealthy *Giants*, and the mighty Hunters: Whereas no great worke, or worthy of praise, or memory, but came out of poore cradles. It was the ancient poverty, that founded Common-weales; built Cities; invented Arts; made wholefome Lawes; armed men against vices; rewarded them with their owne vertues; and preserv'd the honour, and state of Nations, till they betray'd themselves to Riches.

Money never made any man rich, but his mind. He that can order himselfe to the Law of nature, is not onely without the sense, but the feare of poverty. O! but to strike blind the people with our wealth, and pompe, is the thing! what a wretchednesse is this; to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within: to contemplate nothing; but the little, vile, and sordid things of the world; nor the great, noble, and pretious: wee serve our avarice, and not content with the good of the Earth, that

is offer'd us; wee search, and digge for the evill that is hidden. *God* offer'd us those things; and plac'd them at hand, and neere us, that hee knew were profitable for us; but the hurtfull hee laid deepe, and hid. Yet doe wee seeke onely the things, whereby wee may perish; and bring them forth, when *God* and nature hath buried them. Wee covet superfluous things; when it were more honour for us, if wee could contemne necessary. What need hath nature of silver dishes, multitudes of Waiters, delicate Pages, perfum'd Napkins? She requires meat only; and hunger is not ambitious. Can wee thinke no wealth enough, but such a state, for which a man may be brought into a *Præmure*, beg'd, proscrit'd, or poyson'd? O! if a man could restraints the fury of his gullet, and groyne, and thinke how many fires, how many kitchins, Cookes, Pastures, and plough'd Lands, what Orchards, Stewes, Ponds, and Parkes, Coupes, and Garners he could spare: What Velvets, Tissues, Imbroderies, Laces he could lacke; and then how short, and uncertaine his life is; Hee were in a better way to happinesse, then to live the Emperour of these delights; and be the *Dictator* of fashions? But wee make our selves slaves to our pleasures; and wee serve *Fame*, and Ambition, which is an equall slavery. Have not I seen the pompe of a whole Kingdome, and what a forraigne King could bring hither. Also to make himselfe gaz'd, and wonder'd at, laid forth as it were to the shew, and vanish all away in a day? And shall that which could not fill the expectation of few houres, entertaine, and take up our whole lives? when even it appear'd as superfluous to the Possessors, as to the that was a Spectator. The bravery was shewne, it was not possess'd while it boasted it selfe, it perish'd. It is vile, and a poor thing to place our happinesse on these desires. Say we wanted them all, *Famine ends famine.*

*De molli-
bus &
ofaminatis.*

There is nothing valiant, or solid to bee hop'd for from such, as are alwayes kemp'd, and perfum'd; and every day smell of the Taylor. The exceedingly cuticous, that are wholly in mending such an imperfection in the face; in taking away the Morpew in the neck; or bleaching their hands at Mid-night; gommeing, and bridling their beards; or making the waste small, blinding it with hoopes, while the mind runs at waste: Too much picktneesse is not manly. Nor from those that will jeast at their owne outward imperfections, but hide their ulcers within, their Pride, Lust, Envy, ill nature, with all the art and authority they can. These persons are in danger. For whilst they thinke to justifie their ignorance by impudency, and their persons by clothes, and outward ornaments, they use but a Commission to deceive themselves. Where, if wee will looke with our understanding, and not our senses, wee may behold vertue, and beauty, (though cover'd with rags) in their brightnesse, and vice, and deformity so much the fowler, in having all the splendor of riches to guild them, or the false light of honour and power to helpe them. Yet this is that, wherewith the world is taken, and runs mad to gaze on: Clothes and Titles, the Birdlime of *Fools*.

*De stulti-
tia.*

What petty things they are, wee wonder at? like children, that esteeme every crile; and preferre a *Fairing* before their Fathers: what difference is betwene us, and them? but that we are dearer *Fooles*, Cockshambes, at a higher rate? They are pleas'd with Cockleshells, Whistles, Hobbypuffs, and such like: wee with Statues, marble Pillars,

Pillars, Pictures, gilded Roofes, where under-neath is Lath, and Lyme; perhaps Lome. Yet, wee take pleasure in the lye, and are glad; wee can coufen our selves. Nor is it onely in our wals, and feelings; but all that wee call happinesse, is meere painting; and guilt: and all for money: what a thinne Membrane of honour that is? and how hath all true reputation falne, since money began to have any? yet the great heard, the multitude, that in all other things are divided; in this alone conspire, and agree: To love money. They wish for it, they embrace it, they adore it; while yet it is posselt with greater stirre, and torment, then it is gotten.

Some men, what losses soever they have, they make them greater: *De sibi mo-*
and if they have none, even all, that is not gotten, is a losse. Can *lestis.*
there be creatures of more wretched condition, then these; thar continually labour under their owne misery, and others envie? A man should study other things, not to cover, not to feare, not to repent him: To make his Base such, as no Tempest shall shake him: to be secure of all opinion; and pleasing to himselfe, even for that, wherein he displeaseth others. For the worst opinion gotten for doing well, should delight us: would'st not thou be just; but for fame, thou ought'st to be it with infamy: Hee that would have his vertue published, is not the fervant of vertue, but glory.

It is a dangerous thing, when mens minds come to sojourne with *Periculosa*
their affections, and their diseases eate into their strength: that when *Melancholia.*
too much desire, and greedinesse of vice, hath made the body unfit,
or unprofitable, it is yet gladded with the sight, and spectacle of it in
others: and for want of ability to be an Actor; is content to be a Wit-
nesse. It enjoyes the pleasure of sinning, in beholding others sinne; as
in Dicing, Drinking, Drabbing, &c. Nay, when it cannot doe all
these, it is offended with his owne narrownesse, that excludes it from
the universall delights of Man-kind, and oft times dies of a *Melancholy*,
that it cannot be vitious enough.

I am glad, when I see any man avoid the infamy of a vice; but to shun *Falsa spe-*
the vice it selfe were better: Till hee doe that, he is but like the Pre- *cies fugien-*
tise, who being loth to bee spied by his Master, comming forth of *da.*
Black-Lucis, went in againe; to whom his Master cried, the more thou
runnest that way to hide thy selfe, the more thou art in the Place. So are
those, that keepe a Taverne all day; that they may not bee scene at
night. I have knowne *Lawyers*, *Divines*, yea, great ones of this
Heresy.

There is a greater Reverence had of things remote; or stranger to us, *Decipimus*
then of much better; if they bee neerer, and fall under our sense. Men, *specie-*
and almost all sort of creatures, have their reputation by distance. Ri-
vers, the farther they runne, and more from their spring, the broader,
they are, and greater. And where our originall is knowne, we are the
lesse confident: Among strangers wee trust fortune. Yet a man may
live as renown'd at home, in his owne countrey, or a private Village, as
in the whole world. For it is vertue that gives glory: That will ende-
nizon a man every where. It is onely that can naturalize him. A native;
if hee be vitious, deserves to bee a stranger, and cast out of the Com-
mon-wealth, as an Alien.

*Dejectio
Anlic.*

A dejected countenance, and meane clothes, beget often a contempt; but it is with the shallowest creatures: *Courtiers* commonly looke up even with them in a new suite, you get above 'hem streight. Nothing is more short-liv'd then Pride: It is but while their clothes last; stay but while these are worne out, you cannot wish the thing more wretched, or dejected.

*Poesis, et
Pictura.
Plutarch.*

Poetry, and Picture, are Arts of a like nature; and both are busie about imitation. It was excellently said of *Plutarch*, Poetry was a speaking Picture, and Picture a mute Poesie. For they both invent, faine, and devise many things, and accommodate all they invent to the use, and service of nature. Yet of the two, the Pen is more noble, then the Pencill. For that can speake to the Understanding, the other, but to the Sense. They both behold pleasure, and profit, as their common Object; but should abstaine from all base pleasures, lest they should erre from their end: and while they seeke to better mens minds, destroy their manners. They both are borne *Artificers*, not made. Nature is more powerfull in them then study.

*De Pictu-
ra.*

Whosoever loves not Picture, is injurious to Truth: and all the wisdom of Poetry. Picture is the invention of Heaven: the most ancient, and most a kinne to Nature. It is it selfe a silent worke: and alwayes of one and the same habit: Yet it doth so enter, and penetrate the inmost affection (being done by an excellent Artificer) as sometimes it orecomes the power of speech, and oratory. There are diverse graces in it, so are there in the Artificers. One excels in care, another in reason, a third in easinesse, a fourth in nature and grace. Some have diligence, and comelinesse: but they want Majesty. They can expresse a humane forme in all the graces, sweetnesse, and elegancy; but they misse the Authority. They can hit nothing but smooth cheeks; they cannot expresse roughnesse, or gravity. Others aspire to Truth so much, as they are rather Lovers of likenesse, then beauty. *Zenxis*, and *Parrhasius*, are said to be contemporaries: The first, found out the reason of lights, and shadowes in Picture; the other, more subtilly examined the lines.

*De Stilo.
Pliny.*

In Picture, light is requir'd no lesse then shadow: so in stile, height, as well as humblenesse. But beware they be not too humble; as *Pliny* pronounc'd of *Regulus* writings. You would thinke them written, not on a child, but by a child. Many, out of their owne obscene Apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words; as *occupie*, *nature*, and the like: So the curious industry in some of having all alike good, hath come neerer a vice, then a vertue.

*De progress.
Pictura.
Parrhasius.*

Picture tooke her faining from Poetry: from Geometry her rule, compass, lines, proportion, and the whole Symmetry. *Parrhasius* was the first with reputation, by adding Symmetry to Picture: hee added subtilty to the countenance; elegancy to the haire; love-lines to the face; and, by the publike voice of all Artificers, deserved honour in the outer lines.

Empompi.

Empompi gave it splendor by numbers; and other elegancies. From the Opticks it drew reasons, by which it considered, how things plac'd at distance, and a faire off, should appeare lesse: how above, or beneath the head, should deceive the eye, &c. So from thence it tooke shadowes, reason, light, and heightnings. From enorall Philosophy it tooke the soule, the expression of Senses, Perturbations, Manners, when they would

would paint an angry person, a proud, an inconstant, an ambitious, a brave, a magnanimous, a just, a mercifull, a compassionate, an humble, a dejected, a base, and the like. They made all heightnings bright, all shadowes darke, all swellings from a plane, all solids from breaking. See * where he complains of their painting *Chimara's*, by the vulgar unaptly called *Grottesque*: Saying, that men who were borne truly to study, and emulate nature, did nothing but make monsters against nature, which ^a *Horace* so laught at. The Art *Plastique* was moulding in clay, or potters earth anciently. This is the Parent of *Statuary* sculpture, *Graving* and *Picture*, cutting in brasfe, and marble, all serve under her. ^b *Socrates* taught *Parrhasius*, and *Clito* (two noble Statuaries) first to expresse manners by their looks in Imagery. ^c *Polygnotus*, and *Aglaphon* were ancients. After them ^d *Zeuxis*, who was the Law-giver to all Painters: after ^e *Parrhasius*. They were contemporaries, and liv'd both about *Philips* time, the Father of *Alexander* the Great. There liv'd in this latter Age six famous Painters in *Italy*: who were excellent, and emulous of the Ancients: ^f *Raphael de Urbino*, *Michel Angelo Buonarota*, *Titian*, *Antonie of Correggio*, *Sebastian of Venice*, *Julio Romano*, and *Andrea Sartorio*.

* *Plin. lib.*
35. c. 2. 5. 8.
& 7.
Vitr. li. 8.
& 7.

^a *Horat. in arte Poet.*

^b *Socrates, Parrhasius, Clyto.*

^c *Polygnotus.*

^d *Aglaphon, Zeuxis.*

^e *Parrhasius.*

^f *Raphael de urbino.*

Mich: Angel.

Buonarota.

Titian.

Antonie de Correg.

Sebast: de Venet.

Julio Romano.

Andrea Sartorio.

* *Parasiti ad mensam.*

These are Flatterers for their bread, that praise all my oraculous Lord do's or sayes, be it true or false: invent tales that shall please: make baits for his Lordships eares: and if they be not receiv'd in what they offer at, they shift a point of the Compass, and turne their tale presently tacker about; deny what they confest, and confesse what they denied; fit their discourse to the persons, and occasions: What they snatch up, and devoure at one table, utter at another: and grow suspected of the Master, hated of the servants, while they inquire, and reprehend, and compound, and delate busines of the house: they have nothing to doe with: They praise my Lords wine, and the sauce he likes; observe the Cooke, and Bottle-man, while they stand in my Lords favour, speake for a pension for them: but pound them to dust upon my Lords least distaste, or change of his palate.

How much better is it, to bee silent, or at least, to speake sparingly! For it is not enough to speake good, but timely things. If a man be asked a question, to answer, but to repeat the Question, before hee answer, is well, that hee be sure to understand it, to avoid absurdity. For it is lesse dishonour, to heare imperfectly, then to speake imperfectly. The eares are excus'd, the understanding is not. And in things unknown to a man, not to give his opinion, lest by affectation of knowing too much, hee lose the credit hee hath by speaking, or knowing the wrong way, what hee utters. Nor seeke to get his Patrons favour, by imbarcking himselfe in the Factions of the Family: to inquire after domesticke similties, their sports, or affections. They are an odious, and vile kind of creatures, that fly about the house all day, and picking up the filth of the house, like Pies or Swallows, carry it to their nest (the Lords eares) and oftentimes report the lyes they have fain'd, for what they have seene and heard.

These are call'd instruments of grace, and power, with great persons; *Imo serviti* but they are indeed the Organs of their impotencie, and markes of les, weaknesse. For sufficient Lords are able to make these Discoveries themselves. Neither will an honourable person inquire, who eats, and drinks

drinckes together, what that man playes; whom this man loves; with whom such a one walkes; what discourse they held; who sleepe, with whom. They are base, and servile natures, that busie themselves about these disquisitions. How often have I seene, (and worthily) these Censors of the family, undertaken by some honest *Rastick*, and cudgel'd thriftily? These are commonly the off-scowering, and dregs of men, that doe these things, or calumniate others: Yet I know not truly which is worse; hee that malignes all, or that praises all. There is as great a vice in praising, and as frequent, as in detracting.

It pleas'd your Lordship of late, to aske my opinion, touching the education of your sonnes, and especially to the advancement of their studies. To which, though I return'd somewhat for the present; which rather manifested a will in me, then gave any just resolution to the thing propounded: I have upon better cogitation call'd those ayds about mee, both of mind, and memory; which shall venter my thoughts clearer, if not fuller, to your Lordships demand. I confesse, my Lord, they will seeme but petty, and minute things I shall offer to you, being writ for children, and of them. But studies have their Infancie, as well as creatures. Wee see in men, even the strongest compositions had their beginnings from milke, and the Cradle, and the wisest tarried sometimes about apting their mouthes to Letters, and syllables. In their education therefore, the care must be the greater had of their beginnings, to know, examine, and weigh their natures, which though they bee proner in some children to some disciplines; yet are they naturally prompt to taste all by degrees, and with change. For change is a kind of refreshing in studies, and infuseth knowledge by way of recreation. Thence the Schoole it selfe is call'd a Play, or Game: and all Letters are so best taught to Schollers. They should not be afrighted, or deterr'd in their Entry, but drawne on with exercise, and emulation. A youth should not be made to hate study, before hee know the causes to love it: or taste the bitterneesse before the sweet; but call'd on, and allur'd, intreated, and praised: Yea, when hee deserves it not. For which cause I wish them sent to the best schoole, and a publike; which I thinke the best. Your Lordship I feare hardly heares of that, as willing to breed them in your eye, and at home; and doubting their manners may bee corrupted abroad. They are in more danger in your owne Family, among ill servants, (allowing, they be safe in their Schoole-Master) then amongst a thousand boyes, however immodest: would wee did not spoyle our owne children, and overthrow their manners our selves by too much Indulgence. To breed them at home, is to breed them in a shade; where in a schoole they have the light, and heate of the Sunne. They are us'd, and accustom'd to things, and men. When they come forth into the Common-wealth, they find nothing new, or to seeke. They have made their friendships and ayds; some to last till their Age. They heare what is commanded to others, as well as themselves. Much approv'd, much corrected; all which they bring to their owne store, and use; and learne as much, as they heare. *Eloquence* would be but a poore thing, if wee should onely converse with singulars; speake, but man and man together. Therefore I like no private breeding. I would send them where their industry should be daily increas'd by praise; and that

kindled

kindled by emulation. It is a good thing to inflame the mind: And though Ambition it selfe be a vice, it is often the cause of great vertue. Give me that wit, whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves: hee is to bee nourish'd with Ambition, prick'd forward with honour, check'd with Reprehension; and never to bee suspected of sloath. Though hee be given to play, it is a signe of spirit, and liveliness; so there be a meane had of their sports, and relaxations. And from the rodde, or ferule, I would have them free, as from the menace of them: for it is both deformed, and servile.

For a man to write well, there are required three Necessaries. To read the best Authors, observe the best Speakers: and much exercise of his owne style. In style to consider, what ought to be written; and after what manner; Hee must first thinke, and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing, and ranking both matter, and words, that the composition be comely; and to doe this with diligence, and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labour'd, and accurate; seeke the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words, that offer themselves to us, but judge of what wee invent, and order what wee approve. Repeat often, what wee have formerly written, which beside, that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heate of imagination; that often cooles in the time of setting downe, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier, by the going back. As wee see in the contention of leaping, they jumpe farthest, that fetch their race largest: or, as in throwing a Dart, or Javelin, wee force back our armes, to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a faire gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sayle, for the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that wee invent doth please us in the conception, or birth; else we would never set it downe. But the safest is to returne to our Judgement, and handle over againe those things, the easinesse of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best Writers in their beginnings, they impos'd upon themselves care, and industry. They did nothing rashly. They obtain'd first to write well, and then custome made it easie, and a habit. By little and little, their matter shew'd it selfe to them more plentifully; their words answer'd, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-order'd family, presented it selfe in the place. So that the summe of all is: Ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing: Yet when wee thinke wee have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it: as to give a Horse a check sometimes with bit, which doth not so much stop his course, as stirre his mettle. Again, whether a mans *Genius* is best able to reach thither, it should more and more contend, lift and dilate it selfe, as men of low stature, raise themselves on their toes; and so oft times get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able Writers to stand of themselves, and worke with their owne strength, so to trust and endeavour by their owne faculties: so it is fit for the beginner, and learner, to study others, and the best. For the mind, and memory are more sharply exercis'd in comprehending an other mans things, then our owne, and such as accustome themselves, and are familiar with the best Authors, shall ever and anon find somewhat of them

De stylo, et optimo scribendi genere.

vi. I. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feele it not; be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an Authority above their owne. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a mans study, the praise of quoting an other man fitly: And though a man be more prone, and able for one kind of writing, then another, yet hee must exercise all. For as in an Instrument, so in style, there must be a Harmonic, and consent of parts.

*Prociendi
modi.*

I take this labour in teaching others, that they should not be alwayes to be taught; and I would bring my Precepts into practise. For rules are ever of lesse force, and vaw, then experiments. Yet with this purpose, rather to shew the right way to those that come after, then to detect any that have slipt before by error, and I hope it will be more profitable. For men doe more willingly listen, and with more favour to precept, then reprehension. Among diverse opinions of an Art, and most of them contrary in themselves, it is hard to make election; and therefore, though a man cannot invent new things after so many, he may doe a welcome worke yet to helpe posterity to judge rightly of the old. But Arts and Precepts avails nothing, except nature be beneficiall, and ayding. And therefore these things are no more written to a dull disposition, then rules of husbandry to a barren Soyle. No precepts will profit a Foole; no more then beauty will the blind, or musicke the deafe. As wee should take care, that our style in writing, be neither dry, nor empty: wee should looke againe it be not winding, or wanton with far-fetcht-descriptions; Either is a vice. But that is worse which proceeds out of want, then that which riots out of plenty. The remedy of fruitfulness is easie, but no labour will helpe the contrary; I will like, and praise some things in a young Writer, which yet if hee continue in, I cannot, but justly hate him for the same. There is a time to be given all things for maturity; and that even your Countrey-husband-man can teach, who to a young plant will not put the proyning knife, because it seemes to feare the iron, as not able to admit the scarre. No more would I tell a greene Writer all his faults, lest I should make him grieve and faint, and at last despaire. For nothing doth more hurt, then to make him lo afraid of all things, as hee can endeavour nothing. Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things: for we hold those longest, wee take soonest. As the first sent of a Vessell lasts: and that tinct the wooll first receives. Therefore a Master should temper his owne powers, and descend to the others infirmity. If you powre a glut of water upon a Bottle, it receives little of it, but with a Funnell, and by degrees, you shall fill many of them, and spill little of your owne; to their capacity they will all receive, and be full. And as it is fit to reade the best Authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest, and clearest. As *Livy* before *Salust*, *Sydney* before *Donne*: and beware of letting them taste *Gower*, or *Chaucer* at first, lest falling too much in love with Antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in language onely. When their judgements are firme, and out of danger, let them reade both, the old and the new: but no lesse take heed, that their new flowers, and sweetness doe not as much corrupt, as the others driness, and squallor, if they choose not carefully. *Spencer*, in affecting the Ancients writ no Language: Yet I would have him

*Livy.
Salust.
Sydney.
Donne.
Gower.
Chaucer.*

Spencer.

him read for his matter; but as *Virgil* read *Ennius*. The reading of *Virgil*.
Homer and *Virgil* is counsell'd by *Quintilian*, as the best way of in-
 forming youth, and confirming man. For besides that, the mind is rais'd
 with the height, and sublimity of such a verse, it takes spirit from the
 greatnesse of the matter, and is tincted with the best things. *Tragick*,
 and *Liricke* Poetry is good too: and *Comicke* with the best, if the man-
 ners of the Reader be once in safety. In the *Greeke* Poets, as also in
Plautus, wee shall see the Oeconomy, and disposition of *Poems*, better
 observed then in *Terence*, and the later: who thought the sole grace, and
 vertue of their Fable, the sticking in of sentences, as ours doe the forcing
 in of jests.

Wee should not protect our sloath with the patronage of difficulty. *Ials, querel-
 fugiend.*
 It is a false quarrell against nature, that shee helps understanding; but
 in a few, when the most part of mankind are inclin'd by her thither, if
 they would take the paines; no lesse then birds to fly, horses to run, &c.
 Which if they lose, it is through their owne sluggishnesse, and by that
 meanes become her prodigies, not her children. I confesse, nature in
 children is more patient of labour in study, then in Age; for the sense
 of the paine, the judgement of the labour is absent, they doe not mea-
 sure what they have done. And it is the thought, and consideration, *Platonis.*
 that affects us more, then the wearinesse it selfe. *Plato* was not content
 with the Learning, that *Athens* could give him, but sail'd into *Italy* for
Pythagoras's knowledge: And yet not thinking himselfe sufficiently in-
 form'd, went into *Egypt* to the Priests, and learned their mysteries. Hee
 labour'd, so must wee. Many things may be learn'd together, and per-
 form'd in one point of time; as Musicians exercise their memory, their
 voice, their fingers, and sometime their head, and feet at once. And
 so a Preacher in the invention of matter, election of words, composition
 of gesture, looke, pronounciation, motion, useth all these faculties at once.
 And if wee can expresse this variety together, why should not diverse
 studies, at diverse houres delight, when the variety is able alone to re-
 fresh, and repaire us? As when a man is weary of writing, to reade; and
 then againe of reading, to write. Wherein, howsoever wee doe many
 things, yet are wee (in a sort) still fresh to what wee begin: wee are
 recreated with change, as the stomacke is with meats. But some will say,
 this variety breeds confusion, and makes, that either wee loose all, or
 hold no more then the last. Why doe wee not then perswade husband-
 men, that they should not till Land, helpe it with Marle, Lyme, and
 Compost: plant Hop-gardens, prune trees, looke to Bee-hives, reare
 sheepe, and all other Cattell at once? It is easier to doe many things, and
 continue, then to doe one thing long.

It is not the passing through these Learnings that hurts us, but the
 dwelling and sticking about them. To descend to those extreame anxie-
 ties, and foolish cavils of *Grammarians*, is able to breake a wit in pieces;
 being a worke of manifold misery, and vainenesse, to bee *Elementarij*
senes. Yet even Letters are as it were the Banke of words, and restore
 themselves to an Author, as the pawnes of Language: But talking and
 Eloquence are not the same; to speake, and to speake well, are two
 things. A foole may talke, but a wise man speakes, and out of the ob-
 servation, knowledge, and use of things. Many Writers perplex their
 Readers,

*Precept:
 Element:*

Readers, and Hearers with mere *Non-sense*. Their writings need sunshine. Pure and neat Language I love, yet plaine and customary. A barbarous Phrase hath often made mee out of love with a good sense; and doubtfull writing hath wrackt mee beyond my patience. The reason why a *Poet* is said, that hee ought to have all knowledges, is that hee should not be ignorant of the most, especially of those hee will handle. And indeed when the attaining of them is possible, it were a sluggish, and base thing to despaire. For frequent imitation of any thing, becomes a habit quickly. If a man should prosecute as much, as could be said of every thing; his worke would find no end.

De orationis dignitate.

Speech is the only benefit man hath to expresse his excellencie of mind above other creatures. It is the Instrument of *Society*. Therefore *Mercury*, who is the President of Language, is called *Deorum hominumq; interpres*. In all speech, words and sense; are as the body, and the soule. The sense is as the life and soule of Language, without which all words are dead. Sense is wrought out of experience, the knowledge of humane life, and actions, or of the liberall Arts, which the *Greeks* call'd *Εὔκλωπος*. Words are the Peoples; yet there is a choise of them to be made. For *Verborum delectus, or igo est eloquentia*. They are to be chose according to the persons wee make speake, or the things wee speake of. Some are of the Campe, some of the Councell-board, some of the Shop, some of the Sheepe-coat, some of the Pulpit, some of the Barre, &c. And herein is seene their Elegance, and Propriety, when wee use them fitly, and draw them forth to their just strength and nature, by way of Translation, or *Metaphore*. But in this Translation wee must only serve necessity (*Nam temerè nihil transfertur à prudenti*) or commodity, which is a kind of necessity; that is, when wee either absolutely want a word to expresse by, and that is necessity; or when wee have not so fit a word, and that is commodity. As when wee avoid losse by it, and escape ob-scenenesse, and gaine in the grace and property, which helps significance. *Metaphors* farret hinder to be understood, and affected, lose their grace. Or when the person fetcheth his translations from a wrong place. As if a Privie-Counsellor should at the Table take his *Metaphore* from a Dicing-house, or Ordinary; or a Vintners Vault; or a Justice of Peace draw his similitudes from the *Mathematicks*, or a *Divine* from a Bawdy-house, or Tavernes; or a Gentleman of *Northampton-shire, Warwick-shire*, or the *Mid-land*, should fetch all his Illustrations to his country neighbours from shipping, and tell them of the maine *sheat*, and the *Boulin*. *Metaphors* are thus many times deform'd, as in him that said, *Castratam moris Africani Rempublicam*. And an other, *stercus curia Glanciam*. And *Canà nive conspuit Alpes*. All attempts that are new in this kind, are dangerous, and somewhat hard, before they be softned with use. A man coyne not a new word without some perill, and lesse fruit; for if it happen to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refus'd, the scorn is assur'd. Yet wee must adventure, for things at first, hard and rough, are by use made tender and gentle. It is an honest error that is committed, following great *Chieftes*.

Εὔκλωπος.
Sala.
Julius Cæsar.
Of words
see Hor. de
Art. Poetic.
Quintil. l. 8.
Ludov. Vi-
ves. pag. 6.
& 7.
Metaphora.

Confusio.

Custom is the most certaine Mistressse of Language, as the publicke stampe makes the current money. But wee must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coining. Nor fetch words from the

the extreme and utmost ages; since the chiefe vertue of a style is perspicuitie, and nothing so vitious in it, as to need an Interpreter. Words borrow'd of Antiquity, doe lend a kind of Majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the Authority of years, and out of their intermission doe win to themselves a kind of grace-like newnesse. But the eldest of the present, and newnesse of the past Language is the best. For what was the ancient Language, which some men so doate upon, but the ancient Custome? Yet when I name Custome, I understand not the vulgar Custome: For that were a precept no lesse dangerous to Language, then life, if wee should speake of live after the manners of the vulgar: But that I call Custome of speech, which is the consent of the Learned; as Custome of life, which is the consent of the good. *Virgill* was most loving of Antiquity; yet how rarely doth hee insert *aquai*, and *pitai*! *Lucretius* is scabrous and rough in these; hee seekes them: As some doe *Chaucerisms* with us, which were better expung'd and banish'd. Some words are to be cull'd out for ornament and colour, as wee gather flowers to straw houses, or make Garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style; as in a Meadow, where though the meere grasse and greennesse delights; yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautifie. Marry we must not play, or riot too much with them, as in *Paronomasies*: Nor use too swelling, or ill-sounding words; *Quæ per salebras, altæq; saxa cadunt*. It is true, there is no found but shall find some Lovers, as the bitter'st confections are gratefull to some palats. Our composition must bee more accurate in the beginning and end, then in the midst; and in the end more, then in the beginning; for through the midst the streame beares us. And this is attain'd by Custome more then care, or diligence. Wee must expresse readily, and fully, not profusely. There is difference betweene a liberall, and a prodigall hand. As it is a great point of Art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge, and veere out all sayle, so to take it in, and contract it, is of no lesse praise when the Argument doth aske it. Either of them hath their fittnesse in the place. A good man alwayes profits by his endeavour, by his helpe; yea, when he is absent; nay when he is dead by his example and memory. So good Authors in their style: A strict and succinct style is that, where you can take away nothing without losse, and that losse to be manifest. The briefe style is that which expresseth much in little. The concise style, which expresseth not enough, but leaves somewhat to bee understood. The abrupt style, which hath many breaches, and doth not seeme to end, but fall. The congruent, and harmonious fitting of parts in a sentence, hath almost the fastning, and force of knitting, and connexion: As in stones well squar'd, which will rise strong a great way without mortar. Periods are beautifull; when they are not too long; for so they have their strength too, as in a Pike or Javelin. As wee must take the care that our words and sense bee cleare; so if the obscurity happen through the Hearers, or Readers want of understanding, I am not to answer for them; no more then for their not listning or marking; I must neither find them eares, nor mind. But a man cannot put a word so in sense, but some thing about it will illustrate it, if the Writer understand himselfe. For Order helps much to Perspicuity, as Confusion hurts.

Perspicuitas.
Venusitas.

Auctoritas.

Virgil.
Lucretius.
Chance-
rismus.

Paronomasia.

De style.

Tacitus.
The Laco-
nicke.
Suetonius.
Seneca &
Fabianus.

Periods.

Rectitudo lucem adfert, obliquitas et circumductio offuscat. We should therefore speak what we can, the neereſt way, ſo as wee keepe our gate, not leape; for too ſhort may as well be not let into the memory, as too long not kept in. Whatſoever looſeth the grace, and cleareneſſe, converts into a Riddle, the obſcurity is mark'd, but not the valey. That periſheth, and is paſt by, like the Pearle in the Fable. Our ſtyle ſhould be like a ſkeine of filke to be carried, and found by the right thred, not ravel'd, and perplex'd, then all is a knot, a heape. There are words, that doe as much raiſe a ſtyle, as others can depreſſe it. Superlation; and overmuchneſſe amplifies. It may be above faith, but never above a meane. It was ridiculous in *Cestius*, when hee ſaid of *Alexander*:

Fremet Oceanus, quaſi indignetur, quod terras relinquant;
Virgil. But propitiouſly from *Virgil*:—*Credas innata renuſſas Cycladas.*
 Hee doth not ſay it was ſo, but ſeem'd to be ſo. Although it be ſome-what incredible, that is excus'd before it be ſpoken. But there are *Hypoboles*, which will become one Language, that will by no meanes admit another. As *Eos eſſe P. R. exercitus, qui cælum poſint perrumpere*: who would ſay this with us, but a mad man? Therefore wee muſt conſider in every tongue what is uſ'd, what receiv'd. *Quintilian* warnes us, that in no kind of Translation, or *Metaphore*, or *Allegory*, wee make a turne from what wee began; As if wee fetch the originall of our *Metaphore* from ſea, and billowes; wee end not in flames and aſhes; It is a moſt ſowle inconſequence. Neither muſt wee draw out our *Allegory* too long, leſt either wee make our ſelves obſcure, or fall into affectation, which is childiſh. But why doe men depart at all from the right, and naturall wayes of ſpeaking? Sometimes for neceſſity, when wee are driven, or thinke it fitter to ſpeake that in obſcure words, or by circumſtance, which utter'd plainly would offend the hearers. Or to avoid obſceneneſſe, or ſometimes for pleaſure, and variety; as Travellers turne out of the high way, drawne, either by the commodity of a foot-path, or the delicacy, or freſhneſſe of the fields. And all this is call'd *εὐχρηματισμός*, or figur'd Language.

Oratio imago animi. Language moſt ſhewes a man: ſpeake that I may ſee thee. It ſprings out of the moſt retired, and inmoſt parts of us, and is the Image of the Parent of it, the mind. No glaſſe renders a mans forme, or likeneſſe, ſo true as his ſpeech. Nay, it is likened to a man, and as we conſider feature, and compoſition in a man, ſo words in Language: in the greatneſſe, aptneſſe, ſound, ſtructure, and harmony of it. Some men are tall, and bigge, ſo ſome Language is high and great. Then the words are choſen, their ſound ample, the compoſition full, the abſolution plenteous, and pow'd out, all grave, ſinnewye and ſtrong. Some are little, and Dwarves; ſo of ſpeech it is humble, and low; the words poore and flat, the members and *Periods*, thicke and weak without knitting, or number. The middle are of a juſt ſtature. There the Language is plaine, and pleaſing: even without ſtopping, ſound without ſwelling; all well-ſort'd, compos'd, elegant, and accurate. The vicious Language is vaſt, and gaping, ſwelling, and irregular, when it contends to be high, full of Rocks, Mountains, and pointedneſſe. As it affects to be low, it is abject, and creeps, full of bogs, and holes. And according to their Subject, theſe ſtyles vary, and loſe their names. For that which is high and lofty,

*Struttura,
& ſtatua.
Sublimis,
Elevata,
Magna.*

*Mediocris
Plana &
placida.
Vicioſa ora-
tio, vaſta,
Tumens.
Enormis.
Affectata,
Abjeſta.*

declaring excellent matter, becomes vast and tumorous: Speaking of petty and inferiour things: so that which was even, and apt in a meane and plaine subject, will appeare most poore and humble in a high Argument. Would you not laugh, to meet a great Counsellor of state in a flatcap, with his trunck hose, and a hobby-horse Cloake, his Gloves under his girdle, and yond Haberdasher in a velvet Gowne, furr'd with fables? There is a certaine latitude in these things, by which wee find the degrees. The next thing to the stature, is the figure and feature in Language: that is, whether it be round, and streight, which consists of short and succinct *Periods*, numerous, and polish'd, or square and firme, which is to have equall and strong patts, every where answearable, and weighed. The third is the skinne, and coat, which rests in the well joyning, cementing, and coagmentation of words, when as it is smooth, gentle, and sweet; like a Table, upon which you may runne your finger without rubs, and your nayle cannot find a joynt; not horrid, rough, wrinkled, gaping, or chapt: After these the flesh, blood, and bones come in question. Wee say it is a fleshy style, when there is much *Periphrases*, and circuit of words; and when with more then enough, it growes fat and corpulent; *Arvina orationis*, full of suet and tallow. It hath blood, and juyce, when the words are proper and apt, their sound sweet, and the *Phrase* neat and pick'd. *Oratio uncta, & bene pasta*. But where there is Redundancy, both the blood and juyce are faulty, and vitious. *Redundans sanguine, quâ multo plus dicit, quàm necesse est*. Juyce in Language is somewhat lesse then blood, for if the words be but becomming, and signifying, and the sense gentle, there is Juyce: but where that wanteth, the Language is thinn, flagging, poore, starv'd; scarce covering the bone, and shewes like stones in a sack. Some men to avoid Redundancy, runne into that, and while they strive to have no ill blood, or juyce, they loose their good. There be some styles againe, that have not lesse blood, but lesse flesh, and corpulence. These are bony, and finnewy: *Ossa habent, et nervos*.

It was well noted by the late L. St. *Albani*, that the study of words is the first distemper of Learning: Vaine matter the second: And a third distemper is deceit, or the likenesse of truth. Imposture held up by credulity. All these are the Cobwebs of Learning, and to let them grow in us, is either flutish or foolish. Nothing is more ridiculous, then to make an Author a *Dictator*, as the schooles have done *Aristotele*. The dammage is infinite, knowledge receives by it. For to many things a man should owe but a temporary belife, and a suspension of his owne Judgement, not an absolute resignation of himselfe, or a perpetuall captivity. Let *Aristotele*, and others have their dues; but if wee can make farther Discoveries of truth and fitnessse then they, why are we envied? Let us beware, while wee strive to adde, wee doe not diminish, or deface; wee may improve, but not augment. By discrediting falshood, Truth growes in request. Wee must not goe about like men anguish'd, and perplex'd, for vitious affectation of praise: but calmy study the separation of opinions, find the errors have intervned, awake Antiquity, call former times into question, but make no parties with the present, nor follow any fierce undertakers, mingle no matter of doubtfull credit, with the simplicity of truth, but gently stirre the mould about the

Figura.

Cura
Coriex.
Compositio.Carnosa.
Adipata.

Redundans.

Iejuna ma-
cilentia, strig-
gosa.Ossa, &
nervosa.Note Do-
mini St.
Albani de
doctrin: in
temper.
Dictator.
Aristoteles.ol
analogia
etmova

the root of the Question, and avoid all digladiations, facility of credit, or superstitious simplicity; seeke the consonancy, and concatenation of Truth, stoope only to point of necessity; and what leads to convenience. Then make exact animadversion where style hath degenerated, where flourish'd, and thriv'd in choisenesse of Phrase, round and cleane composition of sentence, sweet falling of the clause, varying an illustration by tropes and figures, weight of Matter, worth of Subject, soundnesse of Argument, life of Invention, and depth of Judgement. This is *Mente potiri*, to get the hill. For no perfect Discovery can bee made upon a flat or a levell.

*De optimo
scriptore.*

Cicero.

Now, that I have informed you in the knowing these things; let mee leade you by the hand a little farther, in the direction of the use; and make you an able Writer by practice. The conceits of the mind are Pictures of things, and the tongue is the Interpreter of those Pictures. The order of Gods creatures in themselves, is not only admirable, and glorious, but eloquent; Then he who could apprehend the consequence of things in their truth, and utter his apprehensions as truly, were the best Writer, or Speaker. Therefore *Cicero* said much, when hee said, *Dicere recte nemo potest, nisi qui prudenter intelligit.* The shame of speaking unskilfully were small, if the tongue onely thereby were disgrac'd: But as the Image of a King, in his Seale ill-represented, is not so much a blemish to the waxe, or the Signet that seal'd it, as to the Prince it representeth; so disordered speech is not so much injury to the lips that give it forth, as to the disproportion, and incoherence of things in themselves, so negligently expressed. Neither can his mind be thought to be in tune, whose words doe jarre; nor his reason in frame, whose sentence is preposterous, nor his Elocution cleare and perfect, whose utterance breakes it selfe into fragments and uncertainties: Were it not a dishonour to a mighty Prince, to have the Majesty of his embassage spoyled by a carelessse Ambassadour? and is it not as great an Indignity, that an excellent conceit and capacity, by the indiligence of an idle tongue should be disgrac'd? Negligent speech doth not onely discredit the person of the Speaker, but it discrediteth the opinion of his reason and judgement; it discrediteth the force and uniformity of the matter, and substance. If it be so then in words, which fly and escape censure, and where one good Phrase begs pardon for many incongruities, and faults; how shall he then be thought wise, whose penning is thin and shallow? How shall you looke for wit from him, whose leasure and head, assisted with the examination of his eyes, yeeld you no life, or sharpenesse in his writing.

*De stylo
Epistolari.
Inventio.*

In writing there is to be regarded the Invention, and the Fashion. For the Invention, that ariseth upon your busines; whereof there can bee no rules of more certainty, or precepts of better direction given, then conjecture can lay downe, from the severall occasions of mens particular lives, and vocations: But sometimes men make basenesse of kindnesse: As (I could not satisfie my selfe, till I had discharged my remembrance, and charged my Letters with commendations to you.) Or, [My busines is no other, then to testifie my love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingness to doe you all kind offices.] Or, [Sir, have you leasure to descend to the remembring of that assurance you have long possess in your servant; and upon your next opportunity, make him happy with some commands from you?] Or, the like; that goe a begging

begging for some meaning, and labour to be deliver'd of the great burthen of nothing. When you have invented, and that your business be matter, and not bare forme, or meere Ceremony, but some earnest: then are you to proceed to the ordering of it, and digesting the parts, which is had out of two circumstances. One is the understanding of the Persons, to whom you are to write; the other is the coherence of your Sentence. For mens capacity to weigh, what will be apprehended with greatest attention, or leisure; what next regarded, and long'd for especially; and what last will leave satisfaction, and (as it were) the sweetest memoriall, and beliefe of all that is past in his understanding, whom you write to. For the consequence of Sentences, you must be sure, that every clause doe give the Q. one to the other, and be bespoken ere it come. So much for *Invention* and *order*. Now for fashion it consists in foure things, which are Qualities of your style. The first is *Brevity*. For they must not be Treatises, or Discourses (your Letters) except it be to learned men. And even among them, there is a kind of thrift, and saving of words. Therefore you are to examine the clearest passages of your understanding, and through them to convey the sweetest, and most significant words you can devise, that you may the easier teach them the readiest way to another mans apprehension, and open their meaning fully, roundly, and distinctly. So as the Reader may not thinke a second view cast away upon your letter. And though respect bee a part following this; yet now here, and still I must remember it, if you write to a man, whose estate and cense as senses, you are familiar with, you may the bolder (to set a task to his braine) venter on a knot. But if to your Superior, you are bound to measure him in three farther points: First, your interest in him: Secondly, his capacity in your Letters: Thirdly, his leisure to peruse them. For your interest, or favour with him, you are to bee the shorter, or longer, more familiar, or submisive, as hee will afford you time. For his capacity you are to be quicker, and fuller of those reaches, and glances of wit, or learning, as hee is able to entertaine them. For his leisure, you are commanded to the greater briefnesse, as his place is of greater discharges, and cares. But with your betters, you are not to put Riddles of wit, by being too scarce of words: not to cause the trouble of making *Breviats*, by writing too riotous, and wastingly. *Brevity* is attained in matter, by avoiding idle Complements, Prefaces, Protestations, Parentheses, superfluous circuit of figures, and digressions: In the composition, by omitting Conjunctions, [*Not onely, But also Both the one, and the other, whereby it cometh to passe*] and such like idle Particles, that have no great business in a serious Letter, but breaking of sentences; as often times a short journey is made long, by unnecessary baits.

But as *Quintilian* saith, there is a briefnesse of the parts sometimes, that makes the whole long, as I came to the staires, I took a pair of oares, they launch'd out, rowed a pace, I landed at the Court-gate, I paid my fayre, went up to the Presence, ask'd for my Lord, I was admitted. All this is but, I went to the Court, and speake with my Lord. This is the fault of some Latine Writers, within these last hundred years, of my reading, and perhaps *Seneca* may be appeacht of it; I accuse him not. The next property of *Epistolarie* style is *Perspicuity*, and is often times

Modus.
1. Brevitas.

Quintilian

2. Perspicuitas.

times by affectation of some wit ill angled for, or ostentation of some hidden termes of Art. Few words they darken speech, and so doe too many: as well too much light hurteth the eyes, as too little; and a long Bill of *Chancery* confounds the understanding, as much as the shortest note. Therefore, let not your Letters be penn'd like English Statutes, and this is obtain'd. These vices are eschewed by pondering your busines well, and distinctly concerning your selfe, which is much furthered by uttering your thoughts, and letting them as well come forth to the light, and Judgement of your owne outward senses, as to the censure of other mens eares: For that is the reason, why many good Schollers speake but fumblingly, like a rich man, that for want of particular note and difference, can bring you no certaine ware readily out of his shop. Hence it is, that talkative shallow men doe often content the Hearers, more then the wise. But this may find a speedier redresse in writing, where all comes under the last examination of the eyes. First mind it well, then pen it, then examine it, then amend it; and you may bee in the better hope of doing reasonably well. Vnder this vertue may come Plainenesse, which is not to be curious in the order, as to answer a letter, as if you were to answer to Interrogatories. As to the first, first; and to the second, secondly, &c. But both in method to use (as Ladies doe in their attyre) a diligent kind of negligence, and their sportive freedome; though with some men you are not to jest, or practise tricks: yet the delivery of the most important things, may be carried with such a grace, as that it may yeeld a pleasure to the conceit of the Reader. There must bee store, though no excesse of termes, as if you are to name *Store*, sometimes you may call it choise, sometimes plenty; sometimes copiousnesse, or variety: but ever so, that the word which comes in lieu, have not such difference of meaning, as that it may put the sense of the first in hazard to be mistaken. You are not to cast a Ring for the perfumed termes of the time, as *Accommodation*, *Complement*, *Spirit*, &c. But use them properly in their place, as others. There followeth *Life*, and *Quicknesse*, which is the strength and sinnewes (as it were) of your penning by pretty Sayings, Similitudes, and Conceits, Allusions, some knowne History, or other common place, such as are in the Courtier, and the second booke of *Cicero de oratore*. The last is, Respect to discerne, what fits your selfe; him to whom you write; and that which you handle, which is a quality fit to conclude the rest, because it doth include all. And that must proceed from ripenesse of judgement, which as one truly saith, is gotten by foure meanes, *God*, *Nature*, *Diligence*, and *Conversation*. Serve the first well, and the rest will serve you.

3. *Vigor.*

4. *Discernio*

De Poetica.

Poetry. Poetry in the Primogeniture had many peccant humours, and is made to have more now, through the Levity, and inconstancie of mens Judgements. Whereas indeed, it is the most prevailing Eloquence, and of the most exalted *Charact*. Now the discredits and disgraces are many it hath receiv'd, through mens study of Depravation or Calumny: their practise being to give it diminution of Credit, by lessening the Professors estimation, and making the Age afraid of their Liberty: And the Age is growne so tender of her fame, as she calls all writings *Asper-*

sons.

Gum

That is the State-word, the Phrase of Court, (*Placentia Colledge*) which some call *Parasites Place*, the Inne of Ignorance.

Whilst I name no persons, but deride follies; why should any man confesse, or betray himselfe? why doth not that of S. Hierome come into their D. Hieronim. minde; *Vbi generalis est de vitiis disputatio, ibi nullius esse persona injuriam?* It is such an inexpressible crime in Poets, to taxe vices generally; and no offence in them who, by their exception, confesse they have committed them particularly. Are wee falne into those times that wee must not

Auriculas teneras mordaci rodere vero?

Remedii votum semper verius erat, quam spes. If men may by no meanes write freely, or speake truth, but when it offends not; why doe Physicians cure with sharpe medicines, or corrosives? Is not the same equally lawfull in the cure of the minde, that is in the cure of the body? Some vices, (you will say) are soe foule, that it is better they should bee done, then spoken. But they that take offence where no Name, Character, or Signature doth blazon them, seeme to mee like affected as woemen, who, if they heare any thing ill spoken of the ill of their Sexe, are presently mov'd, as if the contumely respected their particular: and, on the contrary, when they heare good of good woemen, conclude, that it belongs to them all. If I see any thing that toucheth mee, shall I come forth a betraier of my selfe, presently? No, if I be wise I'll dissemble it; if honest, I'll avoid it: lest I publish that on my owne forehead, which I saw there noted without a title. A man, that is on the mending hand, will either ingeniously confesse, or wisely dissemble his disease. And, the wise, and vertuous, will never thinke any thing belongs to themselves that is written, but rejoyce that the good are warn'd not to bee such; and the ill to leave to bee such. The Person offended hath no reason to bee offended with the writer, but with himselfe; and so to declare that properly to belong to him, which was so spoken of all men, as it could bee no mans severall but his that would willfully and desperately clayme it. It sufficeth I know, what kinde of persons I displease, men bred in the declining, and decay of vertue, betroth'd to their owne vices; that have abandoned, or prostituted their good names; hungry and ambitious of infamy; invested in all deformity, enthrall'd to ignorance and malice, of a hidden and conceal'd malignitie, and that hold a concomitancy with all evill.

What is a Poet?

A Poet is that, which by the Greeks is call'd *καρ' εἰκόνιν, ὁ ποιητής*, a Maker, or a fainer: His Art, an Art of imitation, or faining; expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony, according to Aristotle: From the word *ποιῶν*, which signifies to make or fayne. Hence, hee is call'd a Poet, not hee which writeth in measure only; but that fayneth and formeth a fable, and writes things like the Truth. For, the Fable and Fiction is (as it were) the forme and Soule of any Poeticall worke, or Poeme.

What meane you by a Poeme?

A Poeme is not alone any worke, or composition of the Poets in many, Poema. or few verses; but even one alone verse sometimes makes a perfect Poeme. As, when Aeneas hangs up, and consecrates the Armes of Abas, with this Inscription; *Aeneas hac de Danaïis victoribus arma.* And calls it a Poeme, or Carmen. Such are those in Martiall.

Omnia, Castor, emis: sic fiet, ut omnia vendas. And, Pauper videri Cinna vult, & est pauper.

R

*Perf. Sat. 1.
Livius.*

*Sexu fa-
min:*

Poet. 1.

*Aeneid.
lib. 3.*

*Martiall.
lib. 8, epig.*

19.

So

Pauper videtur Cinna vult, & est pauper.

Horatius. So were *Horace* his *Odes* call'd, *Carmina*; his *Lirik*, Songs. And *Lucretius* designs a whole booke, in his sixt;

Quod in primo quoque carmine caret.

Epicum. And anciently, all the Oracles were call'd, *Carmina*, or, what ever Sentence was express'd, were it much, or little, it was call'd, an *Epick*, *Dramatick*, *Lirike*, *Elegiacke*, or *Epigrammatike Poeme*

Liricum. But, how differs a Poeme from what wee call *Poesy*?

Elegiacum. A Poeme, as I have told you is the worke of the Poet; the end, and fruit of his labour, and studie. *Poesy* is his skill, or Crafte of making: the very Fiction it selfe, the reason, or forme of the worke. And these three voices differ, as the thing done, the doing, and the doer; the thing fain'd, the faining, and the fainer: so the Poeme, the Poesy, and the Poet. Now, the Poesy is the

Artium Regina. habit, or the Art: nay, rather the Queene of Arts; which had her Originall from heaven, received thence from the *Ebrenes*, and had in prime estimation with the *Greeks*, transmitted to the *Latines*, and all Nations, that profess'd

Aristotle. Civility. The Study of it (if wee will trust *Aristotle*) offers to mankind a certaine rule, and Patterne of living well, and happily; disposing us to all

M.T. Cicerone. Civill offices of Society. If wee will beleive *Tully*, it nourisheth, and instructeth our Youth; delights our Age; adorne our prosperity; comforts our Adversity; entertaines us at home; keepes us company abroad, travailes with us; watches, divides the times of our earnest, and sports; shares in our Country recesses, and recreations; insomuch as the wisest, and best learned have thought her the absolute Mistresse of manners; and neere of kin to Vertue. And, whereas they entitle *Philosophy* to bee a rigid, and austere *Poesie*: they have (on the contrary) stiled *Poesy*, a dulcet, and gentle *Philosophy*, which leades on, and guides us by the hand to Action, with a ravishing delight, and incredible Sweetnes. But, before wee handle the kindes of *Poems*, with their speciall differences, or make court to the Art it selfe, as a Mistresse, I would leade you to the knowledge of our Poet, by a perfect Information, what he is, or should bee by nature, by exercise, by imitation, by Studie; and so bring him downe through the disciplines of *Grammar*, *Logicke*, *Rhetoricke*, and the *Ethicks*, adding somewhat, out of all, peculiar to himselfe, and worthy of your Admittance, or reception.

Poet: differentia. First, wee require in our Poet, or maker, (for that Title our Language affordes him, elegantly, with the *Greeke*) a goodnes of naturall wit. For, whereas all other Arts consist of Doctrine, and Precepts: the Poet must bee able by nature, and instinct, to powre out the Treasure of his minde; and, as *Seneca* saith, *Aliquando secundum Anacreontem insanire, jucundum esse*: by which hee understands, the Poeticall Rapture. And according to that of *Plato*; *Frustra*

Seneca. *Poeticas fores sui compos pulsavit*: And of *Aristotle*, *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae fuit. Nec potest grande aliquid, & supra ceteros loqui, nisi mota mens*. Then it riseth higher, as by a devine Instinct, when it contemnes common, and knowne conceptions. It utters somewhat above a mortall mouth. Then it gets a loft, and flies away with his Ryder, whether, before, it was doubtfull to ascend. This the Poets understood by their *Helicon*, *Pegasus*, or *Parnassus*, and this made *Ovid* to boast:

Plato. *Est, Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo*:

Aristotle. *Sedibus aethereis spiritus ille venit.*

Helicon. And *Lipsius*, to affirme; *Scio, Poetam neminem praestantem fuisse, sine parte quadam aethere divina aura*. And, hence it is, that the coming up of good Poets,

(for

(for I minde not *mediocres*, or *imos*) is so thinne and rare among us; Every beggerly Corporation affords the State a *Major*, or two *Bailiffs*, yearly: but, *solus Rex, aut Poeta, non quotannis nascitur*. To this perfection of Nature *Petrone* in our *Poet*, wee require Exercise of thole parts, and frequent. If his wit will not arrive suddainly at the dignitie of the *Ancients*, let him not yet fall out with it, quarrell, or be over hastily Angry: offer, to turne it away from Study, in a humor; but come to it againe upon better cogitation; try an other time, with labour. If then it succeed not, cast not away the Quills, yet: nor scratch the Wainescott, beate not the poore Deske, but bring all to the forge, and file, againe; tourne it a newe. There is no Statute *Law* of the Kingdome bids you bee a *Poet*, against your will; or the first Quarter. If it come, in a yeare, or two, it is well. The common Rymers powre forth Verses, such as they are, (*ex tempore*) but there never come from them one Sense, worth the life of a Day. A Rymer, and a *Poet*, are two things. It is said of the incomparable *Virgil*, that he brought forth his verses like a Beare, and after form'd them with licking. *Scaliger*, the Father, writes it of him, that he made a quantitie of verses in the morning, which a fore night hee reduced to a lesse number. But, that which *Valerius Maximus* hath left recorded of *Euripides*, the tragick *Poet*, his answer to *Alceſtis*, an other *Poet*, is as memorable, as modest: who, when it was told to *Alceſtis*, that *Euripides* had in three daies brought forth, but three verses, and those with some difficultie, and throwes; *Alceſtis*, glorying hee could with ease have sent forth a hundred in the space; *Euripides* roundly repl'd, like enough. But, here is the difference; Thy verses will not last those three daies, mine will to all time. Which was, as to tell him, he could not write a verse. I have met many of these Rattles, that made a noyse, and buz'd. They had their humme; and, no more. Indeed, things, wrote with labour, deserve to be so read, and will last their Age. The third requisite in our *Poet*, or Maker, is *Imitation*, to bee able to convert the substance, or Riches of an other *Poet*, to his owne use. To make choise of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him, till he grow very *Hee*: or, so like him, as the Copie may be mistaken for the Principall. Not, as a Creature, that swallows, what it takes in, crude, raw, or indigested; but, that feedes with an Appetite; and hath a Stomack to concoct, devide, and turne all into nourishment. Not, to imitate servilely, as *Horace* saith, and catch at vices, for vertue: but, to draw forth out of the best, and choicest flowers, with the Bee, and turne all into Honey, worke it into one relish, and savour: make our *Imitation* sweet: observe, how the best writers have imitated, and follow them. How *Virgil*, and *Statius* have imitated *Homer*: how *Horace*, *Archilochus*, how, *Alcaeus*, and the other *Liricks*: and so of the rest. But, that, which wee especially require in him is an exactnesse of Studie, and multiplicity of reading, which maketh a full man, not alone enabling him to know the *History*, or Argument of a *Poeme*, and to report it: but so to master the matter, and Stile, as to shew, hee knowes, how to handle, place, or dispose of either, with elegance, when need shall bee. And not thinke, hee can leape forth suddainely a *Poet*, by dreaming hee hath been in *Parnassus*, or, having washt his lipps (as they say) in *Helicon*. There goes more to his making, then so. For to Nature, Exercise, Imitation, and Studie; Art must bee added, to make all these perfect. And, though these challenge to themselves much, in the making up of our Maker, it is Art only can lead him to perfection, and leave him there in possession, as planted by her hand. It is the assertion of *Tully*, If to an excellent nature, there happen an accession, or confirmation of Learning, and

But, whatsoever Nature at any time dictated to the most happie; or long exercise to the most laborious, that the wisdom, and Learning of *Aristotle*, hath brought into an Art: because, he understood the Causes of things: and what other men did by chance or custome, he doth by reason; and not only found out the way not to erre, but the short way we should take, not to erre.

Many things in *Euripides* hath *Aristophanes* wittily reprehended; not out of Art, but out of Truth. For, *Euripides* is sometimes peccant, as he is most times perfect. But, Judgement when it is greatest, if reason doth not accompany it, is not ever absolute.

To judge of Poets is only the facultie of Poets; and not of all Poets, but the best. *Nemo infelicis de Poetis judicavit, quam qui de Poetis scripsit*. But, some will say, Criticks are a kind of Tinkers; that make more faults, then they mend ordinarily. See their diseases, and those of *Grammarians*. It is true, many bodies are the worse for the meddling with: And the multitude of *Physicians* hath destroyed many sound patients, with their wrong practise. But the office of a true Critick, or Censor, is, not to throw by a letter any where, or damne an innocent Syllabe, but lay the words together, and amend them; judge sincerely of the Author, and his matter, which is the signe of solid, and perfect learning in a man. Such was *Horace*, an Author of much Civillie, and (if any one among the heathen can be) the best master, both of vertue, and wisdom; an excellent, and true judge upon cause, and reason; not because he thought so; but because he knew so, out of use and experience.

Cato, the *Grammarian*, a defender of *Lucilius*.

Cato Grammaticus, *Latina Syren*,

Qui solus legit, & facit Poetas:

Quintilian of the same heresie, but rejected.

Horace his judgement of *Cherillus*, defended against *Joseph Scaliger*. And, of *Laberius*, against *Fulius*.

But chiefly his opinion of *Plautus*, vindicated against many, that are offended, and say, it is a hard Censure upon the parent of all conceipt, and sharpnesse. And, they wish it had not fallen from so great a master, and Censor in the Art, whose bondmen knew better how to judge of *Plautus*, then any that dare patronize the family of learning in this Age; who could not bee ignorant of the judgement of the times, in which hee liv'd, when *Poetrie*, and the *Latin Language* were at the height: especially, being a man so conversant, and inwardly familiar with the censures of great men, that did discourse of these things daily amongst themselves. Againe, a man so gracious, and in high favour with the Emperour, as *Augustus* often called him his wittie *Manning*, (for the littleness of his stature,) and (if wee may trust Antiquity) had design'd him for a Secretary of Estate, and invited him to the place, which he modestly praid off, and refus'd.

Horace did so highly esteeme *Terence* his Comedies, as he ascribes the Art in Comedie to him alone, among the *Latines*, and joynes him with *Menander*.

Now, let us see what may be said for either, to defend *Horace* his judgement to posterity; and not wholly to condemn *Plautus*.

The parts of a Comedie are the same with a Tragedie, and the end is partly the same. For, they both delight, and teach; the Comicks are call'd *διοκονοι*, of the *Greeks*, no lesse then the Tragicks.

Nor, is the moving of laughter alwaies the end of Comedie, that is rather a fowling for the peoples delight, or their fooling. For, as *Aristotle* saies rightly, the moving of laughter is a fault in Comedie, a kind of turpitude, that

Aristotle:

Euripides.
Aristophanes.

Cens: Senec
in Lil:
Germ.

Senec: de
brev: vit:
cap. 13.
epist. 88.

Horace.

Heins: de
Sat: 265.

Pag. 267.

Pag. 270.

271.

Pag. 273.

& seq.

Pag: in

comm. 153.

& seq.

The parts of
a Comedie.
and Trage
die.

Aristotle:

that depraves some part of a mans nature without a disease. As a wry face without paine moves laughter, or a deformed vizard, or a rude Clowne, drest in a Ladies habit, and using her actions, wee dislike, and scorne such representations, which made the ancient Philosophers ever thinke laughter unfitting in a wise man. And this induc'd *Plato* to esteeme of *Homer*, as a sacrilegious Person; because the presented the *Gods* sometimes laughing. As, also it is divinely said of *Aristotle*, that to seeme ridiculous is a part of dishonesty, and foolish.

Plato. Homer.

The wit of the old Comedy.

So that, what either in the words, or Sense of an Author, or in the language, or Actions of men, is a wry, or depraved, doth strangely stirre meane affections, and provoke for the most part to laughter. And therefore it was cleare that all insolent, and obscene speeches, jest upon the best men; injuries to particular persons, perverse, and sinister Sayings (and the rather unexpected) in the old Comedy did move laughter; especially, where it did imitate any dishonesty, and scurrility came forth in the place of wit: which who understands the nature and *Genius* of laughter, cannot but perfectly know.

Aristophanes. Plautus.

Of which *Aristophanes* affords an ample harvest, having not only our, gone *Plautus*, or any other in that kinde; but express'd all the moods, and figures, of what is ridiculous, oddly. In short, as Vinegar is not accounted good, untill the wine be corrupted: so jests that are true and naturall, seldom raise laughter, with the beast, the multitude. They love nothing, that is right, and proper. The farther it runs from reason, or possibility with them, the better it is.

Socrates.

Theatrical wit.

What could have made them laugh, like to see *Socrates* presented, that Example of all good life, honesty, and vertue, to have him hoisted up with a Pullic, and there play the Philosopher, in a basquet. Measure, how many foote a Flea could skip *Geometrically*, by a just Scale, and edifie the people from the ingine. This was *Theatrical* wit, right Stage-jesting, and relishing a Play-houle, invented for scorne, and laughter; whereas, if it had savour'd of equity, truth, perspicuity, and Candor, to have tasten a wise, or a learned Palate, spit it out presently, this is bitter and profitabie, this instructs, and would informe us: what neede wee know any thing, that are nobly borne, more then a Horse-race, or a hunting-match, our day to breake with Citizens, and such innate mysteries.

The Cart.

This is truly leaping from the Stage, to the Tumbrell againe, reducing all witt to the Originall Dungcart.

Of the magnitude, and compasse of any Table, Epicke, or Dramaticke.

What the measure of a Fable is. The Fable, or Plot of a Poeme, described.

The Epick fable.

To the resolving of this *Question*, wee must first agree in the definition of the Fable. The Fable is call'd the *Imitation* of one intire, and perfect Action, whose parts are so joyned, and knitt together, as nothing in the structure can be chang'd, or taken away, without imparing, or troubling the whole; of which there is a proportionable magnitude in the members. As for example, if a man would build a house, he would first appoint a place to build it in, which he would define within certaine bounds: So in the Constitution of a *Poeme*, the Action is aym'd at by the *Poet*, which answers Place in a building; and that Action hath his largenesse, compasse, and proportion. But, as a Court or Kings Palace requires other dimensions then a private house: So the *Epick* asks a magnitude, from other *Poems*. Since, what is Place in the one, is Action in the other, the difference is in space. So that by this definition wee conclude the fable, to be the *imitation* of one perfect, and intire Action

Action; as one perfect, and intire place is requir'd to a building. By perfect, wee understand that, to which nothing is wanting; as Place to the building, that is rais'd, and Action to the fable, that is form'd. It is perfect, perhaps, differing not for a Court, or Kings Palace, which requires a greater ground; but for the structure wee would raise, so the space of the Action, may not prove from large enough for the *Epick Fable*, yet bee perfect for the *Dramatick*, and the *Dramaticke* whole.

Whole, wee call that, and perfect, which hath a *beginning*, a *mid'st*, and an *end*. So the place of any building may be whole, and intire, for that worke, though too little for a palace. As, to a *Tragedy* or a *Comedy*, the Action may be convenient, and perfect, that would not fit an *Epicke Poeme* in Magnitude. So a Lion is a perfect creature in himselfe, though it bee lesse, then that of a *Buffalo*, or a *Rhinoceros*. They differ, but in *specie*: either in the kinde is absolute. Both have their parts, and either the whole. Therefore, as in every body, so in every Action, which is the subject of a just worke, there is requir'd a certaine proportionable greatnesse, neither too vast, nor too minute. For that which happens to the Eyes, when wee behold a body, the same happens to the Memorie, when wee contemplate an action. I looke upon a monstrous Giant, as *Tityus*, whose body cover'd nine Acres of Land, and mine eye stickes upon every part; the whole that consists of those parts, will never be taken in at one intire view. So in a *Fable*, if the Action be too great wee can never comprehend the whole together in our Imagination. Again, if it be too little, there ariseth no pleasure out of the object, it affords the view no stay: It is beheld and vanisheth at once. As if wee should looke upon an Ant or Pismyre, the parts fly the sight, and the whole considered is almost nothing. The same happens in Action, which is the object of Memory, as the body is of sight. Too vast oppresseth the Eyes, and exceeds the Memory: too little scarce admits either.

Now, in every Action it behooves the *Poet* to know which is his utmost bound, how farre with fittesse, and a necessary proportion, he may produce, and determine it. That is, till either good fortune change into the worse, or the worse into the better. For as a body without proportion cannot be goodly, no more can the Action, either in *Comedy*, or *Tragedy* without his fit bounds. And every bound for the nature of the Subject, is esteem'd the best that is largest, till it can increase no more: so it behooves the Action in *Tragedy*, or *Comedy*, to be let grow, till the necessity aske a Conclusion: wherein two things are to be considered, First, that it exceed not the compasse of one Day: Next, that there be place left for digression, and Art. For the *Episodes*, and digressions in a *Fable*, are the same that household stuffe, and other furniture are in a house. And so farre for the measure, and extent of a *Fable Dramaticke*.

Now, that it should be one, and intire. One is considerable two waies: either, as it is only separate, and by itselfe, or as being compos'd of many parts, it begins to be one, as those parts grow, or are wrought together. That it should be one the first way alone, and by itselfe, no man that hath tasted letters ever would say, especially having required before a just Magnitude, and equall Proportion of the parts in themselves. Neither of which can possibly bee, if the Action be single and separate, not compos'd of parts, which laid together in themselves, with an equall and fitting proportion, tend to the same end; which thing out of Antiquitie it selfe, hath deceiv'd many; and more this Day it doth deceive.

Hercules.
Theſeus.
Achilles.
Ulyſſes.

Homer.
Virgil.

Aeneas.
Venus.

Homer.

Theſeus.
Hercules.
Idomeneus.
Codrus.

Sophocles.
Ajax.

Ulyſſes.

*The conclu-
ſion concern-
ing the
Whole, and
the Parts.*

*Which are
Episodes.*
*Ajax, and
Hector. Ho-
mer.*

Martial.
lib. 11.
epig. 91.

So many there be of old, that have thought the Action of one man to be one. As of *Hercules*, *Theſeus*, *Achilles*, *Ulyſſes*, and other *Heroes*, which is both foolish and false; since by one and the same person many things may be severally done, which cannot fitly be referred, or joyned to the same end: which not only the excellent *Tragick Poets*, but the best Masters of the *Epicke*, *Homer*, and *Virgil* saw. For though the Argument of an *Epicke Poeme* be farre more diffus'd, & powr'd out, then that of *Tragedy*, yet *Virgil* writing of *Aeneas* hath pretermitted many things. He neither tells how he was borne, how brought up; how he fought with *Achilles*; how he was snatch'd out of the battaile by *Venus*; but that one thing, how he came into *Italie*, he prosecutes in twelve bookes. The rest of his journey, his error by Sea, the Sacke of *Troy*, are put not as the Argument of the worke, but *Episodes* of the Argument. So *Homer* laid by many things of *Ulyſſes* and handled no more, then he saw tended to one and the same end.

Contrarie to which and foolishly those *Poets* did, whom the *Philosopher* taxeth. Of whom one gather'd all the Actions of *Theſeus*: another put all the Labours of *Hercules* in one worke. So did he, whom *Juvenal* mentions in the begining, *hoarse Codrus*, that recited a volume compil'd, which he call'd his *Theſeide*, not yet finish'd, to the great trouble both of his hearers and himself: Amongst which there were many parts had no coherence, nor kindred one with other, so farre they were from being one Action, one *Fable*. For as a house, consisting of diverse materialls, becomes one structure, and one dwelling; so an Action, compos'd of diverse parts, may become one *Fable Epicke*, or *Dramaticke*. For example, in a *Tragedy* looke upon *Sophocles* his *Ajax*: *Ajax* depriv'd of *Achilles*'s Armour, which he hop'd from the suffrage of the *Greekes*, disdaines, and growing impatient of the Injurie, rageth, and turnes mad. In that humour he doth many senselesse things; and at last falls upon the *Grecian* flocke, and kills a great Ramme for *Ulyſſes*: Returning to his Sense, he growes asham'd of the scorne, and kills himself; and is by the *Chieffes* of the *Greekes* forbidden buriall. These things agree, and hang together, not as they were done; but as seeming to be done, which made the Action whole, intire, and absolute.

For the whole, as it consisteth of parts, so without all the parts it is not the whole, and to make it absolute, is requir'd, not only the parts, but such parts as are true. For a part of the whole was true; which if you take away, you either change the whole, or it is not the whole. For if it be such a part, as being present, or absent, nothing concerns the whole, it cannot be call'd a part of the whole; and such are the *Episodes*, of which hereafter. For the present, here is one example; The single Combat of *Ajax* with *Hector*, as it is at large describ'd in *Homer*, nothing belongs to this *Ajax* of *Sophocles*.

You admire no *Poems*, but such as run like a Brewers-cart upon the stones, hobbling,

Et, qua per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.

Aetius, Et quidquid Pacisvinque vomunt.

Attonitusque legis terrarum, frugiterai.

FINIS

